FIFTEEN PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

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OF
SHAKESPEARE

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FIFTEEN PLAYS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

WITH A GLOSSARY

ABRIDGED FROM

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OF

C. T. ONIONS

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS book contains fifteen of the most commonly read plays of Shakespeare—five in each kind. The selection and editing have been governed by the needs of schools; but it is hoped that the volume may appeal to the convenience of readers who find the complete one-volume Shakespeare too cumbrous and who yet dislike the limitation of reference caused by the issue of the plays either singly or as Comedies, Histories, or Tragedies.

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THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.
MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } presented by Spirits.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE.—*The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Shipmaster *and a* Boatswain *severally.*

Master. Boatswain!

Boatswain. Here, master: what cheer?

Master. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatswain. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alonso. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boatswain. I pray now, keep below.

Antonio. Where is the master, boson?

Boatswain. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gonzalo. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gonzalo. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gonzalo. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatswain. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Sebastian. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boatswain. Work you, then.

Antonio. Hang, cur, hang! you insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gonzalo. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched keg.

Boatswain. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boatswain. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gonzalo. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.
Sebastian. I am out of patience.
Antonio. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!
Gonzalo. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.
[*A confused noise within,*—'Mercy on us!'—
We split, we split!'—'Farewell, my wife and children!'—
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!'—]
Antonio. Let's all sink wi' the king. [*Exit.*
Sebastian. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*
Gonzalo. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Miranda. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.
Prospero. Be collected:
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.
Miranda. O, woe the day!
Prospero. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,—
Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!—who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Miranda. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Prospero. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
Miranda. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, 'Stay; not yet.'
Prospero. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
Miranda. Certainly, sir, I can.
Prospero. By what? by any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Miranda. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Prospero. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Miranda. But that I do not.
Prospero. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.
Miranda. Sir, are not you my father?
Prospero. Thy father
Once Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess,—no worse issued.
Miranda. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Prospero. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Miranda. O! my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, further.
Prospero. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Miranda. Sir, most heedfully.
Prospero. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t' advance, and who
To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine,—I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.
Miranda. O, good sir! I do.
Prospero. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind

With that which, but by being so retir'd,
O'erpriz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke: out o' the substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Miranda. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Prospero. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man,—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,—
So dry he was for sway,—wi' the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Miranda. O the heavens!

Prospero. Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Miranda. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,

Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Prospero. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.
Miranda. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Prospero. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,—
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Miranda. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Prospero. O, a cherubin
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Miranda. How came we ashore?
Prospero. By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed
Master of this design,—did give us; with
Rich garments, linen, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Miranda. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Prospero. Now I arise:— [*Resumes his mantle.*

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess can, that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.
Miranda. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,—
For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Prospero. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose—
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now.
Approach, my Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Prospero. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ariel. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Prospero. My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason ?
Ariel. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, ' Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'
Prospero. Why, that's my spirit !
But was not this nigh shore ?
Ariel. Close by, my master.
Prospero. But are they, Ariel, safe ?
Ariel. Not a hair perish'd ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before : and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself ;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Prospero. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ariel. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes ; there she's hid :
The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,
And his great person perish.
Prospero. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd : but there's more work :
What is the time o' th' day ?
Ariel. Past the mid season.
Prospero. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ariel. Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Prospero. How now ! moody ?
What is't thou canst demand ?
Ariel. My liberty.
Prospero. Before the time be out ? no more !
Ariel. I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service ;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings : thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Prospero. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee ?
Ariel. No.
Prospero. Thou dost ; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ariel. I do not, sir.
Prospero. Thou liest, malignant thing ! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?
Ariel. No, sir.
Prospero. Thou hast. Where was she born ? speak ; tell me.
Ariel. Sir, in Argier.
Prospero. O ! was she so ? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished.
Is not this true ?
Ariel. Ay, sir.
Prospero. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant :
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island,—
Save for the son that she gave birth to here,
A freckled whelp hag-born,—not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ariel. Yes; Caliban her son.
Prospero. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ariel. I thank thee, master.
Prospero. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ariel. Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.
Prospero. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ariel. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph of the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence! [*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Miranda. [*Waking.*] The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Prospero. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Miranda. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Prospero. But, as 'tis,

We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Caliban. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.
Prospero. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ariel. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Prospero. Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Caliban. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!
Prospero. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall forth at vast of night, that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.
Caliban. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.
Prospero. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to hurt
My loved and only child. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Caliban. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you.
For learning me your language!

Prospero. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Caliban. No, pray thee!—
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Prospero. So, slave; hence! [*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark! [*Burden:* Bow, wow, *dispersedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
[*Burden:* Bow, wow, *dispersedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer.
[*Cry,* Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Ferdinand. Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th' earth?
It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,—
Or it hath drawn me rather,—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden:* ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Ferdinand. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.
Prospero. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
Miranda. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.
Prospero. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such; this gallant which thou see'st,
Was in the wrack; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief,—that's beauty's canker,—thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.
Miranda. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Ferdinand. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;

And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?
Miranda. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Ferdinand. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Prospero. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Ferdinand. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes,—ne'er since at ebb,—beheld
The king my father wrack'd.
Miranda. Alack, for mercy!
Ferdinand. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan,
And his brave son being twain.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight [*Aside.*]
They have changed eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[*To* FERDINAND.] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Miranda. [*Aside.*] Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Ferdinand. [*Aside.*] O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.
Prospero. Soft, sir: one word more—
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—[*To* FER.] One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Ferdinand. No, as I am a man.

Miranda. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Prospero. [*To* FERDINAND.] Follow me.—
[*To* MIRA.] Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—[*To* FER.] Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Ferdinand. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Miranda. O dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Prospero. What! I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.
Miranda. Beseech you, father!
Prospero. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Miranda. Sir, have pity:
I'll be his surety.
Prospero. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban
And they to him are angels.
Miranda. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Prospero. [*To* FER.] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Ferdinand. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] It works.—[*To* FER.] Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[*To* FER.] Follow me.—
[*To* ARIEL.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.
Miranda. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Prospero. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariel. To the syllable.
Prospero. [*To* FER.] Come, follow.—Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gonzalo. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alonso. Prithee, peace.
Sebastian. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Antonio. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Sebastian. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.
Gonzalo. Sir,—
Sebastian. One: tell.
Gonzalo. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—
Sebastian. A dollar.

Gonzalo. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Sebastian. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gonzalo. Therefore, my lord,—

Antonio. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alonso. I prithee, spare.

Gonzalo. Well, I have done: but yet—

Sebastian. He will be talking.

Antonio. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Sebastian. The old cock.

Antonio. The cockerel.

Sebastian. Done. The wager?

Antonio. A laughter.

Sebastian. A match!

Adrian. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Sebastian. Ha, ha, ha! So you're paid.

Adrian. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Sebastian. Yet—

Adrian. Yet—

Antonio. He could not miss it.

Adrian. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Antonio. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Sebastian. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adrian. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Sebastian. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Antonio. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gonzalo. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Antonio. True; save means to live.

Sebastian. Of that there's none, or little.

Gonzalo. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Antonio. The ground indeed is tawny.

Sebastian. With an eye of green in't.

Antonio. He misses not much.

Sebastian. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gonzalo. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Sebastian. As many vouched rarities are.

Gonzalo. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness

and glosses ; being rather new-dyed than stain'd with salt water.

Antonio. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies ?

Sebastian. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gonzalo. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Sebastian. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adrian. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gonzalo. Not since widow Dido's time.

Antonio. Widow ! How came that widow in ? Widow Dido !

Sebastian. What if he had said, widower Aeneas too ? Good Lord, how you take it !

Adrian. Widow Dido, said you ? you make me study of that : she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gonzalo. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adrian. Carthage ?

Gonzalo. I assure you, Carthage.

Antonio. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Sebastian. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Antonio. What impossible matter will he make easy next ?

Sebastian. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Antonio. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Alonso. Ay ?

Antonio. Why, in good time.

Gonzalo. [*To* ALON.] Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Antonio. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Sebastian. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Antonio. O ! widow Dido ; ay, widow Dido.

Gonzalo. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it ? I mean, in a sort.

Antonio. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gonzalo. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage ?

Alonso. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost,—and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Francisco. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alonso. No, no; he's gone.
Sebastian. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Alonso. Prithee, peace.
Sebastian. You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.
Alonso. So is the dearest of the loss.
Gonzalo. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Sebastian. Very well.
Antonio. And most chirurgeonly.
Gonzalo. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Sebastian. Foul weather?
Antonio. Very foul.
Gonzalo. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord.—
Antonio. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Sebastian. Or docks, or mallows.
Gonzalo. And were the king on't, what would I do?
Sebastian. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gonzalo. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty,—
Sebastian. Yet he would be king on't.
Antonio. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gonzalo. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Sebastian. Save his majesty!
Antonio. Long live Gonzalo!
Gonzalo. And,—do you mark me, sir?
Alonso. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gonzalo. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Antonio. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gonzalo. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you; so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.
Antonio. What a blow was there given!
Sebastian. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gonzalo. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Sebastian. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
Antonio. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gonzalo. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Antonio. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, *and* ANTONIO.

Alonso. What! all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find They are inclin'd to do so.

Sebastian. Please you, sir, Do not omit the heavy offer of it: It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth It is a comforter.

Antonio. We two, my lord, Will guard your person while you take your rest, And watch your safety.

Alonso. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO *sleeps.* *Exit* ARIEL.

Sebastian. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Antonio. It is the quality o' the climate.

Sebastian. Why Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Antonio. Nor I: my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian? O! what might?—No more:— And yet methinks I see it in thy face, What thou should'st be. The occasion speaks thee; and My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.

Sebastian. What! art thou waking?

Antonio. Do you not hear me speak?

Sebastian. I do; and surely, It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say? This is a strange repose, to be asleep With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving, And yet so fast asleep.

Antonio. Noble Sebastian, Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st Whiles thou art waking.

Sebastian. Thou dost snore distinctly: There's meaning in thy snores.

Antonio. I am more serious than my custom: you

Must be so too, if heed me, which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Sebastian. Well; I am standing water.
Antonio. I'll teach you how to flow.
Sebastian. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Antonio. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Sebastian. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.
Antonio. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king, his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Sebastian. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Antonio. O! out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Sebastian. He's gone.
Antonio. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Sebastian. Claribel.
Antonio. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man i' th' moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she that,—from whom?
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come

In yours and my discharge.
Sebastian. What stuff is this!—How say you?
'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Antonio. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!'—Say this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Sebastian. Methinks I do.
Antonio. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Sebastian. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Antonio. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before; my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
Sebastian. But, for your conscience,—
Antonio. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel,—three inches of it,—
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Sebastian. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.
Antonio. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Sebastian. O! but one word. [*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ariel. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep thee living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Antonio. Then let us both be sudden.
Gonzalo. Now, good angels,
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*
Alonso. Why, how now! ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gonzalo. What's the matter?
Sebastian. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alonso. I heard nothing.
Antonio. O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alonso. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gonzalo. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alonso. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gonzalo. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alonso. Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*

Ariel. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done :
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban, *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Caliban. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em ; but
For every trifle are they set upon me :
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me ; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barc-foot way and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall ; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—

Enter Trinculo.

Lo now ! lo !
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly : I'll fall flat ;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trinculo. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I hear it sing i' the wind : yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head : yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here ? a man or a fish ? Dead or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish ! Were I in England now,—as once I was,—and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver : there would this monster make a man ; any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man ! and his fins like arms ! Warm, o' my troth ! I do

now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer ; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas ! the storm is come again : my best way is to creep under his gaberdine, there is no other shelter hereabout : misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing ; a bottle in his hand.*

Stephano. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore :—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral : Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate ;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang !'
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too : but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Caliban. Do not torment me : O !

Stephano. What's the matter ? Have we devils here ? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Ind ? Ha ! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs ; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground : and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at 's nostrils.

Caliban. The spirit torments me : O !

Stephano. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language ? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that : if I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Caliban. Do not torment me, prithee : I'll bring my wood home faster.

Stephano. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle : if he have never drunk wine afore it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him : he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Caliban. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Stephano. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [*gives* CALIBAN *drink*]: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trinculo. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O! defend me.

Stephano. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trinculo. Stephano!

Stephano. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trinculo. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo:—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

Stephano. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou here by this moon-calf?

Trinculo. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Stephano. Prithee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Caliban. [*Aside.*] These be fine things an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Stephano. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Caliban. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Stephano. Here: swear then, how thou escapedst.

Trinculo. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Stephano. Here, kiss the book [*gives* TRINCULO *drink*]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trinculo. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Stephano. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Caliban. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Stephano. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Caliban. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Stephano. Come, swear to that; kiss the book; I will furnish it anon with new contents; swear.

Trinculo. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster.—I afeard of him!—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon! a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Caliban. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

Trinculo. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Caliban. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Stephano. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trinculo. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Stephano. Come, kiss.

Trinculo. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Caliban. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trinculo. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Caliban. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Stephano. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Caliban. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell. [*Sings drunkenly.*

Trinculo. A howling monster, a drunken monster.

Caliban. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom! high-day, freedom!

Stephano. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Ferdinand. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures: O! she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busiest when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *behind.*

Miranda. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.
Ferdinand. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Miranda. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
Ferdinand. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Miranda. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] Poor worm! thou art infected:
This visitation shows it.
Miranda. You look wearily.
Ferdinand. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?
Miranda. Miranda.—O my father!
I have broke your hest to say so.
Ferdinand. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Miranda. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Ferdinand. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;—
I would not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak:—
The very instant that I saw you did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Miranda. Do you love me?
Ferdinand. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true: if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Miranda. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
Ferdinand. Wherefore weep you?
Miranda. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Ferdinand. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
Miranda. My husband then?
Ferdinand. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Miranda. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Ferdinand. A thousand thousand!
[*Exeunt* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *severally.*
Prospero. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, *with a bottle,* STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO.

Stephano. Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.
Trinculo. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.
Stephano. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.
Trinculo. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.
Stephano. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.
Trinculo. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.
Stephano. We'll not run, Monsieur monster.
Trinculo. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.
Stephano. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.
Caliban. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trinculo. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Caliban. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trinculo. 'Lord' quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Caliban. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Stephano. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Caliban. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

Stephano. Marry, will I; kneel, and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Caliban. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ariel. Thou liest.

Caliban. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee; I do not lie.

Stephano. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trinculo. Why, I said nothing.

Stephano. Mum then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.] Proceed.

Caliban. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him,—for I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not,—

Stephano. That's most certain.

Caliban. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

Stephano. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Caliban. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ariel. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Caliban. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,

And take his bottle from him : when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Stephano. Trinculo, run into no further danger : interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trinculo. Why, what did I ? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

Stephano. Didst thou not say he lied ?

Ariel. Thou liest.

Stephano. Do I so ? take thou that.

[*Strikes* TRINCULO.]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trinculo. I did not give thee the lie :—Out o' your wits and hearing too ?—A plague o' your bottle ! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers !

Caliban. Ha, ha, ha !

Stephano. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee stand further off.

Caliban. Beat him enough : after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Stephano. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Caliban. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep : there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books ; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books ; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command : they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books ;
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal :
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter ; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil : I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she ;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Stephano. Is it so brave a lass ?

Caliban. Ay, lord.

Stephano. Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter

and I will be king and queen,—save our graces! and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trinculo. Excellent.

Stephano. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Caliban. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Stephano. Ay, on mine honour.

Ariel. This will I tell my master.

Caliban. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure. Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

Stephano. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Caliban. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Stephano. What is this same?

Trinculo. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Stephano. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trinculo. O, forgive me my sins!

Stephano. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

Caliban. Art thou afeard?

Stephano. No, monster, not I.

Caliban. Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming, The clouds methought would open and show riches Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd, I cried to dream again.

Stephano. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Caliban. When Prospero is destroyed.

Stephano. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trinculo. The sound is going away : let's follow it, and after do our work.

Stephano. Lead, monster ; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer ! he lays it on. Wilt come ?

Trinculo. I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gonzalo. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;
My old bones ache : here's a maze trod indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders ! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alonso. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find ; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Antonio. [*Aside to* SEBASTIAN.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Sebastian. [*Aside to* ANTONIO.] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Antonio. [*Aside to* SEBASTIAN.] Let it be to-night ;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Sebastian. [*Aside to* ANTONIO.] I say to-night : no more.

Solemn and strange music ; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter below several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet : they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation ; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

Alonso. What harmony is this ? my good friends, hark !

Gonzalo. Marvellous sweet music !

Alonso. Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What were these ?

Sebastian. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns ; that in Arabia

There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.
Antonio. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.
Gonzalo. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alonso. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing,—
Although they want the use of tongue,—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.
Francisco. They vanish'd strangely.
Sebastian. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you to taste of what is here?
Alonso. Not I.
Gonzalo. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alonso. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ariel. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny—
That hath to instrument this lower world

And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, *&c., draw their swords.*
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate: the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,—
For that's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perdition,—worse than any death
Can be at once,—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—
Which here in this most desolate isle else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.

Prospero. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*

Gonzalo. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
Alonso. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
Sebastian. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Antonio. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.
Gonzalo. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.
Adrian. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Prospero. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Ferdinand. I do believe it
Against an oracle.
Prospero. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before

All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
Ferdinand. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Prospero. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. What would my potent master? here I am.
Prospero. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ariel. Presently?
Prospero. Ay, with a twink.
Ariel. Before you can say, 'Come,' and 'Go,'
And breathe twice; and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?
Prospero. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ariel. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*
Prospero. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good-night your vow!

Ferdinand. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Prospero. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Ceres. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers:
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.
Ceres. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.
Iris. Of her society

Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid.
But all in vain.
The Queen of love is back return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.
Ceres. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Ceres. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty:
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Ferdinand. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Prospero. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.
Ferdinand. Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.
[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*
Prospero. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiades, of the windring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,

Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, *properly habited: they join with the* Nymphs *in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Prospero. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the* Spirits.] Well done! avoid; no more!

Ferdinand. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Miranda. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Prospero. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Ferdinand. Miranda. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Prospero. Come with a thought!—[*To them.*] I thank thee.—Ariel, come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure ?
Prospero. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ariel. Ay, my commander ; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.
Prospero. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets ?
Ariel. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking ;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor ;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
Prospero. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.
Ariel. I go, I go. [*Exit.*
Prospero. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost ;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Caliban. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.
Stephano. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a

harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trinculo. Monster, I do smell all filth, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Stephano. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trinculo. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Caliban. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trinculo. Ay, but to lose our bottle in the pool,—

Stephano. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trinculo. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Stephano. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Caliban. Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Stephano. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trinculo. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Caliban. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trinculo. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.—O king Stephano!

Stephano. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trinculo. Thy grace shall have it.

Caliban. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Stephano. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trinculo. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Stephano. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country: 'Steal by line and level,' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for 't.

Trinculo. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Caliban. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Stephano. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

Trinculo. And this.

Stephano. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, *in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Prospero. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ariel. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Prospero. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO *are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ariel. Hark! they roar.

Prospero. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

Prospero. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ariel. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Prospero. I did say so,

When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers ?
Ariel. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
Just as you left them : all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him, that you term'd, sir, ' The good old lord Gonzalo : '
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds ; your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Prospero. Dost thou think so, spirit ?
Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Prospero. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ariel. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Prospero. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back ; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid,—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war : to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou 'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:— [*Exit* ARIEL.

I will discase me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ariel. Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Prospero. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom;—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.
Ariel. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*
Gonzalo. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Prospero. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alonso. Whe'r thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
Prospero. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gonzalo. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Prospero. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome ! my friends all :—
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors : at this time
I will tell no tales.
Sebastian. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.
Prospero. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alonso. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation ;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore ; where I have lost,—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !—
My dear son Ferdinand.
Prospero. I am woe for't, sir.
Alonso. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Prospero. I rather think
You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.
Alonso. You the like loss !
Prospero. As great to me, as late ; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alonso. A daughter ?
O heavens ! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?
Prospero. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke

Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Miranda. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Ferdinand. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Miranda. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alonso. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Sebastian. A most high miracle!
Ferdinand. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels to* ALONSO.
Alonso. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Miranda. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in't!
Prospero. 'Tis new to thee.
Alonso. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Ferdinand. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have

Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alonso. I am hers:
But O! how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Prospero. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.
Gonzalo. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alonso. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gonzalo. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves,
When no man was his own.
Alonso. [*To* FER. *and* MIRA.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gonzalo. Be it so: Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us.
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boatswain. The best news is that we have safely found
Our king and company: the next, our ship,—
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.
Ariel. [*Aside to* PROSPERO.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Prospero. [*Aside to* ARIEL.] My tricksy spirit!
Alonso. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?

Boatswain. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And,—how we know not,—all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ariel. [*Aside to* PROSPERO.] Was't well done?

Prospero. [*Aside to* ARIEL.] Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free.

Alonso. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Prospero. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,—
Which to you shall seem probable,—of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to* ARIEL.] Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Stephano. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio!

Trinculo. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Caliban. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed.
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Sebastian. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Antonio. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Prospero. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
Had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
Caliban. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alonso. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Sebastian. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alonso. And Trinculo is reeling-ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?
Trinculo. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Sebastian. Why, how now, Stephano?
Stephano. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Prospero. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Stephano. I should have been a sore one then.
Alonso. This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.
[*Pointing to* CALIBAN.
Prospero. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Caliban. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
Prospero. Go to; away!
Alonso. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Sebastian. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt* CAL., STE., *and* TRIN.
Prospero. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which—part of it—I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life

And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alonso. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Prospero. I'll deliver all ;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to* ARIEL.] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge : then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well !—Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own ;
Which is most faint : now 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell ;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } in love with Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, a Carpenter.
SNUG, a Joiner.
BOTTOM, a Weaver.
FLUTE, a Bellows-mender.
SNOUT, a Tinker.
STARVELING, a Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.
PEASE-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, } Fairies.
Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE.—*Athens, and a Wood near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. The Palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

Theseus. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace: four happy days bring in
Another moon; but O! methinks how slow
This old moon wanes; she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Hippolyta. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
Theseus. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
Theseus. Thanks, good Egeus: what 's the news with thee?
Egeus. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child;
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth;
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.
Theseus. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.
To you, your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Hermia. So is Lysander.
Theseus. In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Hermia. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
Theseus. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
Hermia. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
Theseus. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whe'r, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
Hermia. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
Theseus. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.
Demetrius. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lysander. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
Egeus. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her

I do estate unto Demetrius.
Lysander. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
Theseus. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,
Which by no means we may extenuate,
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Egeus. With duty and desire we follow you.
[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, DEMETRIUS, *and Train.*
Lysander. How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Hermia. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.
Lysander. Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—
Hermia. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.
Lysander. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Hermia. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young.
Lysander. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—
Hermia. O hell! to choose love by another's eye.
Lysander. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Hermia. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.
Lysander. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
Hermia. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,—
In number more than ever women spoke,—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lysander. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Hermia. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Helena. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars! and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O! were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O! teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Hermia. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Helena. O! that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill.
Hermia. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Helena. O! that my prayers could such affection move.
Hermia. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Helena. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Hermia. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
Helena. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!
Hermia. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O! then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell.
Lysander. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,—
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,—
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
Hermia. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.
Lysander. I will, my Hermia.—[*Exit* HERMIA.] Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*
Helena. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in* QUINCE'S *House.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quince. Is all our company here?
Bottom. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.
Quince. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude

before the duke and the duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bottom. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quince. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bottom. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quince. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bottom. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bottom. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bottom. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

> The raging rocks
> And shivering shocks
> Shall break the locks
> Of prison gates:
> And Phibbus' car
> Shall shine from far
> And make and mar
> The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quince. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You must take Thisby on you.

Flute. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quince. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flute. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quince. That 's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bottom. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne!' 'Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quince. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and Flute, you Thisby.

Bottom. Well, proceed.

Quince. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Starveling. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quince. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bottom. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quince. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bottom. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale.

Quince. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

Bottom. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quince. Why, what you will.

Bottom. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quince. Well, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bottom. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quince. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bottom. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near Athens.*

Enter a Fairy *on one side, and* PUCK *on the other.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moone's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In their freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;

And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fairy. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck
Are you not he?

Puck. Fairy, thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her, and down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loff;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fairy. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter OBERON *from one side, with his Train; and* TITANIA *from the other, with hers.*

Oberon. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Titania. What! jealous Oberon. Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Oberon. Tarry, rash wanton! am not I thy lord?
Titania. Then, I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the furthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Oberon. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?
Titania. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here:
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.

Oberon. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Titania. Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Oberon. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Titania. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Oberon. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Titania. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit* TITANIA *with her Train.*

Oberon. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.
Oberon. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*
Oberon. Having once this juice
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Demetrius. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Helena. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
Demetrius. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?
Helena. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
And yet a place of high respect with me,
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Demetrius. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on you.
Helena. And I am sick when I look not on you.
Demetrius. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not.
Helena. Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Demetrius. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Helena. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.
Demetrius. I will not stay thy questions: let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Helena. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exit.*

Oberon. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Oberon. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her Train.*

Titania. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

The Fairies sing.

I.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* TITANIA *sleeps.*

Enter OBERON, *and squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eyelids.*

Oberon. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lysander. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Hermia. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lysander. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Hermia. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lysander. O! take the sense, sweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Hermia. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lysander. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
[*Retires a little distance.*
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
Hermia. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
[*Squeezes the flower on* LYSANDER'S *eyelids.*]

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Helena. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Demetrius. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Helena. O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Demetrius. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
Helena. O! I am out of breath in this fond chase.
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lysander. [*Awaking.*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O! how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword.
Helena. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
Lysander. Content with Hermia! No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.
Helena. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor ever can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O! that a lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. [*Exit.*
Lysander. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never mayst thou come Lysander near.
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*
Hermia. [*Awaking.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what! remov'd?—Lysander! lord!
What! out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swound almost with fear.
No! then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.* TITANIA *lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bottom. Are we all met?

Quince. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bottom. Peter Quince,—

Quince. What sayst thou, bully Bottom?

Bottom. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Starveling. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bottom. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quince. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bottom. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Starveling. I fear it, I promise you.

Bottom. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bottom. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, 'Ladies,' or, 'Fair ladies,' 'I would wish you,' or, 'I

would request you,' or, 'I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quince. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bottom. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quince. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bottom. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quince. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bottom. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quince. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK, *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What! a play toward; I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quince. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Bottom. *Thisby, the flowers have odious savours sweet,—*

Quince. Odorous, odorous.
Bottom.—odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*
Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Exit.*
Flute. Must I speak now?
Quince. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.
Flute. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.
Quince. 'Ninus' tomb,' man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is 'never tire.'
Flute. O!—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

Bottom. If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine.
Quince. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Help! [*Exeunt* Clowns.
Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*
Bottom. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou are changed! what do I see on thee?
Bottom. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit* SNOUT.

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bottom. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Titania. [*Awaking.*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bottom. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;

for indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

Titania. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bottom. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Titania. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bottom. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Titania. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whe'r thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter Four Fairies.

Pease-blossom. Ready.
Cobweb. And I.
Moth. And I.
Mustard-seed. And I.
All Four. Where shall we go?
Titania. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.
Pease-blossom. Hail, mortal!
Cobweb. Hail!
Moth. Hail!
Mustard-seed. Hail!
Bottom. I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.
Cobweb. Cobweb.
Bottom. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?
Pease-blossom. Pease-blossom.
Bottom. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?
Mustard-seed. Mustard-seed.
Bottom. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Titania. Come, wait upon him ; lead him to my bower.
The moon methinks, looks with a watery eye ;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter Oberon.

Oberon. I wonder if Titania be awak'd ;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.
Here comes my messenger.

Enter Puck.

How now, mad spirit !
What night-rule now about this haunted grove ?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take ;
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head :
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimick comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong ;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.
Oberon. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Oberon. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man.
Demetrius. O! why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Hermia. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
Demetrius. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Hermia. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah! good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Demetrius. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Hermia. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much ?
An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Demetrius. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood :
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Hermia. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Demetrius. An if I could, what should I get therefore ?
Hermia. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so ;
See me no more, whe'r he be dead or no. [*Exit.*
Demetrius. There is no following her in this fierce vein :
Here therefore for awhile I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe ;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down and sleeps.*
Oberon. What hast thou done ? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight :
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Oberon. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find :
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here :
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
Puck. I go, I go ; look how I go ;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
Oberon. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,

And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see ?
Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Oberon. Stand aside : the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one ;
That must needs be sport alone ;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lysander. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn ?
Scorn and derision never come in tears :
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true ?

Helena. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !
These vows are Hermia's : will you give her o'er ?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh :
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lysander. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Helena. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lysander. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Demetrius. [*Awaking.*] O Helen ! goddess, nymph, perfect, divine !
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?
Crystal is muddy. O ! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow ;
This pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O ! let me kiss
That princess of pure white, this seal of bliss.

Helena. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment :
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too ?

If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lysander. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Helena. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Demetrius. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none.
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.
Lysander. Helen, it is not so.
Demetrius. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.
Look! where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Hermia. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lysander. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Hermia. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lysander. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Hermia. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
Helena. Lo! she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister-vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us, O! is it all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needls created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.
Hermia. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.
Helena. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face,
And made your other love, Demetrius,—
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,—
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,

But miserable most to love unlov'd ?
This you should pity rather than despise.
Hermia. I understand not what you mean by this.
Helena. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back ;
Wink each at other ; hold the sweet jest up :
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
Lysander. Stay, gentle Helena ! hear my excuse :
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !
Helena. O excellent !
Hermia. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Demetrius. If she cannot entreat, I can compel,
Lysander. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat :
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do :
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Demetrius. I say I love thee more than he can do.
Lysander. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Demetrius. Quick, come !
Hermia. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?
Lysander. Away, you Ethiop !
Demetrius. No, no, he'll . . .
Seem to break loose ; take on, as you would follow,
But yet come not : you are a tame man, go !
Lysander. [*To* HERMIA.] Hang off, thou cat, thou burr !
vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Hermia. Why are you grown so rude ? what change is this,
Sweet love,—
Lysander. Thy love ! out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed medicine ! hated poison, hence !
Hermia. Do you not jest ?
Helena. Yes, sooth ; and so do you.
Lysander. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Demetrius. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you : I'll not trust your word.
Lysander. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Hermia. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me?
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lysander. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
Hermia. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what! have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Helena. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What! will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!
Hermia. Puppet! why, so: ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures: she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Helena. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Hermia. Lower! hark, again.
Helena. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.

He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Hermia. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?

Helena. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Hermia. What! with Lysander?

Helena. With Demetrius.

Lysander. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Demetrius. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Helena. O! when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd.
She was a vixen when she went to school:
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Hermia. 'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little!'
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lysander. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn!

Demetrius. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part, for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lysander. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Demetrius. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[*Exeunt* LYSANDER *and* DEMETRIUS.

Hermia. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Helena. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Hermia. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*

Oberon. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes ;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Oberon. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight :
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron ;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision ;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards : damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.
Oberon. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit* OBERON.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain! drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lysander. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground. [*Exit* LYSANDER *as following the voice.*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.
Demetrius. Yea, art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lysander. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?
Demetrius. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot

Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now ?

Puck. Come hither : I am here.

Demetrius. Nay then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see :
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed :
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter HELENA.

Helena. O weary night ! O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours ! shine, comforts, from the east !
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest :
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three ? Come one more ;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad :
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Hermia. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go ;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound :
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eyes.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye :
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown :
Jack shall have Jill ;
Nought shall go ill ;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA *and* HERMIA *lying asleep.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, *Fairies attending ;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Titania. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bottom. Where's Pease-blossom ?

Pease-blossom. Ready.

Bottom. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb ?

Cobweb. Ready.

Bottom. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur ; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustard-seed ?

Mustard-seed. Ready.

Bottom. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your curtsy, good mounsieur.

Mustard-seed. What's your will ?

Bottom. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face ; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Titania. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?
Bottom. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.
Titania. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.
Bottom. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.
Titania. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.
Bottom. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
Titania. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [*Exeunt Fairies.*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O! how I love thee; how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Oberon. [*Advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,

And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
Titania. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.
Oberon. There lies your love.
Titania. How came these things to pass?
O! how mine eyes do loathe his visage now.
Oberon. Silence, awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
Titania. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep. [*Music.*
Puck. When thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Oberon. Sound, music! [*Still, music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.
Oberon. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Titania. Come, my lord; and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.
[*Exeunt. Horns winded within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

Theseus. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;

And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hippolyta. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?
Egeus. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
Theseus. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Egeus. It is, my lord.
Theseus. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[*Horns and shout within.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and start up.*
Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lysander. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel.*
Theseus. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lysander. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law—
Egeus. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You of your wife, and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Demetrius. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
Theseus. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by, with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit:
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

Demetrius. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Hermia. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.
Helena. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
Demetrius. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do you not think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Hermia. Yea; and my father.
Helena. And Hippolyta.
Lysander. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
Demetrius. Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*
Bottom. [*Awaking.*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Athens. A Room in* QUINCE'S *House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quince. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?
Starveling. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quince. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flute. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quince. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flute. You must say, 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bottom. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quince. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bottom. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quince. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bottom. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Athens. An Apartment in the Palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Hippolyta. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

Theseus. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
See Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hippolyta. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy,
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Theseus. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lysander. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

Theseus. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours

Between our after-supper and bed-time ?
Where is our usual manager of mirth ?
What revels are in hand ? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?
Call Philostrate.

Philostrate. Here, mighty Theseus.

Theseus. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening ?
What masque ? what music ? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight ?

Philostrate. There is a brief how many sports are ripe ;
Make choice of which your highness will see first. [*Gives a paper.*

Theseus. The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that : that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device ; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is some satire keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe ; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical ! tedious and brief !
That is, hot ice and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord ?

Philostrate. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious ; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is ;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Theseus. What are they that do play it ?

Philostrate. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

Theseus. And we will hear it.
Philostrate. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
Theseus. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.
Theseus. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hippolyta. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
Theseus. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philostrate. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.
Theseus. Let him approach. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter QUINCE *for the* Prologue.

Prologue. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

Theseus. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lysander. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hippolyta. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

Theseus. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION, *as in dumb show.*

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt* PROL., PYR., THISBE, LION, *and* MOONSHINE.

Theseus. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Demetrius. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

Theseus. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Demetrius. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Theseus. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

Pyramus. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.
And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall!
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall! O sweet, and lovely wall!
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.
[WALL holds up his fingers.
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

Theseus. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyramus. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me,' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Re-enter THISBE.

Thisbe. O wall! full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
Pyramus. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!
Thisby. My love! thou art my love, I think.
Pyramus. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.
Thisby. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.
Pyramus. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.
Thisby. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
Pyramus. O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thisby. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyramus. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
Thisby. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
[*Exeunt* PYRAMUS *and* THISBE.

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*

Theseus. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Demetrius. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hippolyta. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

Theseus. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hippolyta. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Theseus. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Re-enter LION *and* MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

Theseus. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Demetrius. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lysander. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

Theseus. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Demetrius. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

Theseus. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—

Demetrius. He should have worn the horns on his head.

Theseus. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present; Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

Theseus. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the man i' the moon?

Demetrius. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hippolyta. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

Theseus. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lysander. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Demetrius. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Re-enter THISBE.

Thisbe. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [*Roaring.*] *Oh—.* [THISBE *runs off.*

Demetrius. Well roared, Lion.

Theseus. Well run, Thisbe.

Hippolyta. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The* LION *tears* THISBE'S *mantle, and exit.*

Theseus. Well moused, Lion.

Demetrius. And then came Pyramus.

Lysander. And so the lion vanished.

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

Pyramus. *Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;*
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What! stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

Theseus. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hippolyta. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyramus. *Oh! wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?*
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear?
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus. [*Stabs himself.*
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight! [*Exit* MOONSHINE.
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Demetrius. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lysander. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

Theseus. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hippolyta. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

Theseus. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter THISBE.

Hippolyta. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus : I hope she will be brief.

Demetrius. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better : he for a man, God warrant us ; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lysander. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Demetrius. And thus she moans, *videlicet* :—

Thisbe. *Asleep, my love ?*
What, dead, my dove ?
O Pyramus, arise !
Speak, speak ! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead ! A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone :
Lovers, make moan !
His eyes were green as leeks.
O, Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk ;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word :
Come, trusty sword :
Come, blade, my breast imbrue : [*Stabs herself.*
And farewell, friends ;
Thus Thisby ends :
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

Theseus. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Demetrius. Ay, and Wall too.

Bottom. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted

their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company ?

Theseus. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve ;
Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

Oberon. Through the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Titania. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.
[*Song and dance.*

Oberon. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and Train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend :
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long ;
Else the Puck a liar call :
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } Suitors to
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } Portia.
ANTONIO, a Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his Friend.
GRATIANO, } Friends to Antonio
SALANIO, } and Bassanio.
SALARINO, }
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown, Servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.
LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, } Servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich Heiress.
NERISSA, her Waiting-maid.
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Antonio. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad :
It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salanio. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind ;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads ;
And every object that might make me fear

Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Salarino. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me: I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Antonio. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salarino. Why, then you are in love.
Antonio. Fie, Fie!
Salarino. Not in love neither? Then let's say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salanio. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salarino. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Antonio. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salarino. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ? say when ?
You grow exceeding strange ; must it be so ?
Salarino. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Lorenzo. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We too will leave you ; but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bassanio. I will not fail you.
Gratiano. You look not well, Signior Antonio ;
You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it that do buy it with much care :
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Antonio. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gratiano. Let me play the fool :
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark ! '
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing ; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time :
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.

Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile :
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lorenzo. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb-wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.
Gratiano. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
Antonio. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.
Gratiano. Thanks, i' faith ; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried. [*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.
Antonio. Is that anything now ?
Bassanio. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff : you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.
Antonio. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of ?
Bassanio. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Antonio. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
Bassanio. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful youth,

That which I owe is lost ; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Antonio. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance ;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have :
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it : therefore speak.
Bassanio. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues : sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages :
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia :
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio ! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.
Antonio. Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth ;
Try what my credit can in Venice do :
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Portia. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Nerissa. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Portia. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself.

Nerissa. Then is there the County Palatine.

Portia. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say,

'An you will not have me, choose.' He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Nerissa. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur le Bon?

Portia. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the County Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Nerissa. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Portia. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Nerissa. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Portia. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.

Nerissa. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Portia. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Nerissa. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him

Portia. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Nerissa. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords : they have acquainted me with their determinations ; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Portia. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Nerissa. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in the company of the Marquis of Montferrat ?

Portia. Yes, yes : it was Bassanio ; as I think, he was so called.

Nerissa. True, madam : he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

How now ! what news ?

Servant. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave ; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Portia. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach : if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Venice. A public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats ; well ?

Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock. For three months ; well ?

Bassanio. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock. Antonio shall become bound ; well ?

Bassanio. May you stead me ? Will you pleasure me ? Shall I know your answer ?

Shylock. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bassanio. Your answer to that.

Shylock. Antonio is a good man.

Bassanio. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary ?

Shylock. Ho, no, no, no, no : my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves,—I mean pirates,—and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats ; I think, I may take his bond.

Bassanio. Be assured you may.

Shylock. I will be assured I may ; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio ?

Bassanio. If it please you to dine with us.

Shylock. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto ? Who is he comes here ?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

Shylock. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks ! I hate him for he is a Christian ;

But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bassanio. Shylock, do you hear?

Shylock. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To* ANTONIO.] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Antonio. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. [*To* BASSANIO.] Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

Shylock. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Antonio. And for three months.

Shylock. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see. But hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Antonio. I do never use it.

Shylock. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor: ay, he was the third,—

Antonio. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shylock. No; not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings that were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Antonio. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good ?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?
Shylock. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast :
But note me, signior.
Antonio. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !
Shylock. Three thousand ducats ; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve ; then, let me see ; the rate—
Antonio. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you ?
Shylock. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,
' Shylock, we would have moneys : ' you say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
' Hath a dog money ? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ' or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this :—
' Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys ? '
Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends,—for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend ?—

But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shylock. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me :
This is kind I offer.
Antonio. This were kindness.
Shylock. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Antonio. Content, i' faith : I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bassanio. You shall not seal to such a bond for me :
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Antonio. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shylock. O father Abram ! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others. Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Antonio. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shylock. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently

I will be with you.
Antonio. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
This Hebrew will turn Christian : he grows kind.
Bassanio. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Antonio. Come on : in this there can be no dismay ;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and his Followers ;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and Others of her Train.*

Morocco. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant : by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too : I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Portia. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes ;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing :
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Morocco. Even for that I thank you :
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,

To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page:
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Portia. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.

Morocco. Nor will not: come, bring me unto my chance.

Portia. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Morocco. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men! [*Cornets, and exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Launcelot. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: '*Via!*' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark! is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the

fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnal, and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gobbo. Master young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Launcelot. [*Aside.*] O heavens! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Launcelot. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Launcelot. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest, exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Launcelot. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gobbo. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Launcelot. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Launcelot. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman,—according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning,—is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Launcelot. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman: but I pray you, tell me is my boy,—God rest his soul!—alive or dead?

Launcelot. Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Launcelot. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but, in the end, truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo. I cannot think you are my son.

Launcelot. But I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gobbo. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Launcelot. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gobbo. Lord! how art thou changed. How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Launcelot. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other Followers.*

Bassanio. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the very furthest by five of the clock.

See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a* Servant.

Launcelot. To him, father.

Gobbo. God bless your worship!

Bassanio. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gobbo. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Launcelot. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gobbo. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Launcelot. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gobbo. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—

Launcelot. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gobbo. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—

Launcelot. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bassanio. One speak for both. What would you?

Launcelot. Serve you, sir.

Gobbo. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bassanio. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Launcelot. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bassanio. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out. [*To his followers.*] Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Launcelot. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, [*Looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book,—I shall have good fortune,—Go to; here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle

of wives : alas ! fifteen wives is nothing : a 'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man : and then to 'scape drowning thrice,—here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come : I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and* Old GOBBO.

Bassanio. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this : These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance : hie thee, go.

Leonardo. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Where is your master ?

Leonardo. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio !—

Bassanio. Gratiano !

Gratiano. I have a suit to you.

Bassanio. You have obtain'd it.

Gratiano. You must not deny me : I must go with you to Belmont.

Bassanio. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano ;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice :
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio, hear me :
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen ;'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bassanio. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gratiano. Nay, but I bar to-night ; you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

Bassanio. No, that were pity :
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well :
I have some business.
Gratiano. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest ;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in* SHYLOCK'S *House.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so :
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee :
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
Give him this letter ; do it secretly ;
And so farewell : I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Launcelot. Adieu ! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew ! But, adieu ! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit : adieu !
Jessica. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo !
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lorenzo. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gratiano. We have not made good preparation.
Salarino. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Salanio. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lorenzo. 'Tis now but four o'clock : we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news ?

Launcelot. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lorenzo. I know the hand : in faith, 'tis a fair hand ;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gratiano. Love news, in faith.

Launcelot. By your leave, sir.

Lorenzo. Whither goest thou ?

Launcelot. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

Lorenzo. Hold here, take this : tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her ; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salarino. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salanio. And so will I.

Lorenzo. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salarino. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Gratiano. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

Lorenzo. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house ;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with ;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake ;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me : peruse this as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. Before* SHYLOCK'S *House.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shylock. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—
What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Launcelot. Why, Jessica!

Shylock. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Launcelot. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jessica. Call you? What is your will?

Shylock. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Launcelot. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shylock. So do I his.

Launcelot. And they have conspired together: I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shylock. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Launcelot. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Shylock. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jessica. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

Shylock. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
'Fast bind, fast find,'
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jessica. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.—*The Same.*

Enter Gratiano *and* Salarino, *masqued.*

Gratiano. This is the penthouse under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salarino. His hour is almost past.

Gratiano. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salarino. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gratiano. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the wanton wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the wanton wind!

Salarino. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

I'll watch as long for you then. Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho ! who's within ?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jessica. Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lorenzo. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jessica. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love indeed,
For who love I so much ? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jessica. Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange ;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lorenzo. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jessica. What ! must I hold a candle to my shames ?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.
Lorenzo. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
Jessica. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit above.*
Gratiano. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lorenzo. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily ;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA.

What, art thou come ? On, gentlemen ; away !
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Antonio. Who's there ?
Gratiano. Signior Antonio !
Antonio. Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?
'Tis nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night ; the wind is come about ;
Bassanio presently will go aboard :
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gratiano. I am glad on't : I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO *and their Trains.*

Portia. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover,
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Morocco. The first, of gold, which this inscription bears :
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries :
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt :
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right ?
Portia. The one of them contains my picture, prince :
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Morocco. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see :
I will survey the inscriptions back again :
What says this leaden casket ?
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give : For what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages :
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue ?
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves ! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady :
And yet to be afeard of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may.

Portia. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Morocco. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing,

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost ! 75
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part.
[*Exit with his Train. Flourish of Cornets.*
Portia. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains : go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter Salarino *and* Salanio.

Salarino. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail :
With him is Gratiano gone along ;
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.
Salanio. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship. 5
Salarino. He came too late, the ship was under sail :
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the duke 10
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salanio. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :
'My daughter ! O my ducats ! O my daughter ! 15
Fled with a Christian ! O my Christian ducats !
Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !
And jewels ! two stones, two rich and precious stones, 20
Stol'n by my daughter ! Justice ! find the girl !
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'
Salarino. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salanio. Let good Antonio look he keep his day, 25
Or he shall pay for this.
Salarino. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English,—there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught. 30
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salanio. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear ;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salarino. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return : he answer'd 'Do not so ;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time ;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love :
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there : '
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand ; and so they parted.
Salanio. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salarino. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter NERISSA, *with a* Servitor.

Nerissa. Quick, quick, I pray thee ; draw the curtain straight :
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their Trains.*

Portia. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince :
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Arragon. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage ;
Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Portia. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Arragon. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitude.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O! that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer.
How many then should cover that stand bare;
How many be commanded that command;
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
[*He opens the silver casket.*
Portia. Too long a pause for that which you find there.
Arragon. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Portia. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Arragon. What is here?

> The fire seven times tried this:
> Seven times tried that judgment is
> That did never choose amiss.
> Some there be that shadows kiss;
> Such have but a shadow's bliss:
> There be fools alive, I wis,
> Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
> Take what wife you will to bed,
> I will ever be your head:
> So be gone, sir: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exit* ARRAGON *with his Train.*

Portia. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Nerissa. The ancient saying is no heresy:
'Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.'
Portia. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Where is my lady?
Portia. Here; what would my lord?
Servant. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit,—besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an embassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Portia. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Nerissa. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salanio. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salarino. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salarino. Come, the full stop.

Salanio. Ha! what sayst thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salanio. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salarino. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salanio. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shylock. She is damned for it.

Salarino. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shylock. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salanio. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shylock. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salarino. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shylock. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shylock. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salarino. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salanio. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALANIO, SALARINO, *and* Servant.

Shylock. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shylock. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: Why thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tubal. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shylock. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tubal. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shylock. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tubal. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shylock. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news! ha, ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tubal. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shylock. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shylock. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tubal. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tubal. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shylock. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants.

Portia. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me:
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peise the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bassanio. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Portia. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bassanio. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Portia. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,

Where men enforced do speak anything.
Bassanio. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Portia. Well then, confess, and live.
Bassanio. 'Confess' and 'love'
Had been the very sum of my confession :
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Portia. Away then ! I am lock'd in one of them :
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice ;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music : that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;
And what is music then ? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch : such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice ;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !
Live thou, I live : with much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*A Song, whilst* BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell :
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bassanio. So may the outward shows be least themselves. The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk :
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted ! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight ;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee ;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I : joy be the consequence !

Portia. [*Aside.*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love ! be moderate ; allay thy ecstasy ;
In measure rain thy joy : scant this excess ;
I feel too much thy blessing ; make it less,
For fear I surfeit !

Bassanio. What find I here ?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit ! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : but her eyes !—
How could he see to do them ? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd ; yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

> You that choose not by the view,
> Chance as fair and choose as true !
> Since this fortune falls to you,
> Be content and seek no new.
> If you be well pleas'd with this
> And hold your fortune for your bliss,
> Turn you where your lady is
> And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave ; [*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Portia. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich ;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd ;

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring ;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bassanio. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :
O ! then be bold to say Bassanio 's dead.

Nerissa. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady !

Gratiano. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
For I am sure you can wish none from me :
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bassanio. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gratiano. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You lov'd, I lov'd, for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;
For wooing here until I sweat again,

And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Portia. Is this true, Nerissa?

Nerissa. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bassanio. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gratiano. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bassanio. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gratiano. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel? What! and my old Venetian friend, Salanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALANIO.

Bassanio. Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Portia. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lorenzo. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Salanio. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*

Bassanio. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Salanio. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind; his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gratiano. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salanio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Salanio. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Portia. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world

Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bassanio. O sweet Portia!
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio?
Hath all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Salanio. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jessica. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum

That he did owe him ; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Portia. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?
Bassanio. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Portia. What sum owes he the Jew ?
Bassanio. For me, three thousand ducats.
Portia. What, no more ?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend ;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over :
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away !
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer ;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bassanio. Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Portia. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone !
Bassanio. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste ; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

Shylock. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.
Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shylock. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shylock. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit.*
Salarino. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Antonio. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salarino. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Antonio. The duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lorenzo. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Portia. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.
Lorenzo. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Portia. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lorenzo. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you !
Jessica. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Portia. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua : see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario ;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone : I shall be there before thee.
Balthazar. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*
Portia. Come on, Nerissa : I have work in hand
That you yet know not of : we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Nerissa. Shall they see us ?
Portia. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died :
I could not do withal ; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinu'd school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
But come : I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Launcelot. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned.

Jessica. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Launcelot. Truly the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jessica. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot.

Jessica. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth, for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lorenzo. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Launcelot. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lorenzo. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Launcelot. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lorenzo. Will you cover, then, sir?

Launcelot. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lorenzo. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Launcelot. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to

dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lorenzo. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jessica. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lorenzo. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jessica. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lorenzo. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jessica. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lorenzo. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jessica. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—*Venice. A Court of Justice.*

Enter the Duke: *the* Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Salanio, *and Others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard

Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salarino. He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange-apparent cruelty ;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,—
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,—
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose ;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :
But say it is my humour : is it answer'd ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat ;

And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their anger : for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer :
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
Why he, a wauling bagpipe ; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended ;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?
Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love ?
Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?
Bassanio. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shylock. What ! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?
Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew :
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder ?—
His Jewish heart : therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means ;
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them ; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none ?
Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them : shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer :
' The slaves are ours : ' so do I answer you :
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought ; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law !
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salarino. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters : call the messenger.

Bassanio. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man, courage yet !
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antonio. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground ; and so let me :
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Nerissa. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.
[*Presents a letter.*

Bassanio. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shylock. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gratiano. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog !
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.
Shylock. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he ?
Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart : some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick ; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we turned o'er many books together : he is furnished with my opinion ; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*
Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario ?
Portia. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome : take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court ?
Portia. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Portia. Is your name Shylock ?
Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
[*To* ANTONIO.] You stand within his danger, do you not ?
Antonio. Ay, so he says.
Portia. Do you confess the bond ?
Antonio. I do.
Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.
Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shylock. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money ?
Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Portia. It must not be. There is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established :
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
Shylock. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !
Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shylock. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor ; here it is.
Portia. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.
Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful :
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.
Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Portia. Why then, thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shylock. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !
Portia. For, the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shylock. 'Tis very true ! O wise and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !
Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shylock. Ay, ' his breast ' :
So says the bond :—doth it not, noble judge ?—
' Nearest his heart ' : those are the very words.
Portia. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh ?
Shylock. I have them ready.
Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond ?
Portia. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shylock. I cannot find it : 'tis not in the bond.
Portia. You, merchant, have you anything to say ?
Antonio. But little : I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well !
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife :
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you should lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gratiano. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love :
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Nerissa. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shylock. These be the Christian husbands ! I have a daughter ;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian !
We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine :
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shylock. Most rightful judge !

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast :
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shylock. Most learned judge ! A sentence ! come, prepare !
Portia. Tarry a little : there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are ' a pound of flesh ' :
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gratiano. O upright judge ! Mark, Jew : O learned judge !
Shylock. Is that the law ?
Portia. Thyself shalt see the act ;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gratiano. O learned judge ! Mark, Jew : a learned judge !
Shylock. I take this offer then : pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bassanio. Here is the money.
Portia. Soft !
The Jew shall have all justice ; soft ! no haste :—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gratiano. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !
Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Portia. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.
Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bassanio. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.
Portia. He hath refus'd it in the open court :
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal ?
Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Portia. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.
Gratiano. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.
Portia. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shylock. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gratiano. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!
Antonio. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Portia. Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou say ?
Shylock. I am content.
Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shylock. I pray you give me leave to go from hence :
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gratiano. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers ;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Portia. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon :
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, Magnificoes, *and Train.*
Bassanio. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Antonio. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Portia. He is well paid that is well satisfied ;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid :
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again :
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bassanio. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further :
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Portia. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
[*To* ANTONIO.] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;

[*To* BASSANIO.] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bassanio. This ring, good sir ? alas ! it is a trifle ;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Portia. I will have nothing else but only this ;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bassanio. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation :
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Portia. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bassanio. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should never sell nor give nor lose it.
Portia. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.
Antonio. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandement.
Bassanio. Go, Gratiano ; run and overtake him ;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. Away ! make haste. [*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Portia. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice

Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Portia. That cannot be :
His ring I do accept most thankfully ;
And so, I pray you, tell him : furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gratiano. That will I do.
Nerissa. Sir, I would speak with you.
[*Aside to* PORTIA.] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Portia. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away ! make haste : thou know'st where I will tarry.
Nerissa. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house ?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. The Avenue to* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright : in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jessica. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lorenzo. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jessica. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lorenzo. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jessica. In such a night

Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lorenzo. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jessica. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lorenzo. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Stephano. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.
Stephano. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lorenzo. Who comes with her?
Stephano. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lorenzo. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lorenzo. Who calls?
Launcelot. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo! sola, sola!
Lorenzo. Leave hollaing, man; here.
Launcelot. Sola! where? where?
Lorenzo. Here.
Launcelot. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
Lorenzo. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn :
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet-sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Nerissa. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Nerissa. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Portia. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Nerissa. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Portia. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*
Lorenzo. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Portia. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lorenzo. Dear lady, welcome home.
Portia. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned?
Lorenzo. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Portia. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*
Lorenzo. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Portia. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

Bassanio. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Portia. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.
Bassanio. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Portia. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Antonio. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Portia. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
Gratiano. [*To* NERISSA.] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong ;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :
Portia. A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ?
Gratiano. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose poesy was
For all the world like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, ' Love me, and leave me not.'
Nerissa. What talk you of the posy, or the value ?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave :
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk ! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
Gratiano. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Nerissa. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gratiano. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk.
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee :
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Portia. You were to blame,—I must be plain with you,—
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it ; and here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief :
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bassanio. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gratiano. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine ;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
Portia. What ring gave you, my lord ?
Not that, I hope, that you receiv'd of me.
Bassanio. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it ; it is gone.
Portia. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
Bassanio. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Portia. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe :
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.
Bassanio. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it ; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away ;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?
I was enforc'd to send it after him ;
I was beset with shame and courtesy ;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Portia. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have.
Nerissa. Nor I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gratiano. Well, do you so: let me not take him, then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Antonio. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Portia. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bassanio. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Portia. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bassanio. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Antonio. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Portia. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Antonio. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bassanio. By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor!
Portia. I had it of him. You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa, there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Antonio. I am dumb.

Bassanio. Were you the doctor and I knew you not? 280

Antonio. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Portia. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Nerissa. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee. 290
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lorenzo. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Portia. It is almost morning, 295
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully. 299

Gratiano. Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE, living in exile.
FREDERICK, his Brother, Usurper of his Dominions.
AMIENS, JAQUES, } Lords attending upon the banished Duke.
LE BEAU, a Courtier, attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, a Wrestler.
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ADAM, DENNIS, } Servants to Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a Vicar.
CORIN, SILVIUS, } Shepherds.
WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, Daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a Country Wench.

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*First,* OLIVER'S *Orchard near his House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard near* OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility

with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orlando. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliver. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orlando. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oliver. What mar you then, sir?

Orlando. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliver. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orlando. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oliver. Know you where you are, sir?

Orlando. O! sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oliver. Know you before whom, sir?

Orlando. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oliver. What, boy!

Orlando. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oliver. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orlando. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliver. Let me go, I say.

Orlando. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oliver. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orlando. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oliver. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oliver. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oliver. Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

Dennis. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oliver. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver. Good Monsieur Charles, what 's the new news at the new court?

Charles. There 's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oliver. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together, —that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliver. Where will the old duke live?

Charles. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oliver. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Charles. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oliver. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee,—and almost with tears I speak it,—

there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Charles. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oliver. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he 's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Rosalind. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Celia. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Rosalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Celia. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Rosalind. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Celia. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Rosalind. What shall be our sport then?

Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rosalind. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Celia. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Rosalind. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Celia. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Rosalind. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Celia. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touchstone. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia. Were you made the messenger?

Touchstone. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Rosalind. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touchstone. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Celia. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rosalind. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touchstone. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Celia. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touchstone. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Celia. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

Touchstone. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Celia. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touchstone. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Celia. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Rosalind. With his mouth full of news.

Celia. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Rosalind. Then we shall be news-cramm'd.

Celia. All the better; we shall be more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what 's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Celia. Sport! Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam! How shall I answer you?

Rosalind. As wit and fortune will.

Touchstone. Or as the Destinies decree.

Celia. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touchstone. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Rosalind. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Rosalind. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Celia. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Celia. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence ;—

Rosalind. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rosalind. Alas !

Touchstone. But what is the sport, monsieur that the ladies have lost ?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touchstone. Thus men may grow wiser every day : it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Celia. Or I, I promise thee.

Rosalind. But is there any else longs to feel this broken music in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here ; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Celia. Yonder, sure, they are coming : let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

Duke Frederick. Come on : since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Rosalind. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Celia. Alas ! he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

Duke Frederick. How now, daughter and cousin ! are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Rosalind. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke Frederick. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man : in pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will

not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Celia. Call him hither, good Monsieur le Beau.

Duke Frederick. Do so: I'll not be by.

[DUKE *goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orlando. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rosalind. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orlando. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Celia. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Rosalind. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Rosalind. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine, to eke out hers.

Rosalind. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Celia. Your heart's desires be with you!

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orlando. Ready, sir.

Duke Frederick. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not

entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orlando. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Rosalind. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Celia. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*

Rosalind. O excellent young man!

Celia. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke Frederick. No more, no more.

Orlando. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke Frederick. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke Frederick. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man? [CHARLES *is borne out.*

Orlando. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke Frederick. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK, *Train, and* LE BEAU.

Celia. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orlando. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Rosalind. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Celia. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Rosalind. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?
Celia. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orlando. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
Rosalind. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Celia. Will you go, coz?
Rosalind. Have with you. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
Orlando. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.
Orlando. I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners:
But yet, indeed the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
Orlando. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Celia. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! Not a word?
Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.
Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.
Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.
Celia. But is all this for your father?
Rosalind. No, some of it is for my father's child: O, how full of briers is this working-day world!
Celia. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.
Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart.
Celia. Hem them away.
Rosalind. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and have him.
Celia. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.
Rosalind. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!
Celia. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?
Rosalind. The duke my father loved his father dearly.
Celia. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his

son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

Rosalind. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke Frederick. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Rosalind. Me, uncle ?

Duke Frederick. You, cousin :
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Rosalind. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke Frederick. Thus do all traitors :
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself :
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor :
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke Frederick. Thou art thy father's daughter ; there 's enough.

Rosalind. So was I when your highness took his dukedom ;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke Frederick. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake ;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay :

It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke Frederick. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Celia. Pronounce that sentence then, on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke Frederick. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK *and* Lords.

Celia. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Rosalind. I have more cause.

Celia. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Rosalind. That he hath not.

Celia. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Rosalind. Why, whither shall we go?

Celia. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Celia. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Rosalind. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and,—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Celia. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Rosalind. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Rosalind. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Celia. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, *and other* Lords, *like Foresters.*

Duke Senior. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,

Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Senior. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Senior. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

To that which had too much: ' then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
' 'Tis right,' quoth he; ' thus misery doth part
The flux of company: ' anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; ' Ay,' quoth Jaques,
' Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke Senior. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Second Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Senior. Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

Second Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke Frederick. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

Second Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke Frederick. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before* OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orlando. Who 's there?

Adam. What! my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orlando. Why, what 's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother,—no, no brother; yet the son,—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orlando. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orlando. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Orlando. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Rosalind *in boy's clothes,* Celia *dressed like a shepherdess, and* Touchstone.

Rosalind. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits.

Touchstone. I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary.

Rosalind. I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Celia. I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further.

Touchstone. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Rosalind. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touchstone. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Rosalind. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Corin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Silvius. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Corin. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

Silvius. No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Silvius. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer with thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Rosalind. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touchstone. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Rosalind. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touchstone. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Rosalind. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touchstone. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Celia. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touchstone. Holla, you clown!

Rosalind. Peace, fool: he 's not thy kinsman.

Corin. Who calls?

Touchstone. Your betters, sir.

Corin. Else are they very wretched.

Rosalind. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Corin. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Rosalind. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Corin. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Rosalind. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Corin. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.
Rosalind. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Celia. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Corin. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and Others.*

SONG.

Amiens. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. More, more, I prithee, more.
Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.
Jaques. I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I prithee, more.
Amiens. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.
Jaques. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you them stanzos?
Amiens. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Amiens. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaques. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Amiens. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

SONG

Amiens. Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Amiens. And I'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Amiens. What 's that '*ducdame*'?

Jaques. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Amiens. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O! I die for food. Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death awhile at the arm's end, I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, Lords *like Outlaws.*

Duke Senior. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Senior. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter JAQUES.

Duke Senior. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jaques. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock;
Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley 's the only wear.

Duke Senior. What fool is this?

Jaques. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Senior. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Senior. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?
Duke Senior. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,—
Thinking that I mean him,—but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orlando. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke Senior. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orlando. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet I am inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaques. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.
Duke Senior. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orlando. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke Senior. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke Senior. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke Senior. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orlando. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*
Duke Senior. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaques. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke Senior. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orlando. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke Senior. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Amiens. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Duke Senior. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke Frederick. Not seen him since! Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him, dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oliver. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke Frederick. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orlando. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touchstone. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Corin. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touchstone. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Corin. No, truly.

Touchstone. Then thou art damned.

Corin. Nay, I hope.

Touchstone. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touchstone. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wicked-

ness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

Touchstone. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Corin. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touchstone. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Corin. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touchstone. Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

Corin. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touchstone. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Corin. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touchstone. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Corin. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touchstone. That is another simple sin in you. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Corin. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Rosalind. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touchstone. I'll rime you so, eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted : it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Rosalind. Out, fool !

Touchstone. For a taste :—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses : why do you infect yourself with them ?

Rosalind. Peace ! you dull fool : I found them on a tree.

Touchstone. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rosalind. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar : then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country ; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touchstone. You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Rosalind. Peace !
Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside.

Celia. Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled ? No ;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age ;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend :

But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Rosalind. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

Celia. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Touchstone. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses?

Rosalind. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That 's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Celia. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this?

Rosalind. Is it a man?

Celia. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour ?

Rosalind. I prithee, who ?

Celia. O Lord, Lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it ?

Celia. Is it possible ?

Rosalind. Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful ! and yet again wonderful ! and after that, out of all hooping !

Rosalind. Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle ; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard ?

Celia. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both, in an instant.

Rosalind. Nay, but the devil take mocking : speak, sad brow and true maid.

Celia. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind. Orlando ?

Celia. Orlando.

Rosalind. Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ? What did he when thou sawest him ? What said he ? How looked he ? Wherein went he ? What makes he here ? Did he ask for me ? Where remains he ? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again ? Answer me in one word.

Celia. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first : 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To

say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Celia. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Rosalind. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind. Proceed.

Celia. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Rosalind. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia. Cry 'holla!' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Rosalind. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bringest me out of tune.

Rosalind. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Celia. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Rosalind. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Jaques. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando. And so had I; but yet, for fashion' sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orlando. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orlando. I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orlando. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of ?

Orlando. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings ?

Orlando. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques. You have a nimble wit : I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orlando. He is drowned in the brook : look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit* JAQUES.

Rosalind. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester ?

Orlando. Very well : what would you ?

Rosalind. I pray you, what is 't o'clock ?

Orlando. You should ask me, what time o' day ; there 's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of Time ? had not that been as proper ?

Rosalind. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando. I prithee, who doth he trot withal ?

Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid

between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orlando. Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando. Who stays it still withal?

Rosalind. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orlando. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando. Are you native of this place?

Rosalind. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orlando. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orlando. I prithee, recount some of them.

Rosalind. No, I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on

brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orlando. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orlando. What were his marks ?

Rosalind. A lean cheek, which you have not ; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not ; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not ; a beard neglected, which you have not : but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man : you are rather point-device in your accoutrements ; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind. Me believe it ! you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does ; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

Orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind. But are you so much in love as your rimes speak ?

Orlando. Neither rime nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do ; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so ?

Rosalind. Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every

day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orlando. I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orlando. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Rosalind. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando. With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind.*

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaques. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touchstone. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey. I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touchstone. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Audrey. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Audrey. Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques. [*Aside.*] A material fool.

Audrey. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touchstone. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaques. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Audrey. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touchstone. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touchstone. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oliver. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaques. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touchstone. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaques. Will you be married, motley?

Touchstone. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

Touchstone. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaques. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touchstone. Come, sweet Audrey:
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not

O sweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

Sir Oliver. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Rosalind. Never talk to me: I will weep.

Celia. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Celia. Something browner than Judas's; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Rosalind. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Celia. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rosalind. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Celia. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Do you think so?

Celia. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Rosalind. Not true in love?

Celia. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Celia. 'Was' is not 'is:' besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Rosalind. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,

Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.
Celia. Well, and what of him?
Corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Rosalind. O! come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, behind.

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swound; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.
Silvius. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.
Phebe. But, till that time
Come not thou near me; and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time I shall not pity thee.
Rosalind. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.
Phebe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Rosalind. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phebe. For no ill will I bear you.

Rosalind. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

Phebe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

Silvius. Sweet Phebe,—

Phebe. Ha! what sayst thou, Silvius?

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Silvius. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phebe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Silvius. I would have you.

Phebe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Silvius. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phebe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Silvius. Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.
Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?
Silvius. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phebe. I'll write it straight;
The matter 's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaques. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.
Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Rosalind. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Rosalind. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Rosalind. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Rosalind. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad: and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orlando. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaques. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Rosalind. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orlando. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Rosalind. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orlando. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Rosalind. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orlando. Of a snail!

Rosalind. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. And I am your Rosalind?

Celia. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Rosalind. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orlando. I would kiss before I spoke.

Rosalind. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking,—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orlando. How if the kiss be denied?

Rosalind. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orlando. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rosalind. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress.

Orlando. What, of my suit?

Rosalind. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orlando. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rosalind. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orlando. Then in mine own person I die.

Rosalind. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish

coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orlando. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rosalind. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orlando. Then love me, Rosalind

Rosalind. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orlando. And wilt thou have me?

Rosalind. Ay, and twenty such.

Orlando. What sayest thou?

Rosalind. Are you not good?

Orlando. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orlando. Pray thee, marry us.

Celia. I cannot say the words.

Rosalind. You must begin,—'Will you, Orlando,'—

Celia. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orlando. I will.

Rosalind. Ay, but when?

Orlando. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Rosalind. Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orlando. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Rosalind. I might ask you for your commission; but, I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there 's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orlando. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Rosalind. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her?

Orlando. For ever and a day.

Rosalind. Say 'a day', without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous

of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot against rain ; more new-fangled than an ape ; more giddy in my desires than a monkey : I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so ?

Rosalind. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orlando. O ! but she is wise.

Rosalind. Or else she could not have the wit to do this : the wiser, the waywarder : make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orlando. A man that hath a wife with such a wit, he might say, ' Wit, whither wilt ? '

Rosalind. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O ! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orlando. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Rosalind. Alas ! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orlando. I must attend the duke at dinner : by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Rosalind. Ay, go your ways, go your ways ; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less : that flattering tongue of yours won me : 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death ! Two o'clock is your hour ?

Orlando. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rosalind. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orlando. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind : so, adieu.

Rosalind. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [*Exit* ORLANDO.

Celia. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head.

Rosalind. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Celia. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosalind. No; that same wicked brat of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Celia. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, *and* Foresters.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

First Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Second Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Celia. I warrant you, with pure love and a troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Silvius. My errand is to you, fair youth.
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Rosalind. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od 's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Silvius. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Rosalind. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that 's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Silvius. Sure, it is hers.

Rosalind. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Silvius. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
Rosalind. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?
Silvius. Call you this railing?
Rosalind. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect.
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Silvius. Call you this chiding?
Celia. Alas, poor shepherd!
Rosalind. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliver. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Celia. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom :
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;
There 's none within.
Oliver. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description ;
Such garments, and such years : ' The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister : but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for ?
Celia. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
Oliver. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?
Rosalind. I am : what must we understand by this ?
Oliver. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Celia. I pray you, tell it.
Oliver. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell ! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself :
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush ; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Celia. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.
Oliver. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Rosalind. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oliver. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Celia. Are you his brother?
Rosalind. Was it you he rescu'd?
Celia. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oliver. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Rosalind. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oliver. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place:—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
Celia. [ROSALIND *swoons.*] Why, how now, Ganymede!
sweet Ganymede

Oliver. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Celia. There is more in it. Cousin! Ganymede!
Oliver. Look, he recovers.
Rosalind. I would I were at home.
Celia. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oliver. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man!
You lack a man's heart.
Rosalind. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!
Oliver. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.
Rosalind. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oliver. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.
Rosalind. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.
Celia. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.
Oliver. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Rosalind. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touchstone. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.
Audrey. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.
Touchstone. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.
Audrey. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touchstone. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.

By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

William. Good even, Audrey.

Audrey. God ye good even, William.

William. And good even to you, sir.

Touchstone. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

William. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touchstone. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

William. William, sir.

Touchstone. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

William. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touchstone. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?

William. Faith, sir, so so.

Touchstone. 'So so,' is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

William. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touchstone. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

William. I do, sir.

Touchstone. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

William. No, sir.

Touchstone. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

William. Which he, sir?

Touchstone. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison

with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Audrey. Do, good William.

William. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!

Touchstone. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orlando. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oliver. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orlando. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Rosalind. God save you, brother.

Oliver. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Rosalind. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orlando. It is my arm.

Rosalind. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swound when he showed me your handkercher ?

Orlando. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind. O ! I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true : there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of ' I came, saw, and overcame : ' for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked ; no sooner looked but they loved ; no sooner loved but they sighed ; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy : and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together : clubs cannot part them.

Orlando. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O ! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Rosalind. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

Orlando. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then,—for now I speak to some purpose,—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are ; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orlando. Speakest thou in sober meanings ?

Rosalind. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in

your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Rosalind. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Silvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obeisance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And so am I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And so am I for no woman.

Phebe. [*To* ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Silvius. [*To* PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orlando. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Rosalind. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orlando. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Rosalind. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To* SILVIUS.] I will help you, if I can: [*To* PHEBE.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To* PHEBE.]

I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow : [*To* ORLANDO.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow : [*To* SILVIUS.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To* ORLANDO.] As you love Rosalind, meet : [*To* SILVIUS.] As you love Phebe, meet : and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well : I have left you commands.

Silvius. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phebe. Nor I.

Orlando. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touchstone. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey ; to-morrow will we be married.

Audrey. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touchstone. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Second Page. We are for you : sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

Second Page. I' faith, i' faith : and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
  In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
  In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, &c.

Touchstone. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

Touchstone. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Senior. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Rosalind. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd. [*To the* Duke.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke Senior. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Rosalind. [*To* Orlando.] And you say, you will have her when I bring her?

Orlando. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Rosalind. [*To* Phebe.] You say, that you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rosalind. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phebe. So is the bargain.

Rosalind. [*To* Silvius.] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Silvius. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Rosalind. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Duke Senior. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orlando. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?

Touchstone. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Senior. I like him very well.

Touchstone. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage

binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke Senior. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touchstone. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called 'the retort courteous.' If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the 'quip modest.' If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the 'reply churlish.' If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the 'reproof valiant:' if again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the 'countercheck quarrelsome': and so to the 'lie circumstantial,' and the 'lie direct.'

Jaques. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touchstone. I durst go no further than the 'lie circumstantial,' nor he durst not give me the 'lie direct;' and we measured swords and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touchstone. O sir, we quarrel in print; by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the 'retort courteous;' the second, the 'quip modest;' the third, the 'reply churlish;' the fourth, the 'reproof valiant;' the fifth, the 'countercheck quarrelsome;' the sixth, the 'lie with circumstance;' the seventh, the 'lie direct.' All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an 'if.' I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'if,' as 'If you said so, then I said so;'

and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'if' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'if.'

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Senior. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes, and* CELIA.

Still Music.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Rosalind. [*To* DUKE SENIOR.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To* ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke Senior. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orlando. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phebe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Rosalind. [*To* DUKE SENIOR.] I'll have no father, if you be not he.

[*To* ORLANDO.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:

[*To* PHEBE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hymen. *Peace, ho! I bar confusion:*
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

[*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.] You and you no cross shall part:

[*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.] You and you are heart in heart:

[*To* PHEBE.] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:

[*To* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.] You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured.
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke Senior. O my dear niece! welcome thou art to me:
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phebe. [*To* SILVIUS.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaques de Boys. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke Senior. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends

That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaques de Boys. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To* DUKE SENIOR.] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:
[*To* ORLANDO.] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:
[*To* OLIVER.] You to your land, and love, and great allies:
[*To* SILVIUS.] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To* TOUCHSTONE.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Senior. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime, I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Senior. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY ROSALIND.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become

me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them,—that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, FESTE, a Clown, } Servants to Olivia.
OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's Woman.
Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*A City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians *attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough! no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.
Curio. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Curio. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence.
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

Valentine. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king.
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, *and* Sailors.

Viola. What country, friends, is this?

Captain. This is Illyria, lady.

Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you sailors?

Captain. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Viola. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Captain. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number sav'd with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,—
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Viola. For saying so there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Captain. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Viola. Who governs here?
Captain. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
Viola. What is his name?
Captain. Orsino.
Viola. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Captain. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Viola. What's she?
Captain. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.
Viola. O! that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.
Captain. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Viola. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music

That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Captain. When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Viola. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir Toby. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Maria. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir Toby. Why, let her except before excepted.

Maria. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir Toby. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Maria. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir Toby. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Maria. Ay, he.

Sir Toby. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Maria. What's that to the purpose?

Sir Toby. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Maria. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir Toby. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Maria. He hath indeed, almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir Toby. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Maria. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir Toby. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir Andrew. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir Toby. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir Andrew. Bless you, fair shrew.

Maria. And you too, sir.

Sir Toby. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir Andrew. What's that?

Sir Toby. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir Andrew. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Maria. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir Andrew. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir Toby. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir Andrew. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost?'

Maria. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir Toby. An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again!

Sir Andrew. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Maria. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir Andrew. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Maria. Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir Andrew. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Maria. It's dry, sir.

Sir Andrew. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Maria. A dry jest, sir.

Sir Andrew. Are you full of them?

Maria. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. O knight! thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir Andrew. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir Toby. No question.

Sir Andrew. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir Andrew. What is '*pourquoi?*' do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O! had I but followed the arts!

Sir Toby. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir Andrew. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir Toby. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir Andrew. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir Toby. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

Sir Andrew. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir Toby. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir Andrew. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir Toby. Art thou good at these kickchawses, knight?

Sir Andrew. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir Toby. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir Andrew. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir Toby. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir Andrew. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir Toby. Wherefore are these things hid ? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em ? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture ? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto ? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean ? is it a world to hide virtues in ? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir Andrew. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels ?

Sir Toby. What shall we do else ? were we not born under Taurus ?

Sir Andrew. Taurus ! that's sides and heart.

Sir Toby. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha ! higher : ha, ha ! excellent ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Valentine. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Viola. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours ?

Valentine. No, believe me.

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario ? ho !

Viola. On your attendance, my lord ; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all ; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul :
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her,
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Viola. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Viola. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
Duke. O! then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.
Viola. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Viola. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Maria. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.
Clown. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.
Maria. Make that good.
Clown. He shall see none to fear.
Maria. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, 'I fear no colours.'
Clown. Where, good Mistress Mary?
Maria. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.
Clown. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
Maria. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Maria. You are resolute then?

Clown. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Maria. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clown. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Maria. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clown. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter OLIVIA *with* MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

Olivia. Take the fool away.

Clown. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Olivia. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Olivia. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clown. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Olivia. Can you do it?

Clown. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Olivia. Make your proof.

Clown. I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Olivia. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clown. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Olivia. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Olivia. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Olivia. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Malvolio. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clown. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Olivia. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Malvolio. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Olivia. O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clown. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Maria. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Olivia. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Maria. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Olivia. Who of my people hold him in delay ?
Maria. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.
Olivia. Fetch him off, I pray you : he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him ! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio : if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.
Clown. Thou hast spoken for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool ; whose skull Jove cram with brains ! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Olivia. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin ?
Sir Toby. A gentleman.
Olivia. A gentleman ! what gentleman ?
Sir Toby. 'Tis a gentleman here,—a plague o' these pickle herring ! How now, sot !
Clown. Good Sir Toby.
Olivia. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?
Sir Toby. Lechery ! I defy lechery ! There's one at the gate.
Clown. Ay, marry, what is he ?
Sir Toby. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*
Olivia. What's a drunken man like, fool ?
Clown. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman : one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.
Olivia. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz ; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned : go, look after him.
Clown. He is but mad yet, madonna ; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO

Malvolio. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick : he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep : he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak

with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Olivia. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Malvolio. Ha's been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Olivia. What kind o' man is he?

Malvolio. Why, of mankind.

Olivia. What manner of man?

Malvolio. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Olivia. Of what personage and years is he?

Malvolio. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Olivia. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Malvolio. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Olivia. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA *and* Attendants.

Viola. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Olivia. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Viola. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Olivia. Whence came you, sir?

Viola. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Olivia. Are you a comedian?

Viola. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Olivia. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viola. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for, what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Olivia. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Viola. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Olivia. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Maria. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Viola. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Olivia. Tell me your mind.

Viola. I am a messenger.

Olivia. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Viola. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Olivia. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Viola. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Olivia. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA *and* Attendants.] Now, sir; what is your text?

Viola. Most sweet lady,—

Olivia. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Viola. In Orsino's bosom.

Olivia. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Viola. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Olivia. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Viola. Good madam, let me see your face.

Olivia. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. [*Unveiling.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was as this present: is 't not well done?

Viola. Excellently done, if God did all.

Olivia. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Viola. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Olivia. O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as *Item*, Two lips, indifferent red; *Item*, Two grey eyes, with lids to them; *Item*, One neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Viola. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O! such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty.

Olivia. How does he love me?

Viola. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Olivia. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant;
And, in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Viola. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Olivia. Why, what would you?

Viola. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;

Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, 'Olivia!' O! you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Olivia. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Viola. Above my fortune, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Olivia. Get you to your lord:
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Viola. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Olivia. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art:
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast: soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What, ho! Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Malvolio. Here, madam, at your service.

Olivia. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I'm not for him.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Malvolio. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Olivia. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Antonio. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Sebastian. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

Antonio. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Sebastian. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore, it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Antonio. Alas the day!

Sebastian. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Antonio. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Sebastian. O good Antonio! forgive me your trouble!

Antonio. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Sebastian. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Antonio. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there;
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

Malvolio. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Viola. Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Malvolio. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Viola. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Malvolio. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Viola. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir Toby. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowest,—

Sir Andrew. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir Toby. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir Andrew. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir Toby. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir Andrew. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clown. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'we three?'

Sir Toby. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir Andrew. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clown. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir Andrew. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir Toby. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir Andrew. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir Toby. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir Andrew. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown. O mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir Andrew. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir Toby. Good, good.

Clown. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir Andrew. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir Toby. A contagious breath.

Sir Andrew. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir Toby. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir Andrew. An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir Andrew. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clown. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrain'd in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir Andrew. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, 'Hold thy peace.'

Clown. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir Andrew. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir Toby. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady!

There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir Andrew. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir Toby. O! the twelfth day of December,—

Maria. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Malvolio. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir Toby. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Malvolio. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir Toby. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Maria. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clown. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Malvolio. Is 't even so?

Sir Toby. But I will never die.

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Malvolio. This is much credit to you.

Sir Toby. Shall I bid him go?

Clown. What an if you do?

Sir Toby. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clown. O! no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir Toby. 'Out o' time!' Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir Toby. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Malvolio. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Maria. Go shake your ears.

Sir Andrew. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir Toby. Do 't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Maria. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

Sir Toby. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Maria. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir Andrew. O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir Toby. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir Andrew. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Maria. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir Toby. What wilt thou do?

Maria. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir Toby. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir Andrew. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir Toby. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Maria. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir Andrew. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Maria. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir Andrew. O! 'twill be admirable.

Maria. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir Andrew. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir Toby. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir Andrew. I was adored once too.

Sir Toby. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir Andrew. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir Toby. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir Andrew. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir Toby. Come, come: I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and Others.*

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends:
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come; but one verse.

Curio. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Curio. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady

Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit* CURIO. *Music.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *with* Clown.

Duke. O, fellow! come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clown. Are you ready, sir?
Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

Clown. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it.
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.
Clown. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.
Clown. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.
Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.
Clown. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal! I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Duke. Let all the rest give place.
[*Exeunt* CURIO *and* Attendants.
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.
Viola. But if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.
Viola. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.
Viola. Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Viola. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Viola. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Viola. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir Toby. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
Fabian. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir Toby. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fabian. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir Toby. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue; shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir Andrew. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir Toby. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!

Maria. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there: [*Throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Malvolio. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than anyone else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir Toby. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fabian. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir Andrew. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir Toby. Peace! I say.

Malvolio. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir Toby. Ah, rogue!

Sir Andrew. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir Toby. Peace! peace!

Malvolio. There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir Andrew. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fabian. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Malvolio. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir Toby. O ! for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye !

Malvolio. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown ; having left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir Toby. Fire and brimstone !

Fabian. O, peace ! peace !

Malvolio. And then to have the humour of state : and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir Toby. Bolts and shackles !

Fabian. O, peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

Malvolio. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while ; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches ; curtsies there to me,—

Sir Toby. Shall this fellow live ?

Fabian. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace !

Malvolio. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir Toby. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then ?

Malvolio. Saying, ' Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir Toby. What, what ?

Malvolio. ' You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir Toby. Out, scab !

Fabian. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Malvolio. ' Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir Andrew. That's me, I warrant you.

Malvolio. ' One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir Andrew. I knew 'twas I ; for many do call me fool.

Malvolio. [*Seeing the letter.*] What employment have we here ?

Fabian. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir Toby. O, peace ! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him !

Malvolio. [*Taking up the letter.*] By my life, this is my lady's hand ! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's ; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir Andrew. Her C's, her U's, and her T's : why that—

Malvolio. [*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this and my good wishes:* her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fabian. This wins him, liver and all.

Malvolio.
Jove knows I love;
But who?
Lips, do not move:
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio!

Sir Toby. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Malvolio.
I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fabian. A fustian riddle!

Sir Toby. Excellent wench, say I.

Malvolio. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fabian. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir Toby. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Malvolio. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this. And the end, what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I,—

Sir Toby. O! ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fabian. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Malvolio. M, Malvolio; M, why, that begins my name.

Fabian. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Malvolio. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fabian. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir Toby. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O!

Malvolio. And then I comes behind.

Fabian. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you

might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Malvolio. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose

If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champian discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postcript.

Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fabian. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir Toby. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir Andrew. So could I too.

Sir Toby. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir Andrew. Nor I neither.
Fabian. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir Toby. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck ?
Sir Andrew. Or o' mine either ?
Sir Toby. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave ?
Sir Andrew. I' faith, or I either ?
Sir Toby. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
Maria. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him ?
Sir Toby. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.
Maria. If you will, then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady; he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.
Sir Toby. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit !
Sir Andrew. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* Clown *with a tabor.*

Viola. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor ?
Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.
Viola. Art thou a churchman ?
Clown. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.
Viola. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.
Clown. You have said, sir. To see this age ! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward !
Viola. Nay, that's certain: they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.
Viola. Why, man ?
Clown. Why, sir, her name's a word ; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them
Viola. Thy reason, man ?
Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words ; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.
Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.
Clown. Not so, sir, I do care for something ; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you : if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.
Viola. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool ?
Clown. No, indeed, sir ; the Lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.
Viola. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.
Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun ; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.
Viola. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.
[*Gives a piece of money.*
Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard !
Viola. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?
Clown. [*Pointing to the coin.*] Would not a pair of these have bred, sir ?
Viola. Yes, being kept together and put to use.
Clown. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.
Viola. I understand you, sir ; 'tis well begg'd.
Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar : Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come ; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin ; I might say 'element,' but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Viola. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art;
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir Toby. Save you, gentleman.
Viola. And you, sir.
Sir Andrew. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*
Viola. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*
Sir Andrew. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
Sir Toby. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
Viola. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
Sir Toby. Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion.
Viola. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.
Sir Toby. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.
Viola. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!
Sir Andrew. That youth's a rare courtier. 'Rain odours!' well.
Viola. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
Sir Andrew. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed.' I'll get 'em all three all ready.
Olivia. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* MARIA.

Give me your hand, sir.
Viola. My duty, madam, and most humble service.
Olivia. What is your name?
Viola. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
Olivia. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
Viola. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Olivia. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me!
Viola. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
Olivia. O! by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.
Viola. Dear lady,—
Olivia. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.
Viola. I pity you.
Olivia. That's a degree to love.
Viola. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.
Olivia. Why, then methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world! how apt the poor are to be proud.
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
Viola. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Olivia. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Viola. That you do think you are not what you are.
Olivia. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Viola. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Olivia. I would you were as I would have you be!
Viola. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
Olivia. O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip.
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid; love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better.
Viola. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Olivia. Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir Andrew. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir Toby. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.
Fabian. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
Sir Andrew. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.
Sir Toby. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.
Sir Andrew. As plain as I see you now.
Fabian. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
Sir Andrew. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?
Fabian. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir Toby. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fabian. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir Andrew. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir Toby. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour: challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fabian. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir Toby. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir Andrew. Where shall I find you?

Sir Toby. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:* go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.

Fabian. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fabian. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it.

Sir Toby. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were

opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fabian. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Sir Toby. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir Toby. And cross-gartered?

Maria. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

Sir Toby. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Sebastian. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Antonio. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you,—though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,—
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Sebastian. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; for oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:

But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
Antonio. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.
Sebastian. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.
Antonio. Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.
Sebastian. Belike you slew great number of his people?
Antonio. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
Sebastian. Do not then walk too open.
Antonio. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
Sebastian. Why I your purse?
Antonio. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Sebastian. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you for an hour.
Antonio. To the Elephant.
Sebastian. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Olivia. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio? he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

Maria. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possess'd, madam.

Olivia. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Maria. No, madam; he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Olivia. Go call him hither. [*Exit* MARIA.

I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Malvolio. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Olivia. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Malvolio. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one and please all.'

Olivia. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Malvolio. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Olivia. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Maria. How do you, Malvolio?

Malvolio. At your request. Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Maria. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Malvolio. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'Twas well writ.

Olivia. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Malvolio. 'Some are born great,'—

Olivia. Ha!

Malvolio. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Olivia. What sayst thou?

Malvolio. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Olivia. Heaven restore thee!

Malvolio. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Olivia. Thy yellow stockings!

Malvolio. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Olivia. Cross-gartered!

Malvolio. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so,'—

Olivia. Am I made?

Malvolio. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Olivia. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Olivia. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* Olivia *and* Maria.

Malvolio. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to;' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, *with* Sir Toby Belch *and* Fabian.

Sir Toby. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fabian. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Malvolio. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

Maria. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Malvolio. Ah, ha: does she so?

Sir Toby. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Malvolio. Do you know what you say?

Maria. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched! My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Malvolio. How now, mistress!

Maria. O Lord!

Sir Toby. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fabian. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir Toby. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Malvolio. Sir!

Sir Toby. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Maria. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Malvolio. My prayers, minx!

Maria. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Malvolio. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Is't possible?

Fabian. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir Toby. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Maria. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fabian. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Maria. The house will be the quieter.

Sir Toby. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and

bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Fabian. More matter for a May morning.

Sir Andrew. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fabian. Is't so saucy?

Sir Andrew. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir Toby. Give me. *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fabian. Good, and valiant.

Sir Toby. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fabian. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir Toby. Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fabian. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir Toby. I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fabian. Good.

Sir Toby. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fabian. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir Toby. Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.

Maria. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir Toby. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood

more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir Andrew. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman,—as I know his youth will aptly receive it,— into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fabian. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir Toby. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

Olivia. I have said too much unto a heart of stone.
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof.

Viola. With the same haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's griefs.

Olivia. Here; wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

Viola. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Olivia. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Viola. I will acquit you.

Olivia. Well, come again to-morrow; fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir Toby. Gentleman, God save thee.

Viola. And you, sir.

Sir Toby. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not ; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Viola. You mistake, sir : I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me : my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir Toby. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Viola. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

Sir Toby. He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration ; but he is a devil in private brawl : souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word : give't or take't.

Viola. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady : I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour ; belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir Toby. Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury : therefore get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked ; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Viola. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is : it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir Toby. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Viola. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter ?

Fabian. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Viola. I beseech you, what manner of man is he ?

Fabian. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of

his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Viola. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW.

Sir Toby. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir Andrew. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir Toby. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir Andrew. Plague on't; an I thought he had been so valiant and cunning in fence I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir Toby. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.—[*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To* FABIAN.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fabian. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir Toby. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

Viola. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fabian. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir Toby. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir Andrew. Pray God, he keep his oath ! [*Draws.*
Viola. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Antonio. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me :
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*
Sir Toby. You, sir ! why, what are you ?
Antonio. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.
Sir Toby. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*Draws.*
Fabian. O, good sir Toby, hold ! here come the officers.
Sir Toby. I'll be with you anon.
Viola. [*To* SIR ANDREW.] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
Sir Andrew. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

Enter two Officers.

First Officer. This is the man ; do thy office.
Second Officer. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.
Antonio. You do mistake me, sir.
First Officer. No, sir, no jot : I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away : he knows I know him well.
Antonio. I must obey.—[*To* VIOLA.] This comes with seeking you :
But there's no remedy : I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse ? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd :
But be of comfort.
Second Officer. Come, sir, away.
Antonio. I must entreat of you some of that money.
Viola. What money, sir ?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something : my having is not much :
I'll make division of my present with you.

Hold, there is half my coffer.
Antonio. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Viola. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Antonio. O heavens themselves!
Second Officer. Come, sir: I pray you, go.
Antonio. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
First Officer. What's that to us? The time goes by: away!
Antonio. But O! how vile an idol proves this god.
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.
First Officer. The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, sir.
Antonio. Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers *with* ANTONIO.
Viola. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
Sir Toby. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
Viola. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O! if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*
Sir Toby. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a

coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fabian. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir Andrew. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir Toby. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir Andrew. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fabian. Come, let's see the event.

Sir Toby. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street adjoining* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

Clown. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Sebastian. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow: Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Sebastian. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Sebastian. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir Andrew. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Sebastian. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there, and there! [*Beating* SIR ANDREW.
Are all the people mad?

Enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir Toby. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.] Come on, sir: hold.

Sir Andrew. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Sebastian. Let go thy hand.

Sir Toby. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Sebastian. I will be free from thee. [*Disengaging himself.*] What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir Toby. What, what! Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Olivia. Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir Toby. Madam!

Olivia. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Sebastian. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Olivia. Nay; come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Sebastian. Madam, I will.
Olivia. O! say so, and so be!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown; MALVOLIO *in a dark chamber adjoining.*

Maria. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clown. Well, I'll put it on and I will dissemble myself in't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir Toby. Jove bless thee, Master parson.

Clown. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That, that is, is;' so I, being Master parson, am Master parson; for, what is 'that,' but 'that,' and 'is,' but 'is?'

Sir Toby. To him, Sir Topas.

Clown. What ho! I say. Peace in this prison!

Sir Toby. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Malvolio. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Malvolio. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir Toby. Well said, Master Parson.

Malvolio. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayst thou that house is dark?

Malvolio. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as

barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Malvolio. I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Malvolio. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Malvolio. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Malvolio. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Malvolio. Sir Topas! Sir Topas!

Sir Toby. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters.

Maria. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir Toby. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clown. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

Malvolio. Fool!

Clown. My lady is unkind, perdy!

Malvolio. Fool!

Clown. Alas, why is she so?

Malvolio. Fool, I say!

Clown. She loves another.
Who calls, ha?

Malvolio. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown. Master Malvolio !

Malvolio. Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits ?

Malvolio. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused : I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well ? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Malvolio. They have here propertied me ; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses ! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say : the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore ! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Malvolio. Sir Topas !

Clown. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.— Who, I, sir ? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Malvolio. Fool, fool, fool, I say !

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir ? I am shent for speaking to you.

Malvolio. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper : I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day, that you were, sir !

Malvolio. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light ; and convey what I will set down to my lady : it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed ? or do you but counterfeit ?

Malvolio. Believe me, I am not : I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Malvolio. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree : I prithee, be gone.

Clown. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain ;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ah! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman drivel. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Sebastian.

Sebastian. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia *and a* Priest.

Olivia. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Sebastian. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Olivia. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter Clown *and* FABIAN.

Fabian. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
Clown. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fabian. Anything.
Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fabian. This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?
Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clown. No, sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.
Duke. Why, this is excellent.
Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.
Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.
Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.
Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.
Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.
Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clown. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, 'the third pays for all:' the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clown. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Viola. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and hulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

First Officer. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Viola. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Antonio. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,

From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wrack past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication ; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him when he was beset :
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Viola. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Antonio. To-day, my lord ; and for three months before,—
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,—
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess : now heaven walks on earth !
But for thee, fellow ; fellow, thy words are madness :
Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Olivia. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Viola. Madam !

Duke. Gracious Olivia.—

Olivia. What do you say, Cesario ? Good my lord,—

Viola. My lord would speak ; my duty hushes me.

Olivia. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Olivia. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ?

Olivia. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy
That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief;
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*

Viola. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*

Olivia. Where goes Cesario?

Viola. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Olivia. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Viola. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Olivia. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit* an Attendant.

Duke. [*To* VIOLA.] Come away

Olivia. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Olivia. Ay, husband. can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Viola. No, my lord, not I.

Olivia. Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold,—though lately we intended

To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,—what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Viola. My lord, I do protest,—
Olivia. O! do not swear:
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek, *with his head broken.*

Sir Andrew. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.
Olivia. What's the matter?
Sir Andrew. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.
Olivia. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
Sir Andrew. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?
Sir Andrew. Od's lifelings! here he is. You broke my head for nothing! and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.
Viola. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.
Sir Andrew. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if

he had not been in drink he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Sir Toby. That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown. O! he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone: his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir Toby. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Olivia. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir Andrew. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir Toby. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Olivia. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, *and* Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebastian. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

Sebastian. Antonio! O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me
Since I have lost thee!

Antonio. Sebastian are you?

Sebastian. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Antonio. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Olivia. Most wonderful!

Sebastian. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Viola. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.
Sebastian. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!'
Viola. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Sebastian. And so had mine.
Viola. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Sebastian. O! that record is lively in my soul.
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Viola. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds: by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
Sebastian. [*To* OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.
[*To* VIOLA.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
Viola. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Olivia. He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

Re-enter Clown *with a letter, and* FABIAN.

How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it to you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Olivia. Open it, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.

By the Lord, madam,—

Olivia. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*

Olivia. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Olivia. [*To* FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fabian. By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-used Malvolio.

Olivia. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Olivia. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.
Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[*To* VIOLA.] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding;
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.
Olivia. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Olivia. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!
Malvolio. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
Olivia. Have I, Malvolio? no.
Malvolio. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say 'tis not your seal nor your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.
Olivia. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character;
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; ~~then~~ cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;

But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.
Fabian. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides past.
Olivia. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!
Clown. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad:' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
Malvolio. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.
[*Exit.*
Olivia. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.
Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace;—
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.
[*Exeunt all except* Clown.

SONG.

Clown. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King John
Prince Henry, Son to the King.
Arthur, Duke of Britaine, Nephew to the King.
The Earl of Pembroke.
The Earl of Essex.
The Earl of Salisbury.
The Lord Bigot.
Hubert de Burgh.
Sir Richard Plantagenet, called Philip the Bastard, natural son of King Richard Cœur-de-Lion.
Peter of Pomfret, a Prophet.
Philip, King of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.
Lymoges, Duke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's Legate.
Melun, a French Lord.
Chatillon, Ambassador from France.

Queen Elinor, Mother to King John.
Constance, Mother to Arthur.
Blanch of Spain, Niece to King John.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene.—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, *and Others, with* Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us ?
Chatillon. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.
Elinor. A strange beginning ; ' borrow'd majesty ! '
K. John. Silence, good mother ; hear the embassy.
Chatillon. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine ;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.
K. John. What follows if we disallow of this ?
Chatillon. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment : so answer France.
Chatillon. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace :
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have :
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE.
Elinor. What now, my son ! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son ?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.
Elinor. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me :
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*France. Before the Walls of Angiers.*

Enter, on one side, the DUKE OF AUSTRIA, *and Forces ; on the other,* PHILIP, *King of France, and Forces,* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* Attendants.

K. Philip. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave :

And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-Lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love :
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.
K. Philip. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right ?
Austria. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
Constance. O ! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love.
Austria. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
K. Philip. Well then, to work : our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages :
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Constance. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war ;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Philip. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd!
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.
Chatillon. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.
[*Drums heard within.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.
K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Austria. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* BASTARD, Lords, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

K. Philip. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love ; and, for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat :
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and put a stain
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face :
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his ;
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right
And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest ?
K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles ?
K. Philip. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right :
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.
K. John. Alack ! thou dost usurp authority.
K. Philip. Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.
Elinor. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France ?
Constance. Let me make answer ; thy usurping son.
Elinor. Out, insolent !
Austria. Peace !
Bastard. Hear the crier.
Austria. What the devil art thou ?
Bastard. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.
Sirrah, look to 't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O ! well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.
Bastard. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass :
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Austria. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?
King,—Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
K. Philip. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all :
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms ?
K. John. My life as soon : I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my hand ;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.
Elinor. Come to thy grandam, child.
Constance. Do, child, go to it grandam, child ;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There 's a good grandam.
Arthur. Good my mother, peace !
I would that I were low laid in my grave :
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.
Elinor. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Constance. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does or no !
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice and revenge on you.
Elinor. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !
Constance. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !
Call not me slanderer ; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy : this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee :
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Constance. I have but this to say,
That he 's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin ; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her. A plague upon her !
Elinor. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
Constance. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked will ;
A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !
K. Philip. Peace, lady ! pause, or be more temperate :
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers : let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens *upon the Walls.*

First Citizen. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls ?
K. Philip. 'Tis France, for England
K. John. England for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Philip. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—
K. John. For our advantage ; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,—

Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle ;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears :
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Philip. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo ! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys :
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In war-like march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince ;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession ?

First Citizen. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects :
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.
First Citizen. That can we not ; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal : till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.
K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king ?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,
To verify our title with their lives.
K. Philip. As many and as well-born bloods as those
Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
First Citizen. Till thou compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sins of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !
K. Philip. Amen, Amen ! Mount, chevaliers ! to arms !
Bastard. Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence ! [*To* AUSTRIA.] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Austria. Peace ! no more.
Bastard. O ! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.
Bastard. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Philip. It shall be so ; [*To* LEWIS.] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God, and our right ! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums and excursions ; then a retreat. Enter a French Herald, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

French Herald. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Britaine, in,
Who, by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground ;

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Britaine England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, *with trumpets.*

English Herald. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells ;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France ;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Citizen. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies ; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured :
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows ;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power :
Both are alike ; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two KINGS, *with their powers, severally.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?
Say, shall the current of our right run on ?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Philip. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
Rather, lost more : and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bastard. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
O ! now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel ;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs ;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
Cry ' havoc ! ' kings ; back to the stained field,
You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits !
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death !
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?
K. Philip. Speak, citizens, for England ; who 's your king ?
First Citizen. The King of England, when we know the king.
K. Philip. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
First Citizen. A greater power than we denies all this ;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings of ourselves ; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.
Bastard. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me :
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again ;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point ;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
Then after fight who shall be king of it ?

Bastard. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls ;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Philip. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Austria. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bastard. O, prudent discipline ! From north to south
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth :
I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away !

First Citizen. Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league ;
Win you this city without stroke or wound ;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favour : we are bent to hear.

First Citizen. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,

Is near to England : look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch ?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete :
If not complete of, say he is not she ;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he :
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O ! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in ;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates ; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance ; but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Bastard. Here 's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
Out of his rags ! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce ;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
Our ears are cudgell'd ; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France.
'Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words

Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.
Elinor. [*Aside to* KING JOHN.] Son, list to this conjunction, make this match ;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough ;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
Mark how they whisper : urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
First Citizen. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?
K. Philip. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city : what say you ?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,—
Except this city now by us besieg'd,—
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
K. Philip. What sayst thou, boy ? look in the lady's face.
Lewis. I do, my lord ; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye ;
Which, being but the shadow of your son
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow :
I do protest I never lov'd myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with* BLANCH.
Bastard. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye !
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !
And quarter'd in her heart ! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor : this is pity now,

That hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine :
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will ;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this : that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.
K. John. What say these young ones ? What say you, my niece ?
Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.
K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin ; can you love this lady ?
Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.
K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee ; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.
K. Philip. It likes us well. Young princes, close your hands.
Austria. And your lips too ; for I am well assur'd
That I did so when I was first assur'd.
K. Philip. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made ;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop ?
I know she is not ; for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much :
Where is she and her son ? tell me, who knows.
Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.
K. Philip. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady ? In her right we came ;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all ;
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britaine
And Earl of Richmond ; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance :
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity : I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all except the* Bastard. *The* Citizens *retire from the walls.*

Bastard. Mad world ! mad kings ! mad composition !
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part ;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world ;
The world, who of itself is peized well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent :
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This cheat, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity ?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet.
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand
When his fair angels would salute my palm ;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,

Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon Commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee ! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*France. The French King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Constance. Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !
False blood to false blood join'd ! gone to be friends !
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces ?
It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again :
It cannot be ; thou dost but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man :
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears ;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;
A woman, naturally born to fears ;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Salisbury. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Constance. O ! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch ! O boy ! then where art thou ?
France friend with England what becomes of me ?
Fellow, be gone ! I cannot brook thy sight :
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
Salisbury. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?
Constance. Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
Arthur. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Constance. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content ;
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great :
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O !
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee :
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to underbear.
Salisbury. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.
Constance. Thou mayst, thou shalt : I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble ; for my grief 's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Seats herself on the ground.*

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, *the* BASTARD, DUKE OF AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

K. Philip. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival :
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.
Constance. [*Rising.*] A wicked day, and not a holy day !
What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar ?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury :
But on this day let seamen fear no wrack ;
No bargains break that are not this day made ;
This day all things begun come to ill end ;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !
K. Philip. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day :
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?
Constance. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless : you are forsworn, forsworn ;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
Hear me ! O, hear me !
Austria. Lady Constance, peace !
Constance. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.
O, Lymoges ! O, Austria ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !
Thou little valiant, great in villany !

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Austria. O! that a man should speak those words to me.
Bastard. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
Austria. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.
Bastard. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Philip. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.
Pandulph. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more: that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So under him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:

So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usurp'd authority.
K. Philip. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself ;
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pandulph. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate :
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to a heretic ;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.
Constance. O ! lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses ; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pandulph. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Constance. And for mine too : when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?
Pandulph. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Elinor. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.
Constance. Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, he'll lose a soul.
Austria. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bastard. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Austria. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bastard. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what sayst thou to the cardinal ?
Constance. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?
Lewis. Bethink you, father ; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend :
Forego the easier.
Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.
Constance. O Lewis, stand fast ! the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.
Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Constance. O ! if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need :
O ! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.
Constance. O ! be remov'd from him, and answer well.
Austria. Do so, King Philip : hang no more in doubt.
Bastard. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Philip. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pandulph. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd ?
K. Philip. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows ;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves ;
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings :
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet ?
Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity ? O ! holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so !
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure and continue friends.
Pandulph. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms ! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Philip. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pandulph. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith :
And like a civil war sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O ! let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd ;
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself
And may not be performed by thyself ;
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done ;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again ; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept ;
But thou hast sworn against religion
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath : the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn ;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear !
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself ;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions :
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them ; but, if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.
Austria. Rebellion, flat rebellion !
Bastard. Will 't not be ?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?
Lewis. Father, to arms !
Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day ?
Against the blood that thou hast married ?
What ! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ?
O husband, hear me ! ay, alack ! how new
Is husband in my mouth ; even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Constance. O ! upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven.
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love : what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?
Constance. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour : O ! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour.
Lewis. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pandulph. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Philip. Thou shalt not need. England, I'll fall from thee.
Constance. O fair return of banish'd majesty !
Elinor. O foul revolt of French inconstancy !
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Bastard. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood : fair day, adieu !
Which is the side that I must go withal ?
I am with both : each army hath a hand ;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win ;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose ;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.
Lewis. Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[*Exit* BASTARD.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France.
K. Philip. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let 's hie !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums ; excursions. Enter the BASTARD, *with the* DUKE OF AUSTRIA'S *head.*

Bastard. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up,
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Bastard. My lord, I rescu'd her ;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not :
But on, my liege ; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to a happy end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The Same.*

Alarums; excursions; retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, *the* Bastard, Hubert, *and* Lords.

K. John. [*To* Elinor.] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To* Arthur.] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arthur. O! this will make thy mother die with grief.
K. John. [*To the* Bastard.] Cousin, away for England! haste before;
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
Imprison'd angels: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.
Bastard. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,—
If ever I remember to be holy,—
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.
Elinor. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell.
[*Exit* Bastard.
Elinor. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*She takes* Arthur *aside.*
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hubert. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience : if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy race of night ;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes ;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
But ah ! I will not : yet I love thee well ;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.
Hubert. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst ?
Good Hubert ! Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way ;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
He lies before me : dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.
Hubert. And I'll keep him so
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hubert. My lord ?
K. John. A grave.
Hubert. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee ;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
Remember. Madam, fare you well :
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Elinor. My blessing go with thee !

K. John. For England, cousin; go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*The Same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, *and* Attendants.

K. Philip. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pandulph. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Philip. What can go well when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lewis. What he hath won that hath he fortified!
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Philip. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee lady, go away with me.
Constance. Lo now! now see the issue of your peace.
K. Philip. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
Constance. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death: O, amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:

Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,
O ! come to me.
K. Philip. O fair affliction, peace !
Constance. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :
O ! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.
Pandulph. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
Constance. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;
My name is Constance ; I was Geffrey's wife ;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost !
I am not mad : I would to heaven I were !
For then 'tis like I should forget myself :
O ! if I could, what grief should I forget.
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself :
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad : too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.
K. Philip. Bind up those tresses. O ! what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs :
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief ;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Constance. To England, if you will.
K. Philip. Bind up your hairs.
Constance. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud
' O ! that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty ! '
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pandulph. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Constance. He talks to me, that never had a son.
K. Philip. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Constance. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form :
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure ! [*Exit.*
K. Philip. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*
Lewis. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy :
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.
Pandulph. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest : evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day ?
Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pandulph. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no ; when Fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner ?
Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pandulph. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit ;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne ; and therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd ;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall ;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
Lewis. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?
Pandulph. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pandulph. How green you are and fresh in this old world !
John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you ;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly borne shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it ;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Lewis. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.
Pandulph. O ! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies ; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot :
And, O ! what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd. The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity : if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side ;
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin !
Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent
Now that their souls are topful of offence.
For England go ; I will whet on the king.

Lewis. Strong reasons make strong actions. Let us go :
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Northampton. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and Two* Attendants.

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand
Within the arras : when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair : be heedful. Hence, and watch.

First Attendant. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hubert. Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you : look to 't.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hubert. Good morrow, little prince.

Arthur. As little prince,—having so great a title
To be more prince,—as may be. You are sad.

Hubert. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arthur. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hubert. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.
Arthur. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hubert. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arthur. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hubert. Young boy, I must.
Arthur. And will you?
Hubert. And I will.
Arthur. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,—
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and, 'Where lies your grief?'
Or, 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick-service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning : do an if you will.
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes ?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you ?
Hubert. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arthur. Ah ! none but in this iron age would do it !
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench this fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him ; no tongue but Hubert's.
Hubert. [*Stamps.*] Come forth.

Re-enter Attendants, *with cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.
Arthur. O ! save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hubert. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arthur. Alas ! what need you be so boisterous-rough ?
I will not struggle ; I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
Nay, hear me, Hubert : drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hubert. Go, stand within : let me alone with him.
First Attendant. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
Arthur. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend :
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hubert. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arthur. Is there no remedy ?
Hubert. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arthur. O heaven ! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense ;
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hubert. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.
Arthur. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert :
Or Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes : O ! spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you :
Lo ! by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.
Hubert. I can heat it, boy.
Arthur. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes : see else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hubert. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arthur. An if you do you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hubert. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arthur. O ! now you look like Hubert, all this while
You were disguised.
Hubert. Peace ! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world

Will not offend thee.
Arthur. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hubert. Silence! no more, go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords. *The* KING *takes his state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pembroke. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.
Salisbury. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pembroke. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Salisbury. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
Pembroke. When workmen strive to do better than well
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Salisbury. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd ;
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with and think them strong ;
And more, more strong,—when lesser is my fear,—
I shall indue you with : meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well ;
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.
Pembroke. Then I,—as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,—
Both for myself and them,—but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,—heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument :
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears,—which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,—should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise ?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask, his liberty ;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so : I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you ?
[*Taking him apart.*
Pembroke. This is the man should do the bloody deed ;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine :
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast ;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
Salisbury. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.
Pembroke. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.
K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.
Salisbury. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.
Pembroke. Indeed we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answer'd, either here or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?
Salisbury. It is apparent foul play ; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it :
So thrive it in your game ! and so, farewell.
Pembroke. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury ; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold : bad world the while !
This must not be thus borne : this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt. [*Exeunt* Lords.
K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent :
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast : where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm :
Pour down thy weather : how goes all in France ?
Messenger. From France to England. Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. O ! where hath our intelligence been drunk ?

Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's care
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it ?
Messenger. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust : the first of April died
Your noble mother ; and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard ; if true or false I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !
O ! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers. What ! mother dead !
How wildly then walks my estate in France !
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here ?
Messenger. Under the Dauphin.
K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the BASTARD, *and* PETER OF POMFRET.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings ? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bastard. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide ; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bastard. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here 's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so ?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him :

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit* HUBERT, *with* PETER.
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?
Bastard. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are full of it :
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again ;
Bring them before me.
Bastard. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.
O ! let me have no subject enemies
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bastard. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
[*Exit* BASTARD.
Go after him ; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
And be thou he.
Messenger. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead !

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hubert. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night :
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons !
Hubert. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths ;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears ?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hubert. No had, my lord ! why, did you not provoke me ?
K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.
Hubert. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O ! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done ! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind ;
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hubert. My lord,—
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hubert. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive : this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought ;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O ! haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O ! answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The Same. Before the Castle.*

Enter Arthur, *on the Walls.*

Arthur. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not !
There 's few or none do know me ; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.

If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones ! [*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Salisbury. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury.
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pembroke. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?
Salisbury. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France ;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Salisbury. Or rather then set forward ; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bastard. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords !
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Salisbury. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us :
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so : we know the worst.
Bastard. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Salisbury. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Bastard. But there is little reason in your grief ;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pembroke. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bastard. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.
Salisbury. This is the prison. [*Seeing* ARTHUR.
What is he lies here ?
Pembroke. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Salisbury. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Salisbury. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld

Or have you read, or heard ? or could you think ?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see ? could thought, without this object,
Form such another ? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pembroke. All murders past do stand excus'd in this :
And this, so sole and so unmatchable
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times ;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bastard. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Salisbury. If that it be the work of any hand !
We had a kind of light what would ensue :
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
The practice and the purpose of the king :
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pembroke.
Bigot. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hubert. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
Arthur doth live : the king hath sent for you.

Salisbury. O ! he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain ! get thee gone.

Hubert. I am no villain.

Salisbury. [*Drawing his sword.*] Must I rob the law ?

Bastard. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Salisbury. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hubert. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say :

By heaven, I think my sword 's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Bigot. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?
Hubert. Not for my life ; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Salisbury. Thou art a murderer.
Hubert. Do not prove me so ;
Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pembroke. Cut him to pieces.
Bastard. Keep the peace, I say.
Salisbury. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bastard. Thou wert better gall the devil Salisbury :
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime :
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?
Second a villain and a murderer ?
Hubert. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this prince ?
Hubert. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Salisbury. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Bigot. Away toward Bury ; to the Dauphin there !
Pembroke. There tell the king he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
Bastard. Here 's a good world ! Knew you of this fair work ?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hubert. Do but hear me, sir.

Bastard. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hubert. Upon my soul,—
Bastard. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hubert. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.
Bastard. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth
The unow'd interest of proud swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,—
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,—
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and ceinture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown, and* Attendants.

K. John Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pandulph. [*Giving* JOHN *the crown.*] Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word : go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified :
Then pause not ; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.
Pandulph. It was my breath that blew this tempest up
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope ;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*
K. John. Is this Ascension-day ? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off ? Even so I have :
I did suppose it should be on constraint ;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bastard. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle : London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host the Dauphin and his powers :

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy ;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.
K. John. Would not my lords return to me again
After they heard young Arthur was alive ?
Bastard. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bastard. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away ! and glister like the god of war
When he intendeth to become the field :
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What ! shall they seek the lion in his den
And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
O ! let it not be said. Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.
K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him ;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
Bastard. O inglorious league !
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a war-like soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms :
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace ;
Or if he do, let it at least be said

They saw we had a purpose of defence.
K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.
Bastard. Away then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain, near St. Edmundsbury. The French Camp.*

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and* Soldiers.

Lewis. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Salisbury. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, an unurg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O! it grieves my soul
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O! and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation! that thou couldst remove;

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And gripple thee unto a pagan shore ;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly !
Lewis. A noble temper dost thou show in this ;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O ! what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect.
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks :
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation ;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm :
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enrag'd ;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself : so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake :
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.
Pandulph. Hail, noble prince of France !
The next is this : King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome.
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,

That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.
Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me ; I will not back :
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ;
And come you now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?
Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action ? is 't not I
That undergo this charge ? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war ?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy ! as I have bank'd their towns ?
Have I not here the best cards for the game
To win this easy match play'd for a crown ?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set ?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.
Pandulph. You look but on the outside of this work.
Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. [*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

Enter the BASTARD, *attended.*

Bastard. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience ; I am sent to speak :
My holy Lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pandulph. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties :
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.
Bastard. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king ;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd ; and reason too he should :
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch ;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks ;
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks ;
To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here
That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
No ! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.
Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace ;

We grant thou canst outscold us : fare thee well ;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.
Pandulph. Give me leave to speak.
Bastard. No, I will speak.
Lewis. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.
Bastard. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand,—
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,—
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Bastard. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us ? O ! tell me, Hubert.
Hubert. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty ?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me : O ! my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.
Messenger. Be of good comfort : for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*The Same. Another Part of the Same.*

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Others.*

Salisbury. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
Pembroke. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry we miscarry too.
Salisbury. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pembroke. They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun *wounded, and led by* Soldiers.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Salisbury. When we were happy we had other names.
Pembroke. It is the Count Melun.
Salisbury. Wounded to death.
Melun. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Salisbury. May this be possible? may this be true?
Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east :
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king ;
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Salisbury. We do believe thee : and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends ! New flight ;
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

SCENE V.—*The Same. The French Camp.*

Enter LEWIS *and his Train.*

Lewis. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire. O ! bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,
And wound our tottering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it !

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Where is my prince, the Dauphin ?
Lewis. Here : what news ?
Messenger. The Count Melun is slain ; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fall'n off ;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
Lewis. Ah, foul shrewd news ! Beshrew thy very heart !
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers ?
Messenger. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lewis. Well ; keep good quarter and good care to-night :
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—*An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the Bastard *and* Hubert, *severally.*

Hubert. Who 's there ? speak, ho ! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bastard. A friend. What art thou ?
Hubert. Of the part of England.
Bastard. Whither dost thou go ?
Hubert. What 's that to thee ? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine ?
Bastard. Hubert, I think ?
Hubert. Thou hast a perfect thought :
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou ?
Bastard. Who thou wilt : and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hubert. Unkind remembrance ! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame : brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bastard. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hubert. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bastard. Brief, then; and what 's the news?

Hubert. O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bastard. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I'll not swound at it.

Hubert. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bastard. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hubert. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Bastard. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hubert. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bastard. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them:
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Henry. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,—
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,—
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pembroke. His highness yet doth speak ; and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage ? [*Exit* BIGOT.

Pembroke. He is more patient
Than when you left him : even now he sung.

P. Henry. O, vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible ; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Salisbury. Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT *and* Attendants *carrying* KING JOHN *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Henry. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd, ill-fare ; dead, forsook, cast off ;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much :

I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful you deny me that.
P. Henry. O ! that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you.
K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bastard. O ! I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.
K. John. O cousin ! thou art come to set mine eye :
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair ;
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.
Bastard. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven he knows how we shall answer him :
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The* KING *dies.*
Salisbury. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege ! my lord ! But now a king, now thus.
P. Henry. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay ?
Bastard. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers ? Show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought :
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Salisbury. It seems you know not then so much as we.
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,

Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bastard. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Salisbury. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal :
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bastard. Let it be so. And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Henry. At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;
For so he will'd it.
Bastard. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land !
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
Salisbury. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Henry. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.
Bastard. O ! let us pay the time but needful woe
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

King Richard the Second.
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, } Uncles to the King.
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, }
Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt: afterwards King Henry IV.
Duke of Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.
Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Salisbury.
Lord Berkeley.
Bushy, } Servants to King Richard.
Bagot, }
Green, }
Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his Son.
Lord Ross.
Lord Willoughby.
Lord Fitzwater.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal.
Sir Pierce of Exton.
Sir Stephen Scroop.
Captain of a Band of Welshmen.
Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of Gloucester.
Duchess of York.
Lady attending on the Queen.
Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

Scene.—*Dispersedly in England and Wales.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Richard, *attended*; John of Gaunt, *and other* Nobles.

K. Richard. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Gaunt. I have, my liege.
K. Richard. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.
K. Richard. Then call them to our presence : face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak :
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, *with* BOLINGBROKE *and* MOWBRAY.

Bolingbroke. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege !
Mowbray. Each day still better other's happiness ;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown !
K. Richard. We thank you both : yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?
Bolingbroke. First,—heaven be the record to my speech !—
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant ;
Too good to be so and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat ;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may prove.
Mowbray. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal :
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain ;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this :
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast

As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain :
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty :
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Bolingbroke. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop :
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mowbray. I take it up ; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

K. Richard. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bolingbroke. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true ;
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years

Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood :
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement ;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Richard. How high a pitch his resolution soars !
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayst thou to this ?

Mowbray. O ! let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told the slander of his blood
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Richard. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears :
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—
As he is but my father's brother's son,—
Now, by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray ; so art thou :
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mowbray. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers ;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not ; but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul ;
But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament

I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor ;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.
K. Richard. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me ;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no physician ;
Deep malice makes too deep incision :
Forget, forgive ; conclude and be agreed,
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age :
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Richard. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry, when ?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.
K. Richard. Norfolk, throw down, we bid ; there is no boot.
Mowbray. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,—
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,—
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear.
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.
K. Richard. Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage : lions make leopards tame.
Mowbray. Yea, but not change his spots : take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd up chest

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done :
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live and for that will I die.
K. Richard. Cousin, throw down your gage : do you begin.
Bolingbroke. O ! God defend my soul from such deep sin.
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight,
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit* GAUNT.
K. Richard. We were not born to sue, but to command :
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day :
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate :
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.
Marshal, command our officers-at-arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the* DUKE OF LANCASTER'S *Palace.*

Enter GAUNT *and* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Gaunt. Alas ! the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duchess. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root,

Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut ;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine :
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee
Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt ; it is despair :
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel ; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death : the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.
Duchess. Where then, alas ! may I complain myself ?
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.
Duchess. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
O ! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast.
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !
Farewell, old Gaunt : thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life
Gaunt. Sister, farewell ; I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee as go with me !

Duchess. Yet one word more. Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo ! this is all : nay, yet depart not so ;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what ?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack ! and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans ?
Therefore commend me ; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die :
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Open Space, near Coventry. Lists set out, and a Throne.* Heralds, *&c., attending.*

Enter the Lord Marshal *and* AUMERLE.

Marshal. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd ?
Aumerle. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Marshal. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appealant's trumpet.
Aumerle. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter KING RICHARD, *who takes his seat on his Throne* ; GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* MOWBRAY, *in armour, defendant, preceded by a* Herald.

K. Richard. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms :
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Marshal. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath ;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour !
Mowbray. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,

Who hither come engaged by my oath,—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven! [*He takes his seat.*

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *appealant, in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

K. Richard. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Marshal. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Bolingbroke. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Marshal. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Bolingbroke. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Marshal. The appealant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Richard. [*Descends from his throne.*] We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,

So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood, which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Bolingbroke. O! let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.
Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.
Bolingbroke. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!
[*He takes his seat.*
Mowbray. [*Rising.*] However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.
As gentle and as jocund as to jest,
Go I to fight: truth has a quiet breast.
K. Richard. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The* KING *and the* Lords *return to their seats.*

Marshal. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry 'amen'.

Marshal. [*To an* Officer.] Go bear this lance to Thomas,
Duke of Norfolk.

First Herald. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Second Herald. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Marshal. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*A charge sounded.*

Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Richard. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.

[*A long flourish.*

[*To the Combatants.*] Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood :
Therefore, we banish you our territories :
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bolingbroke. Your will be done : this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me ;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Richard. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;
The hopeless word of ' never to return '
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowbray. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego ;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony :
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now :
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Richard. It boots thee not to be compassionate :
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Mowbray. Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*

K. Richard. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—

To keep the oath that we administer :
You never shall,—so help you truth and God !—
Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
Nor never look upon each other's face ;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate ;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Bolingbroke. I swear.

Mowbray. And I, to keep all this.

Bolingbroke. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy :—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Mowbray. No, Bolingbroke : if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray ;
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit.*

K. Richard. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To* BOL.] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Bolingbroke. How long a time lies in one little word !
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word : such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile ;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby :
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Richard. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow ;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Richard. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave :
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O ! had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild :
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas ! I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.
K. Richard. Cousin, farewell ; and, uncle, bid him so :
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and Train.*
Aumerle. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.
Marshal. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O ! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Bolingbroke. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Bolingbroke. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.
Bolingbroke. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Bolingbroke. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.
Bolingbroke. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief ?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee ; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance ;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.
Bolingbroke. O ! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
O, no ! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu :
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the* KING'S *Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN *at one door*; AUMERLE *at another.*

K. Richard. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?
Aumerle. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed ?
Aumerle. Faith, none for me ; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him ?
Aumerle. 'Farewell : '
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells ;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Richard. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;'
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland ;
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,

Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.
K. Richard. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers with too great a court
And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants ;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news ?
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
K. Richard. Where lies he ?
Bushy. At Ely House.
K. Richard. Now, put it, God, in his physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately !
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him :
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late.
All. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*London. An Apartment in Ely House.*

GAUNT *on a couch ; the* DUKE OF YORK *and Others standing by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth ?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath ;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O ! but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony :
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past :
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state : then there are fond
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen :
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—
So it be new there's no respect how vile,—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose :
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring do foretell of him :
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry

Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son :
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out,—I die pronouncing it,—
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds :
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah ! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death.

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN ; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?
K. Rich. What comfort, man ? How is't with aged Gaunt ?
Gaunt. O ! how that name befits my composition ;
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old :
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt ?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks ;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Richard. Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?
Gaunt. No ; misery makes sport to mock itself :
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
K. Richard. Should dying men flatter with those that live ?
Gaunt. No, no ; men living flatter those that die.
K. Richard. Thou, now a-dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.
Gaunt. O, no ! thou diest, though I the sicker be.
K. Richard. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, he that made me knows I see thee ill ;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick :

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee :
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O ! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease ;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law,
And—

K. Richard. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,—
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O ! spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son.
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carous'd :
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,—
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !—
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :
Join with the present sickness that I have ;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !
These words hereafter thy tormentors be !
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his* Attendants.

K. Richard. And let them die that age and sullens have ;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him :
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.
K. Richard. Right, you say true : as Hereford's love, so his ;
As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
K. Richard. What says he ?
Northumberland. Nay, nothing ; all is said :
His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Richard. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he :
His time is spent ; our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
York. How long shall I be patient ? Ah ! how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first ;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends ; his noble hand

Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won :
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
K. Richard. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?
York. O ! my liege.
Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights ;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession ?
Now, afore God,—God forbid I say true !—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters-patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Richard. Think what you will : we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while : my liege, farewell :
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell ;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*
K. Richard. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight :
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow :
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England ;
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willoughby. Barely in title, not in revenue.

Northumberland. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him.
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willoughby. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows.
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

Northumberland. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wrack that we must suffer ;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.
North. Not so : even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering ; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland :
We three are but thyself : and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus : I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh ;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.
Ross. To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king I did ; to please myself

I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard : yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles ; at some thing it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry
Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail ;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not : more's not seen ;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise : howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad,
As, though in thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief ; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief ;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve :
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;
But what it is, that is not yet known ; what
I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty ! and well met, gentlemen :
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so ? 'tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope :
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,

Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. Ah ! madam, 'tis too true : and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And all the rest of the revolted faction traitors ?

Green. We have : whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the deliv'rer to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck :
O ! full of careful business are his looks.
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :
Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was ? Why, so ! go all which way it will !
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester ;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold, take my ring.
Servant. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :
To-day, as I came by, I called there ;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is't, knave ?
Servant. An hour before I came the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !
I know not what to do : I would to God,—
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,—
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What ! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland ?
How shall we do for money for these wars ?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, get thee home ; provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there. [*Exit* Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men ? If I know
How or which way to order these affairs
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen :
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend ; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin,
I'll dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley Castle.
I should to Plashy too :
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.
Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible.
Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love

Is near the hate of those love not the king.
Bagot. And that's the wavering commons ; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.
Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.
Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol Castle ;
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you ; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us ?
Bagot. No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry :
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and ever.
Bushy. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The Wolds in Gloucestershire.*

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland, *with Forces.*

Bolingbroke. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now ?
Northumberland. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire :
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome ;
But yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel :
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess ;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Bolingbroke. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here ?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

Northumberland. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle ?
H. Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
Northumberland. Why, is he not with the queen ?
H. Percy. No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.
Northumberland. What was his reason ?
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.
H. Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there ;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy ?
H. Percy. No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now : this is the duke.
H. Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
Bolingbroke. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends ;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense :
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
Northumberland. How far is it to Berkeley ? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war ?
H. Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard ;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour ;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Bolingbroke. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willoughby. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Bolingbroke. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkeley.

Northumberland. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.
Berkeley. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Bolingbroke. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berkeley. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, *attended.*

Bolingbroke. I shall not need transport my words by you:
Here comes his Grace in person.
My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.
Bolingbroke. My gracious uncle—
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then, more 'why?' why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,

Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms ?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O ! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault !
Bolingbroke. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault :
On what condition stands it, and wherein ?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason :
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.
Bolingbroke. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford :
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive : O ! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond ; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifts ? Wherefore was I born ?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave :
My father's goods are all distrained and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
And challenge law : attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon to do him right.
Willoughby. Base men by his endowments are made great.
York. My lords of England, let me tell you this :
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right ;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be ;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.
Northumberland. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own ; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath !
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms :
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left ;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.
Bolingbroke. An offer, uncle, that we will accept :
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle ; which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
York. It may be I will go with you ; but yet I'll pause ;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are :
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

Enter Salisbury *and a* Captain.

Captain. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.
Salisbury. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman :
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Captain. 'Tis thought the king is dead : we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change,
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell : our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Salisbury. Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest,
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Bristol.* BOLINGBROKE'S *Camp.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, HENRY PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS ; Officers *behind, with* BUSHY *and* GREEN *prisoners.*

Bolingbroke. Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity ; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean :
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,

And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and felled my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and Others, with* BUSHY *and* GREEN.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Bolingbroke. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and* Soldiers.

K. Richard. Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?

Aumerle. Yea, my lord. How brooks your Grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Richard. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense ;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Carlisle. Fear not, my lord : that power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aumerle. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

K. Richard. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage bloody here ;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord : how far off lies your power ?
Salisbury. Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm : discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O ! call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men :
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.
Aumerle. Comfort, my liege ! why looks your Grace so pale ?
K. Richard. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;
And till so much blood thither come again
Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side ;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Aumerle. Comfort, my liege ! remember who you are.
K. Richard. I had forgot myself. Am I not king ?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty ! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names ?
Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king : are we not high ?
High be our thoughts : I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him !
K. Richard. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd :
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care ;
And what loss is it to be rid of care ?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?
Greater he shall not be : if he serve God
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so :
Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;
They break their faith to God as well as us :
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty ; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown ;
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
K. Richard. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?
What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.
K. Richard. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence !
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made
With heads and not with hands : those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground

Aumerle. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead ?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
Aumerle. Where is the duke my father with his power ?
K. Richard. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak :
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth ;
Let's choose executors and talk of wills :
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;
All murder'd : for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable ; and humour'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king !
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence : throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while :
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends : subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king ?
Carlisle. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear and be slain ; no worse can come to fight :
And fight and die is death destroying death ;

Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.
Aumerle. My father hath a power, inquire of him
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well. Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day ;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Richard. Thou hast said enough.
[*To* AUMERLE.] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair !
What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle : there I'll pine away ;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none : let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aumerle. My liege, one word.
K. Richard. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers : let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Wales. Before Flint Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE *and Forces ;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Others.*

Bolingbroke. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

Northumberland. The news is very fair and good, my lord :
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say, 'King Richard :' alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head !
Northumberland. Your Grace mistakes ; only to be brief
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Bolingbroke. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.
Bolingbroke. I know it, uncle ; and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here ?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

Welcome, Harry : what, will not this castle yield ?
H. Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Bolingbroke. Royally !
Why, it contains no king ?
H. Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king : King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone ;
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop ; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence ; who, I cannot learn.
Northumberland. O ! belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Bolingbroke. [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person ; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A Parley sounded, and answered by a Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the Walls KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

H. Percy. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king : behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty : alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show !
K. Richard. [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.] We are amaz'd ; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,

And we are barren and bereft of friends ;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond methinks he is,—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason : he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war ;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother's sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of war-like Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Richard. Northumberland, say, thus the king returns :
His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.

[NORTHUMBERLAND *retires to* BOLINGBROKE.

[*To* AUMERLE.] We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly and to speak so fair ?
Shall we call back Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aumerle. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.

K. Richard. O God ! O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth. O ! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now.
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aumerle. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?
The king shall do it : must he be depos'd ?
The king shall be contented : must he lose
The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go :
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave ;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head ;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live ;
And buried once, why not upon my head ?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin !
We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?
As thus ; to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth ; and, there inlaid : 'There lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well ? Well, well, I see

I talk but idly and you laugh at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke ? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die ?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

Northumberland. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you ; may't please you to come down ?

K. Richard. Down, down, I come ; like glistering Phaethon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow base.
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court ? Come down ? Down, court ! down, king !
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt from above.*

Bolingbroke. What says his majesty ?

Northumberland. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man :
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and his* Attendants.

Bolingbroke. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty. [*Kneeling.*
My gracious lord,—

K. Richard. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Bolingbroke. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Richard. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bolingbroke. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Richard. Well you deserve : they well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have I'll give, and willing too ;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London. Cousin, is it so ?

Bolingbroke. Yea, my good lord.

K. Richard. Then I must not say no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Langley. The* DUKE OF YORK'S *Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care ?
First Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
First Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :
Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.
First Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy ?
First Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl :
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain.
First Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause ;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.
First Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners :
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so
Against a change : woe is forerun with woe.

[QUEEN *and* Ladies *retire.*

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

Gardener. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs ;
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :

All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
First Servant. Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars ?
Gardener. Hold thy peace :
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf ;
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke ;
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
First Servant. What ! are they dead ?
Gardener. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. O ! what pity is it
That he hath not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden. We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty : superfluous branches
We lop away that bearing boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
First Serv. What! think you then the king shall be depos'd?
Gardener. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubt he will be : letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.
Queen. O ! I am press'd to death through want of speaking.
[*Coming forward.*
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news ?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man ?

Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd ?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings ? speak, thou wretch.
Gardener. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weigh'd :
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light ;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London and you'll find it so ;
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance, thou art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it ? O ! thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go.
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What ! was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke ?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Ladies.
Gardener. Poor queen ! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear ; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace ;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*London. Westminster Hall.*

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne: the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, HENRY PERCY, FITZWATER, *another* Lord, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, *the* ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, *and* Attendants. Officers *behind with* BAGOT.

Bolingbroke. Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Bolingbroke. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,
I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?'
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aumerle. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Bolingbroke. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aumerle. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.
Fitzwater. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aumerle. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.
Fitzwater. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aumerle. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
H. Percy. Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust ;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing : seize it if thou dar'st.
Aumerle. And if I do not may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe !
Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle ;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun : there is my honour's pawn ;
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.
Aumerle. Who sets me else ? by heaven, I'll throw at all
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitzwater. 'Tis very true : you were in presence then ;
And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitzwater. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy !
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn :
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.
Fitzwater. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse !
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aumerle. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.
Bolingbroke. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,
And though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories ; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Carlisle. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens ;
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy ; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Bolingbroke. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?
Carlisle. As surely as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham ! Lords appealants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him ;
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !
Bolingbroke. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
Carlisle. Marry, God forbid

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard ! then, true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king ?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them ;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present ? O ! forfend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king ;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground
And future ages groan for this foul act ;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O ! if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you ' woe ! '

North. Well have you argu'd, sir ; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit ?

Bolingbroke. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender ; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Bolingbroke: Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
[*To* CARLISLE.] Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with* KING RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the Crown, &c.*

K. Richard. Alack! why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, 'All hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king! Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here cousin,
On this side my hand and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Bolingbroke. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Richard. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Bolingbroke. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Richard. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won,

The cares I give I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Bolingbroke. Are you contented to resign the crown ?
K. Richard. Ay, no ; no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself :
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous rites :
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee !
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days !
What more remains ?
North. [*Offering a paper.*] No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land ;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.
K. Richard. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates

Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
Northumberland. My lord, dispatch ; read o'er these articles.
K. Richard. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest ;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.
Northumberland. My lord,—
K. Richard. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd : alack the heavy day !
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O ! that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops.
Good king, great king,—and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.
Bolingbroke. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.
K. Richard. Fiend ! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.
Bolingbroke. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
Northumberland. The commons will not then be satisfied.
K. Richard. They shall be satisfied : I'll read enough
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, *with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet ? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine
And made no deeper wounds ? O, flattering glass !

Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Bolingbroke. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. Richard. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Bolingbroke. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Richard. 'Fair cousin!' I am greater than a king;
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Bolingbroke. Yet ask.
K. Richard. And shall I have?
Bolingbroke. You shall.
K. Richard. Then give me leave to go.
Bolingbroke. Whither?
K. Richard. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Bolingbroke. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.
K. Richard. O, good! convey? conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and* Guard.
Bolingbroke. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down

Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.
[*Exeunt all except the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, *the* ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, *and* AUMERLE.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woe's to come ; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aumerle. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot ?
Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears :
Come home with me to supper ; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter the QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come ; this is the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD *and* Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither : yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah ! thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest ?
K. Richard. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,

To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What ! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd ! Hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts ?

K. Richard. A king of beasts indeed ; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France,
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid ;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds :
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out ;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd ;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Richard. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.
Northumberland. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.
K. Richard. Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Richard. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Banish us both and send the king with me.
Northumberland. That were some love but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Richard. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here:
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief,
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. [*They kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Richard. We make woe wanton with this fond delay :
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the* DUKE OF YORK'S *Palace.*

Enter YORK *and his* DUCHESS.

Duchess. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave ?
Duchess. At that sad stop, my lord
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried, 'God save thee, Bolingbroke !'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus, 'I thank you, countrymen :'
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duchess. Alack, poor Richard ! where rode he the whilst ?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard : no man cried, 'God save him ;'
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bow our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duchess. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost for being Richard's friend;
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duchess. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aumerle. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aumerle. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aumerle. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aumerle. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then, who sees it:
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

Aumerle. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duchess. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some band he 's enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aumerle. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*

Treason ! foul treason ! villain ! traitor ! slave !
Duchess. What is the matter, my lord !
York. Ho ! who is within there ?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy ! what treachery is here !
Duchess. Why, what is it, my lord ?
York. Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse.
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit* Servant.
Duchess. What's the matter ?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duchess. I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle ?
Aumerle. Good mother, be content ; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duchess. Thy life answer !
York. Bring me my boots : I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant *with boots.*

Duchess. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.
[*To* Servant.] Hence, villain ! never more come in my sight.
[*Exit* Servant.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duchess. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have ?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name ?
Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?
York. Thou fond, mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duchess. He shall be none ;
We'll keep him here : then, what is that to him ?
York. Away, fond woman ! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.
Duchess. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :

He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*

Duchess. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! be gone.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King;* HENRY PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Bolingbroke. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes
And beat our watch and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

H. Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Bolingbroke. And what said the gallant?

H. Percy. His answer was: he would unto his haunts,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Bolingbroke. As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both,
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE.

Aumerle. Where is the king ?
Bolingbroke. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ?
Aum. God save your Grace ! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your Grace alone.
Bolingbroke. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone
[*Exeunt* H. PERCY *and* Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now ?
Aum. [*Kneels.*] For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Bolingbroke. Intended or committed was this fault ?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aumerle. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Bolingbroke. Have thy desire.
[AUMERLE *locks the door.*
York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware ! look to thyself ;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Bolingbroke. [*Drawing.*] Villain, I'll make thee safe.
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand ; thou hast no cause to fear.
York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king :
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLINGBROKE *unlocks the door ; and afterwards relocks it.*

Enter YORK.

Bolingbroke. What is the matter, uncle ? speak ;
Recover breath ; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aumerle. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd :
I do repent me ; read not my name there ;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king ;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Bolingbroke. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall he spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. [*Within.*] A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.
Bolingbroke. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King.'
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.
[AUMERLE *unlocks the door.*
York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duchess. O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old breast once more a traitor rear?
Duchess. Sweet York, be patient. [*Kneels.*
Hear me, gentle liege.
Bolingbroke. Rise up, good aunt.
Duchess. Not yet, I thee beseech.
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill mayst thou thrive if thou grant any grace!
Duchess. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.
Bolingbroke. Good aunt, stand up.
Duchess. Nay, do not say 'stand up;'
But 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; say, '*pardonnez moy.*'
Duchess. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word.
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.
Bolingbroke. Good aunt, stand up.
Duchess. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Bolingbroke. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duchess. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Bolingbroke. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duchess. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot

With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell : and cousin too, adieu :
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duchess. Come, my old son : I pray God make thee new.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter EXTON *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake ?
' Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ? '
Was it not so ?
Servant. Those were his very words.
Exton. ' Have I no friend ? ' quoth he : he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not ?
Servant. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wistly looked on me,
As who should say, ' I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart ; '
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go :
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Richard. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world :
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it ; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
My soul the father : and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world
In humours like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word :
As thus, ' Come, little ones ; ' and then again,
' It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there :
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented : sometimes am I king ;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am : then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king ;
Then am I king'd again ; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing : but whate'er I be,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Music do I hear ? [*Music.*
Ha, ha ! keep time. How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock :
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Richard. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither, man,
Where no man never comes but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O! how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation day
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd.

K. Richard. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Richard. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,—
Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, *with a dish.*

Keeper. [*To the* Groom.] Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. Richard. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keeper. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Richard. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Richard. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Strikes the* Keeper.

Keeper. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Richard. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon and killing one.*
Go thou and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another: then* EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O! would the deed were good;
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear.
Take hence the rest and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Windsor. An Apartment in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* YORK, *with* Lords *and* Attendants.

Bolingbroke. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news ?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness,
The next news is : I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent,
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Bolingbroke. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitzwater. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Bolingbroke. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter HENRY PERCY, *with the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

H. Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Bolingbroke. Carlisle, this is your doom :
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with* Attendants *bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Bolingbroke. They love not poison that do poison need,

Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

King Henry the Fifth.

Duke of Gloucester, Duke of Bedford, } Brothers to the King.

Duke of Exeter, Uncle to the King.

Duke of York, Cousin to the King.

Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge.

Lord Scroop.

Sir Thomas Grey.

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy, Officers in King Henry's Army.

Bates, Court, Williams, Soldiers in the Same.

Pistol, Nym, Bardolph.

Boy.

A Herald.

Charles the Sixth, King of France.

Lewis, the Dauphin.

Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.

The Constable of France.

Rambures and Grandpré, French Lords.

Montjoy, a French Herald.

Governor of Harfleur.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

Isabel, Queen of France.

Katharine, Daughter to Charles and Isabel.

Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.

Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

Scene.—*England; afterwards France.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. *O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend*
The brightest heaven of invention;
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
Then should the war-like Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold

The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. An Antechamber in the* KING'S *Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP OF ELY.

Canterbury. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Canterbury. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;

And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied ;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Canterbury. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention ?
Canterbury. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Canterbury. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too ; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made ;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults ;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Canterbury. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate :
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study :
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric :
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain ;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;

And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.
Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
Canterbury. It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd ;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no ?
Canterbury. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us ;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?
Canterbury. With good acceptance of his majesty,
Save that there was not time enough to hear,—
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,—
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off ?
Canterbury. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience ; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing : is it four o'clock ?
Ely. It is.
Canterbury. Then go we in to know his embassy ;
Which I could with a ready guess declare
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Presence Chamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. Henry. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury ?
Exeter. Not here in presence.
K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle.
Westmoreland. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege ?
K. Henry. Not yet, my cousin : we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP OF ELY.

Canterbury. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it !
K. Henry. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth ;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war :
We charge you in the name of God, take heed ;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.
Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar

To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land':
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,—
Though in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,—
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,

Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the aforesaid Duke of Loraine :
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female :
So do the kings of France unto this day ;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female ;
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Henry. May I with right and conscience make this claim ?

Canterbury. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !
For in the book of Numbers is it writ :
' When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.' Gracious lord,
Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;
Look back into your mighty ancestors :
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim ; invoke his war-like spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France ;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English ! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action.

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats :
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exeter. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,

As did the former lions of your blood.

Westmoreland. They know your Grace hath cause and means and might;

So hath your highness; never King of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Canterbury. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Henry. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Canterbury. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Henry. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Canterbury. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;

For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots, whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make your chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasuries.

Westmoreland. But there's a saying very old and true ;
If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin :
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.
Exeter. It follows then the cat must stay at home :
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity ;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The advised head defends itself at home :
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Canterbury. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts ;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor :
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously ;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four ;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
[*Exit an* Attendant.

Now are we well resolv'd ; and by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe
Or break it all to pieces : or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them :
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Ambassador. May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge ;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy ?

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king ;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Ambassador. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right

Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won ;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Henry. What treasure, uncle ?

Exeter. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Henry. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us :
His present and your pains we thank you for :
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England ;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence ; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
Shall stand sore-charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name

Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

Exeter. This was a merry message.

K. Henry. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition ;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt.* *Flourish.*

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. *Now all the youth of England are on fire,*
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt, indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,—
If hell and treason hold their promises,—
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

SCENE I.—*London. Eastcheap.*

Enter NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bardolph. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bardolph. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bardolph. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the

certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bardolph. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and* Hostess.

Bardolph. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pistol. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Hostess. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly—[NYM *and* PISTOL *draw.*] O well-a-day, Lady! if he be not drawn now: we shall see wilful murder committed.

Bardolph. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pistol. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Hostess. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.*
[*Sheathing his sword.*

Pistol. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most mervailous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would

prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pistol. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bardolph. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pistol. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate,
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pistol. *Coupe le gorge!*
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bardolph. Away, you rogue!

Hostess. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Boy.

Bardolph. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pistol. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pistol. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pistol. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[*They draw.*

Bardolph. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pistol. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bardolph. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends : an thou wilt not, why then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

Pistol. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay ;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood :
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.
Is not this just ? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble ?

Pistol. In cash most justly paid. [*Paying him.*

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Hostess.

Hostess. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart ! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight ; that's the even of it.

Pistol. Nym, thou hast spoke the right ;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king : but it must be as it may ; he passes some humours and careers.

Pistol. Let us condole the knight ; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Southampton. A Council-chamber.*

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Westmoreland.

Bedford. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exeter. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves !
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bedford. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exeter. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, *and* Attendants.

K. Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cambridge. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness.
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

K. Henry. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Henry. O! let us yet be merciful.

Cambridge. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.
K. Henry. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eve
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cambridge. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Henry. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
Cambridge. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }
K. Henry. The mercy that was quick in us but late
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,

To kill us here in Hampton : to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O !
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature !
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use !
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not whoop at them :
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder :
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
And other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety ;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, ' I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
O ! how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance. Show men dutiful ?
Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and learned ?
Why, so didst thou : come they of noble family ?
Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ?
Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,

Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither ?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem :
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indu'd
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open :
Arrest them to the answer of the law ;
And God acquit them of their practices !

Exeter. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death ;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cambridge. For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended :
But God be thanked for prevention ;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
That I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Henry. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge ;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death ;

The taste whereof, God of his mercy give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences ! Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt* CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, *and* GREY, *guarded.*
Now, lords, for France ! the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen : let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea ! the signs of war advance :
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London. Before a Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* Boy.

Hostess. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pistol. No ; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe ; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins ;
Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bardolph. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell !

Hostess. Nay, sure, he's not in hell : he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child ; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide : for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John ! ' quoth I : 'what man ! be of good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God ! ' three or four times : now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God, I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet : I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone ; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.
Hostess. Ay, that a' did.
Bardolph. And of women.
Hostess. Nay, that a' did not.
Boy. Yes, that a' did: and said they were devils incarnate.
Hostess. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.
Boy. Do you not remember a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?
Bardolph. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.
Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.
Pistol. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my moveables:
Let senses rule, the word is, ' Pitch and pay; '
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!
Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.
Pistol. Touch her soft mouth, and march.
Bardolph. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*
Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.
Pistol. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.
Hostess. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*France. An Apartment in the* FRENCH KING'S *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, *attended; the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKES OF BERRI AND BRITAINE, *the* CONSTABLE, *and Others.*

French King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and Britaine,

Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant :
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dauphin. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe ;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,—
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,—
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France :
And let us do it with no show of fear ;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Constable. O peace, Prince Dauphin
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dauphin. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable ;
But though we think it so, it is no matter :
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems :
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection

Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

French King. Think we King Harry strong ;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths :
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of Wales ;
Whiles that his mounting sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

French King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them. [*Exeunt* Messenger *and certain* Lords.
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dauphin. Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head :
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and Train.*

French King. From our brother England ?

Exeter. From him ; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations 'long
To him and to his heirs ; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times

Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line, [*Gives a pedigree.*
In every branch truly demonstrative ;
Willing you overlook this pedigree ;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

French King. Or else what follows ?

Exeter. Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel ;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws ; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message ;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

French King. For us, we will consider of this further :
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dauphin. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him : what to him from England ?

Exeter. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king : an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dauphin. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will ; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England : to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.
Exeter. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe :
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference—
As we his subjects have in wonder found—
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain ; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.
French King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Exeter. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay ;
For he is footed in this land already.
French King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions :
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning :
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O ! do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,

And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance :
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Those cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege ;
Behold the ordenance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back ;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms :
The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[Alarum ; and chambers go off.
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

SCENE I.—*France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling ladders.*

K. Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height ! On, on, you noblest English !
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof ;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :
Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge
Cry ' God for Harry ! England, and Saint George ! '
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

Scene II.—*The Same.*

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, *and* Boy.

Bardolph. On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the breach !

Nym. Pray, thee, corporal, stay : the knocks are too hot ; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives : the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pistol. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound :

Knocks go and come: God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield
In bloody field
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pistol. And I :

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly,
But not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Fluellen. Up to the breach, you dogs ! avaunt, you cullions ! [*Driving them forward.*

Pistol. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould !
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage !

Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt* NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof, a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel;—I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals,—they would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Fluellen. To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines. For look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary—you may discuss unto the duke, look you—is digt himself four yards under the countermines; by Cheshu, I think, a' will plow up all if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Fluellen. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not ?

Gower. I think it be.

Fluellen. By Chèshu, he is an ass, as in the world : I will verify as much in his peard : he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* JAMY, *at a distance.*

Gower. Here a' comes ; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Fluellen. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain ; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions : by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud day, Captain Fluellen.

Fluellen. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gower. How now, Captain Macmorris ! have you quit the mines ? have the pioners given o'er ?

Macmorris. By Chrish, la ! tish ill done : the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done ; it ish give over ; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la ! in an hour : O ! tish ill done, tish ill done ; by my hand, tish ill done !

Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication ; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline : that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath : [*Aside.*] and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion ; that sall I, marry.

Macmorris. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me : the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes : it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach ; and we talk, and be Chrish, do nothing : 'tis shame for us

all ; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still ; it is shame, by my hand ; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done ; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la !

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service, or aile lig i' the grund for it ; ay, or go to death ; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question tween you tway.

Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Macmorris. Of my nation ! What ish my nation ? ish a villain, and a knave, and a rascal—? What ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation ?

Fluellen. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you ; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Macmorris. I do not know you so good a man as myself : so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A ! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*

Gower. The town sounds a parley.

Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars ; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls ; the English forces below. Enter* KING HENRY *and his Train.*

K. Henry. How yet resolves the governor of the town ?
This is the latest parle we will admit :
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves ;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst : for, as I am a soldier,—
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,—
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause ?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls ;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you ? will you yield, and thus avoid ?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

Governor. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates ! Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing

Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish.* KING HENRY *and his Train enter the town.*

SCENE IV.—*Rouen. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.

Katharine. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Katharine. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appellée, de hand.

Katharine. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appellés de fingres; *ouy*, de fingres.

Katharine. La main, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingres. *Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appellons, de nails.

Katharine. De nails. *Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien:* de hands, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dict, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Katharine. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

Katharine. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Katharine. De elbow. *Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.*

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Katharine. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, *madame.*

Katharine. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; de elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. De nick, *madame.*

Katharine. De nick. *Et le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Katharine. De sin. *Le col*, de nick: *le menton*, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en vérité vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Katharine. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?

Katharine. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, *madame.*

Katharine. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, d'elbow.

Katharine. Ainsi dis je ; d'elbow, de nick, *et* de sin. *Comment appellez vous le pied et la robe ?*

Alice. De foot, *madame ; et* de coun.

Katharine. De foot, *et* de coun ? *O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Foh !* le foot, *et* le coun. *Néantmoins je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble :* de hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame !

Katharine. C'est assez pour une fois : allons nous à diner. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter the French King, *the* Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, *the* Constable of France, *and Others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Constable. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France ; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dauphin. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters ?

Bourbon. Mort de ma vie ! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Constable. Dieu de battailes ! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns ? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty ? O ! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields ;
Poor we may call them in their native lords.
Dauphin. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out.
Bourbon. They bid us to the English dancing-schools
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos ;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.
Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald ? speed him hence :
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes ! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field :
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France ;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois ;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon :
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.
Constable. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure when he shall see our army
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.
Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.

Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.
Dauphin. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.
French King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

Gower. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?
Fluellen. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
Fluellen. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and plessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.
Gower. What do you call him?
Fluellen. He is called Aunchient Pistol.
Gower. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Fluellen. Here is the man.
Pistol. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.
Fluellen. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.
Pistol. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—
Fluellen. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind: and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and varia-

tion : and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls : in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it : Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pistol. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him ;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must a' be,
A damned death !
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak ; the duke will hear thy voice ;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach :
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Fluellen. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pistol. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Fluellen. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at ; for, if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure and put him to execution ; for discipline ought to be used.

Pistol. Die and be damn'd ; and figo for thy friendship !

Fluellen. It is well.

Pistol. The fig of Spain ! [*Exit.*

Fluellen. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal : I remember him now.

Fluellen. I'll assure you a' uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gower. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done ; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on ; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths : and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you

must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Fluellen. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers.

Fluellen. God pless your majesty!

K. Henry. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

Fluellen. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter hath very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty the duke is a prave man.

K. Henry. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Fluellen. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Montjoy. You know me by my habit.

K. Henry. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Montjoy. My master's mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Montjoy. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of

England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Montjoy. Montjoy.

K. Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,—
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,—
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French:
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God
That I do brag thus! this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am:
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:

We would not seek a battle as we are ;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it :
So tell your master.

Montjoy. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit.*

Gloucester. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night :
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the Constable of France, *the* Lord Rambures, *the* Duke of Orleans, *the* Dauphin, *and Others.*

Constable. Tut ! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day !

Orleans. You have an excellent armour ; but let my horse have his due.

Constable. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orleans. Will it never be morning ?

Dauphin. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour—

Orleans. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dauphin. What a long night is this ! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha !* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs : *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu !* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk : he trots the air ; the earth sings when he touches it ; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orleans. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dauphin. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus : he is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him but only in patient stilliness while his rider mounts him : he is indeed a horse ; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Constable. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dauphin. It is the prince of palfreys ; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

Orleans. No more, cousin.

Dauphin. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world—familiar to us, and unknown—to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature!'—

Orleans. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dauphin. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Rambures. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Constable. Stars, my lord.

Dauphin. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Constable. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dauphin. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Constable. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

Dauphin. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Constable. I will not say so for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Rambures. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Constable. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dauphin. 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orleans. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Rambures. He longs to eat the English.

Constable. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orleans. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Constable. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orleans. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Constable. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orleans. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Constable. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orleans. I know him to be valiant.

Constable. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orleans. What's he?

Constable. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orleans. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Constable. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orleans. 'Ill will never said well.'

Constable. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

Orleans. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

Constable. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with 'A pox of the devil.'

Orleans. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Constable. You have shot over.

Orleans. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Constable. Who hath measured the ground?

Messenger. The Lord Grandpré.

Constable. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas! poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orleans. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Constable. If the English had any apprehension they would run away.

Orleans. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Rambures. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures : their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orleans. Foolish curs ! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Constable. Just, just ; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives : and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orleans. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Constable. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm ; come, shall we about it ?

Orleans. It is now two o'clock : but, let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

Enter Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp

So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where,—O for pity,—we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [Exit.

Scene I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter King Henry, Bedford, *and* Gloucester.

K. Henry. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:

Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erpingham. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, 'Now lie I like a king.'
K. Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.
Gloucester. We shall, my liege.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* BEDFORD.
Erpingham. Shall I attend your Grace?
K. Henry. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.
Erpingham. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[*Exit.*
K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pistol. Qui va là?
K. Henry. A friend.
Pistol. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular?
K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pistol. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Henry. Even so. What are you?
Pistol. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Henry. Then you are a better than the king.
Pistol. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame :
Of parents good, of fist most valiant :
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name ?

K. Henry. Harry *le Roy.*

Pistol. Le Roy ! a Cornish name : art thou of Cornish crew ?

K. Henry. No, I am a Welshman.

Pistol. Know'st thou Fluellen ?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pistol. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pistol. Art thou his friend ?

K. Henry. And his kinsman too.

Pistol. The figo for thee then !

K. Henry. I thank you. God be with you !

Pistol. My name is Pistol called. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. It sorts well with your fierceness. [*Retires.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

Gower. Captain Fluellen !

Fluellen. So ! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp ; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why, the enemy is loud ; you heard him all night.

Fluellen. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, in your own conscience now ?

Gower. I will speak lower.

Fluellen. I pray you and peseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

K. Henry. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, *and* MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder ?

Bates. I think it be ; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there ?

K. Henry. A friend.

Williams. Under what captain serve you ?

K. Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Williams. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

K. Henry. Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king ?

K. Henry. No ; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am : the violet smells to him as it doth to me ; the element shows to him as it doth to me ; all his senses have but human conditions : his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are : yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king : I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Williams. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after ; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Williams. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make ; when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, ' We died at such a place ' ; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument ? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him : or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so : the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder ; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury ; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God : war is his beadle, war is his vengeance ; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel : where they feared the death they have borne life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the

which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience ; and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained : and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Williams. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head : the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me ; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Williams. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully ; but when our throats are cut he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Williams. You pay him then. That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after ! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is something too round ; I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

Williams. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Williams. How shall I know thee again ?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet : then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Williams. Here 's my glove : give me another of thine.

King Henry. There.

Williams. This will I also wear in my cap : if ever thou come to me and say after to-morrow, ' This is my glove,' by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Williams. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Williams. Keep thy word : fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Henry. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition!
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony! show me but thy worth:
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low-bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium ; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave :
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Re-enter ERPINGHAM.

Erpingham. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Henry. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent :
I'll be before thee.
Erpingham. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts ;
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord !
O ! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interr'd anew,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester. My liege !

K. Henry. My brother Gloucester's voice ! Ay ;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee :
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and Others.*

Orleans. The sun doth gild our armour : up, my lords !

Dauphin. *Montez à cheval !* My horse ! *varlet ! lacquais !* ha !

Orleans. O brave spirit !

Dauphin. *Via ! les eaux et la terre !*

Orleans. *Rien puis ? l'air et le feu.*

Dauphin. *Ciel !* cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable !

Constable. Hark how our steeds for present service neigh !

Dauphin. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage : ha !

Rambures. What ! will you have them weep our horses' blood ?
How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. The English are embattail'd, you French peers.

Constable. To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands ;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtal-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport : let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,

Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation :
But that our honours must not. What 's to say ?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount :
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grandpré. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?
Yon island carrions desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully :
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps :
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dauphin. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them ?

Constable. I stay but for my guard : on, to the field !
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away !
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

Enter the English host ; GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Gloucester. Where is the king ?

Bedford. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

Exeter. There 's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.
Salisbury. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge :
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu !
Bedford. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck go with thee !
Exeter. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day :
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.
Bedford. He is as full of valour as of kindness ;
Princely in both.

Enter KING HENRY.

Westmoreland. O ! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.
K. Henry. What 's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin :
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O ! do not wish one more :
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Salisbury. My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Westmore. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

Westmoreland. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Henry. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men:
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Montjoy. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured overthrow :
For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.
K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now ?
Montjoy. The Constable of France.
K. Henry. I pray thee, bear my former answer back :
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work ;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dung-hills,
They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly : tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day ;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field ;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry :
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour ;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald :
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints ;

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.
Montjoy. I shall, King Harry. And so, fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.
K. Henry. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, *and* Boy.
Pistol. Yield, cur!
Fr. Soldier. Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.
Pistol. Quality? Calen O custure me! Art thou a gentleman?
What is thy name? discuss.
Fr. Soldier. O Seigneur Dieu!
Pistol. O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.
Fr. Soldier. O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!
Pistol. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.
Fr. Soldier. Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?
Pistol. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?
Fr. Soldier. O pardonnez moy!
Pistol. Sayst thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.
Boy. Escoutez: comment estes vous appellé?
Fr. Soldier. Monsieur le Fer.
Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pistol. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pistol. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Soldier. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pistol. Ouy, cuppele gorge, permafoy.
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Soldier. O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pistol. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pistol. Tell him, my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Soldier. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neant-moins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Soldier. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pistol. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one—as he thinks—the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pistol. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—
Follow me! [*Exeunt* PISTOL *and* French Soldier.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine. I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be if he durst steal anything adventur-

ously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp : the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, *and Others.*

Constable. *O diable !*
Orleans. *O seigneur ! le jour est perdu ! tout est perdu !*
Dauphin. *Mort de ma vie !* all is confounded, all !
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes. *O meschante fortune !*
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*
Constable. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dauphin. O perdurable shame ! let 's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for ?
Orleans. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?
Bourbon. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !
Let 's die in honour ! once more back again ;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence.
Constable. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orleans. We are enough yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bourbon. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng :
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY *and Forces ;* EXETER, *and Others.*

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen :
But all 's not done ; yet keep the French the field.
Exeter. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.
K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within this hour
I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.
Exeter. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side,—
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,—

The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
And cries aloud, ' Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry ! '
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up :
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe says, ' Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd ;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not ;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*
But hark ! what new alarum is this same ?
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men :
Then every soldier kill his prisoners !
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Fluellen. Kill the poys and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer 't : in your conscience now, is it not ?

Gower. 'Tis certain, there 's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter : besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent ; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O ! 'tis a gallant king.

Fluellen. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born ?

Gower. Alexander the Great.

Fluellen. Why, I pray you, is not pig great ? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gower. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon : his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Fluellen. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth : it is called Wye at Monmouth ; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river ; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well ; for there is figures in all things. Alexander,—God knows, and you know,—in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus.

Gower. Our king is not like him in that : he never killed any of his friends.

Fluellen. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it : as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet : he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks ; I have forgot his name.

Gower. Sir John Falstaff.

Fluellen. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gower. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, *with a part of the English Forces ;* WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, *and Others.*

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald ;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill :
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field ; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exeter. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.
Gloucester. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. Henry. How now ! what means this, herald ? know'st thou not
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom ?
Com'st thou again for ransom ?
Montjoy. No, great king.
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them ;
To sort our nobles from our common men ;
For many of our princes—woe the while !—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes ; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O ! give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies.
K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no ;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.
Montjoy. The day is yours.
K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it !
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by ?
Montjoy. They call it Agincourt.
K. Henry. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.
Fluellen. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the

Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Henry. They did, Fluellen.

Fluellen. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour; For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Fluellen. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Fluellen. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Henry. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him: Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt* MONTJOY *and Others.*

Exeter. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Williams. An 't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An Englishman?

Williams. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if a' live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap,— which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear if alive,— I will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Fluellen. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Henry. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Fluellen. Though he be as good a gentleman as the

devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Williams. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who servest thou under?

Williams. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Fluellen. Gower is a goot captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Williams. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Fluellen. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Henry. Knowest thou Gower?

Fluellen. He is my dear friend, an't please you.

K. Henry. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Fluellen. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him,—as, I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,—
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Before* KING HENRY'S *Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Williams. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Fluellen. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Williams. Sir, know you this glove?

Fluellen. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Williams. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Fluellen. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now, sir! you villain!

Williams. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Fluellen. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Williams. I am no traitor.

Fluellen. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOUCESTER.

Warwick. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Fluellen. My Lord of Warwick, here is,—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. Henry. How now! what's the matter?

Fluellen. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Williams. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Fluellen. Your majesty hear now,—saving your majesty's manhood,—what an arrant, rascally, beggarly,

lousy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon that your majesty is give me ; in your conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove, soldier : look, here is the fellow of it.
'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike ;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Fluellen. An 't please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

Williams. All offences, my lord, come from the heart : never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Henry. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Williams. Your majesty came not like yourself : you appeared to me but as a common man ; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness ; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault and not mine : for had you been as I took you for I made no offence ; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow ;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns :
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Fluellen. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Williams. I will none of your money.

Fluellen. It is with a good will ; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes : come, wherefore should you be so pashful ? your shoes is not so good : 'tis a good shilling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Henry. Now, herald, are the dead number'd ?

Herald. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.
[*Delivers a paper.*

K. Henry. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ?

Exeter. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king ;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt :
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.
K. Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six : added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead :
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France ;
Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France ;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures ;
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischard Dauphin ;
John Duke of Alençon ; Antony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar : of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death !
Where is the number of our English dead ?
[Herald *presents another paper.*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire :
None else of name : and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God ! thy arm was here ;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other ? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine !
Exeter. 'Tis wonderful !
K. Henry. Come, go we in procession to the village :
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take the praise from God
Which is his only.
Fluellen. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed ?

K. Henry. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Fluellen. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Henry. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.
We'll then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. *Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story*
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may,—from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,

How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;—
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;—and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.

SCENE I.—*France. An English Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gower. Nay, that 's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Fluellen. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself and all the 'orld know to be no petter than a fellow,—look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gower. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter PISTOL.

Fluellen. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pistol. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Troyan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Fluellen. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lousy knave, at my desires and my requests and my petitions to eat, look you, this leek; pecause, look you, you do not love it,

nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pistol. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Fluellen. [*Strikes him.*] There is one goat for you. Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it ?

Pistol. Base Troyan, thou shalt die.

Fluellen. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it [*Strikes him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to : if you can mock a leek you can eat a leek.

Gower. Enough, captain : you have astonished him.

Fluellen. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you ; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pistol. Must I bite ?

Fluellen. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too and ambiguities.

Pistol. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear—

Fluellen. Eat, I pray you : will you have some more sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pistol. Quiet thy cudgel : thou dost see I eat.

Fluellen. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away ; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em ; that is all.

Pistol. Good.

Fluellen. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pistol. Me a groat !

Fluellen. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pistol. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Fluellen. If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels : you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pistol. All hell shall stir for this.

Gower. Go, go ; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds

any of your words ? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel : you find it otherwise ; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pistol. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now ?
News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital :
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal :
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the* FRENCH KING'S *Palace.*

Enter, from one side, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other* Lords ; *from the other side, the* FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, *the* PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE *and other* Ladies ; *the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

K. Henry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met !
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day ; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy ;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !
French King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England ; fairly met :
So are you, princes English, every one.
Q. Isabel. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Henry. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isabel. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Burgundy. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let why gentle Peace

Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.
K. Henry. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands ;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.
Burgundy. The king hath heard them ; to the which as yet,
There is no answer made.
K. Henry. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.
French King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanc'd the articles : pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.
K. Henry. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king ;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?
Q. Isabel. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.
K. Henry. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us :
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.
Q. Isabel. She hath good leave.
[*Exeunt all except* KING HENRY, KATHARINE, *and* ALICE.
K. Henry. Fair Katharine, and most fair !
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?
Katharine Your majesty sa.l mock at me ; I cannot speak your England.
K. Henry. O fair Katharine ! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you

confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate ?

Katharine. *Pardonnez moy,* I cannot tell vat is ' like me.'

K. Henry. An angel is like you, Kate ; and you are like an angel.

Katharine. *Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à les anges ?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Henry. I said so, dear Katharine ; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Katharine. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Henry. What says she, fair one ? that the tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Alice. *Ouy,* dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits : dat is de princess.

K. Henry. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding : I am glad thou canst speak no better English ; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say ' I love you : ' then, if you urge me further than to say ' Do you in faith ? ' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer ; i' faith do : and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady ?

Katharine. *Sauf vostre honneur,* me understand vell.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier :

if thou canst love me for this, take me ; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true ; but for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places ; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rime themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rime is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me ; and take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Katharine. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France ?

K. Henry. No ; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate ; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France ; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine : and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Katharine. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Henry. No, Kate ? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,*—let me see, what then ? Saint Denis be my speed !—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French : I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Katharine. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Henry. No, faith, is 't not, Kate ; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, Canst thou love me ?

Katharine. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate ?

I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Katharine. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divine déesse?*

Katharine. Your *majesté ave fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Henry. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine': which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Katharine. Dat is as it sall please de *roy mon père.*

K. Henry. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Katharine. Den it sall also content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Katharine. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Katharine. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

K. Henry. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser* in English.

K. Henry. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K. Henry. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Henry. O Kate! nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding [*Kissing her*]. You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the KING *and* QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other French and English* Lords.

Burgundy. God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Burgundy. Is she not apt?

K. Henry. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burgundy. Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I

answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle ; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind.

K. Henry. It is so : and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid ; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Henry. Shall Kate be my wife ?

French King. So please you.

K. Henry. I am content ; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her ; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

French King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Henry. Is 't so, my lords of England ?

Westmoreland. The king hath granted every article :
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exeter. Only he hath not yet subscribed this : Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French, *Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, Héretier de France ;* and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.*

French King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest ;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

French King. Take her, fair son ; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me ; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen !

K. Henry. Now, welcome, Kate : and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isabel. God, the best maker of all marriages,

Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Henry. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exit.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales; afterwards King Edward the Fifth, } Sons to the
RICHARD, Duke of York, } King.
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard the Third, } Brothers to the King.
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond; afterwards King Henry the Seventh.
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, his Son.
EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen.
MARQUESS OF DORSET, and LORD GREY, her Sons.
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.
LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRRELL.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.
Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.
TRESSEL and BERKELEY, Gentlemen attending on Lady Anne.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward the Fourth.
MARGARET, Widow of King Henry the Sixth.
DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward the Fourth, Clarence, and Gloucester.
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry the Sixth; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.
LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, a young daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts of those murdered by Richard the Third, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE.—*England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street.*

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says, that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?

Clarence. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed

This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Gloucester. Upon what cause ?
Clarence. Because my name is George.
Gloucester. Alack ! my lord, that fault is none of yours ;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O ! belike his majesty hath some intent
That you should be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what 's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?
Clarence. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for I protest
As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be ;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.
Gloucester. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women :
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower ;
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?
We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe.
Clarence. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what a humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?
Gloucester. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what ; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery :
The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.
Brakenbury. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me ;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Gloucester. Even so ; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say :
We speak no treason, man : we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous ;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?
Brakenbury. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
I beseech your Grace to pardon me ; and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clarence. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Gloucester. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clarence. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Gloucester. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long ;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you :
Meantime, have patience.
Clarence. I must perforce : farewell.
[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *and* Guard.
Gloucester. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return
Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd Hastings !

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Good time of day unto my gracious lord !
Gloucester. As much unto my good lord chamberlain !
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?
Hastings. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must :
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Gloucester. No doubt, no doubt ; and so shall Clarence too :
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hastings. More pity that the eagles should be mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Gloucester. What news abroad ?
Hastings. No news so bad abroad as this at home ;
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Gloucester. Now by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O ! he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person :
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed ?
Hastings. He is.
Gloucester. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in !
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father :
The which will I ; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market :
Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns :
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*London. Another Street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, *borne in an open coffin ;* Gentlemen *bearing halberds to guard it ; and* LADY ANNE, *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !

Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
O! cursed be the hand that made these holes;
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!
Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the corpse and advance.*

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Gloucester. Villains! set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

First Gentleman. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Gloucester. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*

Anne. What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt! thou dreadful minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body

His soul thou canst not have : therefore, be gone.
Gloucester. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake hence, and trouble us not ;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O ! gentlemen ; see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells :
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God ! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death ;
O earth ! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death ;
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !
Gloucester. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man :
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
Gloucester. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O ! wonderful, when devils tell the truth.
Gloucester. More wonderful when angels are so angry
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
Gloucester. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Gloucester. By such despair I should accuse myself.
Anne. And by despairing shouldst thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Gloucester. Say that I slew them not.
Anne. Then say they were not slain :
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee

Gloucester. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Gloucester. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Gloucester. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?
Gloucester. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? Then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Gloucester. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Gloucester. Let him thank me, that help'd to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.
Gloucester. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So might I live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack;
You should not blemish it if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Gloucester. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Gloucester. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Gloucester. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Gloucester. He lives that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Gloucester. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Gloucester. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he ?
Gloucester. Here [*She spitteth at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me ?
Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake !
Gloucester. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Gloucester. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead !
Gloucester. I would they were, that I might die at once ;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops ;
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear ;
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him ;
Nor when thy war-like father like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;
But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,

I lay it open to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open : she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry ;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward ;
[*She again offers at his breast.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Gloucester. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Gloucester. That was in thy rage :
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love :
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Gloucester. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me both are false.
Gloucester. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Gloucester. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.
Gloucester. But shall I live in hope ?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Gloucester. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take is not to give.
[*She puts on the ring.*
Gloucester. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it ?
Gloucester. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place ;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,

I will with all expedient duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.
Gloucester. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve :
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, *and* BERKELEY
Gloucester. Sirs, take up the corse.
Gentlemen. Toward Chertsey, noble lord ?
Gloucester. No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER.
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ?
I'll have her ; but I will not keep her long.
What ! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And nothing I to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing !
Ha !
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford :
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed ?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?
On me, that halt and am misshapen thus ?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier
I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,

And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, *and* LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam : there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Elizabeth. If he were dead, what would betide on me ?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Elizabeth. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Elizabeth. Ah ! he is young ; and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Rivers. Is it concluded he shall be protector ?

Q. Elizabeth. It is determin'd, not concluded yet :
But so it must be if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buckingham. Good time of day unto your royal Grace !

Stanley. God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley ?

Stanley. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.
Q. Elizabeth. What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?
Buck. Madam, good hope ; his Grace speaks cheerfully.
Q. Eliz. God grant him health ! did you confer with him ?
Buckingham. Ay, madam : he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain ;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.
Q. Elizabeth. Would all were well ! But that will never be.
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Gloucester. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it :
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not ?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?
Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace ?
Gloucester. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee ? when done thee wrong ?
Or thee ? or thee ? or any of your faction ?
A plague upon you all ! His royal person,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish !—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Q. Elizabeth. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.
The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.
Gloucester. I cannot tell ; the world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman

There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Q. Elizabeth. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester ;
You envy my advancement and my friends'.
God grant we never may have need of you !
Gloucester. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you :
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
Q. Elizabeth. By him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Gloucester. You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Rivers. She may, my lord ; for—
Gloucester. She may, Lord Rivers ! why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not ? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—
Rivers. What, marry, may she ?
Gloucester. What, marry, may she ! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs ;
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servantmaid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at :
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind.*

Q. Margaret. [*Apart.*] And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him !
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Gloucester. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. [*Apart.*] Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, as Tewksbury.
Gloucester. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs,
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.
Q. Margaret. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.
Gloucester. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Margaret. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.
Gloucester. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Margaret. Which God revenge!
Gloucester. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.
Rivers. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Gloucester. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar.
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!
Q. Elizabeth. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Margaret. As little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?
Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away.

Gloucester. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Margaret. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Gloucester. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Margaret. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me;
And thou, a kingdom; all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Gloucester. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his war-like brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Elizabeth. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hastings. O! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Rivers. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorset. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buckingham. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Margaret. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,

For Edward, my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off.

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag !

Q. Margaret. And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O ! let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace.
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell !
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

Gloucester. Margaret !

Q. Margaret. Richard !

Gloucester. Ha !

Q. Margaret. I call thee not.

Gloucester. I cry thee mercy then, for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Margaret. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.
O ! let me make the period to my curse.

Gloucester. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

Q. Elizabeth. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hastings. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Margaret. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Rivers. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Margaret. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dorset. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Margaret. Peace! Master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O! that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Gloucester. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dorset. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Gloucester. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Margaret. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest:
O God! that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buckingham. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Margaret. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buckingham. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham! I'll kiss thy hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee :
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buckingham. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Margaret. I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham ! take heed of yonder dog :
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and when he bites
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Gloucester. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham ?
Buckingham. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What ! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?
O ! but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's ! [*Exit.*
Hastings. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Rivers. And so doth mine. I muse why she 's at liberty.
Gloucester. I cannot blame her : by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.
Q. Elizabeth. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Gloucester. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid ;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains :
God pardon them that are the cause thereof !
Rivers. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.
Gloucester. So do I ever [*Aside*], being well-advis'd ;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Madam, his majesty doth call for you ;
And for your Grace ; and you, my noble lords.
Q. Elizabeth. Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go with me ?

Rivers. We wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them 'tis the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft! here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Gloucester. Well thought upon; I have it here about me:

[*Gives the warrant.*

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd
We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

Gloucester. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall tears:
I like you, lads; about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. The Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brakenbury. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brakenbury. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clarence. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown:
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brakenbury. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon those secrets of the deep?

Clarence. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brakenbury. Awak'd you not with this sore agony ?
Clarence. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;
O ! then began the tempest to my soul.
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud, ' What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? '
And so he vanish'd : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud,
' Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;—
Seize on him ! Furies, take him unto torment.'
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Brakenbury. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clarence. O Brakenbury ! I have done these things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me.
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
O ! spare my guiltless wife and my poor children.
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
Brakenbury. I will, my lord. God give your Grace good rest!
[CLARENCE *sleeps.*
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares :
So that, between their titles and low names,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who 's here?

Brakenbury. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brakenbury. What! so brief?

Second Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.— Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to* BRAKENBURY, *who reads it.*

Brakenbury. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

First Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well. [*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

Second Murd. What! shall we stab him as he sleeps?

First Murd. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

Second Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.

First Murd. Why, then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

Second Murd. The urging of that word 'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What! art thou afraid?

Second Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Second Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester, and tell him so.

Second Murd. Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope my holy humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Second Murd. Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward when the deed 's done.

Second Murd. 'Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where 's thy conscience now?

Second Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Second Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go: there 's few or none will entertain it.

First Murd. What if it come to thee again?

Second Murd. I'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

First Murd. 'Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Second Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed; he cannot prevail with me.

Second Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Second Murd. O, excellent device! make a sop of him.

First Murd. Soft! he wakes.

Second Murd. Strike!

First Murd. No, we'll reason with him.

Clarence. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

First Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clarence. In God's name, what art thou?

First Murd. A man, as you are.

Clarence. But not, as I am, royal.

First Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clarence. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

First Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clarence. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me : why look you pale ?
Who sent you hither ? Wherefore do you come ?
Both Murderers. To, to, to—
Clarence. To murder me ?
Both Murderers. Ay, ay.
Clarence. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you ?
First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clarence. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
Second Murd. Never, my lord ; therefore prepare to die.
Clarence. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent ? What is my offence ?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me ?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me ;
The deed you undertake is damnable.
First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
Second Murd. And he that hath commanded is our king.
Clarence. Erroneous vassal ! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder ; will you, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's ?
Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
Second Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing and for murder too :
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow, and, with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
Second Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree ?
Clarence. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :
He sends you not to murder me for this ;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O ! know you yet, he doth it publicly :
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;
He needs no indirect or lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.
First Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?
Clarence. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clarence. If you do love my brother, hate not me ;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
Second Murd. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Clarence. O, no ! he loves me, and he holds me dear :
Go you to him from me.
Both Murd. Ay, so we will.
Clarence. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship :
Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep.
First Murd. Ay, millstones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.
Clarence. O ! do not slander him, for he is kind.
First Murd. Right ;
As snow in harvest. Thou deceiv'st thyself :
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.
Clarence. It cannot be ; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
First Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
Second Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
Clarence. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me ?
O ! sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
Second Murd. What shall we do ?
Clarence. Relent and save your souls.
First Murd. Relent ! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.
Clarence. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murd'rers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life ?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;
O ! if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress :
A begging prince what beggar pities not ?
Second Murd. Look behind you, my lord.
First Murd. [*Stabs him.*] Take that, and that : if all this will not do,
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit with the body.*
Second Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd !
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder.

Re-enter first Murderer.

First Murd. How now ! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not ?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.
Second Murd. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother !
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*
First Murd. So do not I : go, coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial :
And when I have my meed, I will away ;
For this will out, and here I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD *sick*, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and Others.*

K. Edward. Why, so: now have I done a good day's work.
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Rivers. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hastings. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edward. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hastings. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Rivers. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edward. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor you, son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Elizabeth. There, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edward. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dorset. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hastings. And so swear I. [*They embrace.*

K. Edward. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buckingham. [*To the* QUEEN.] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! This do I beg of God,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[*They embrace.*

K. Edward. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buckingham. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edward. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day
Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Gloucester. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity,
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Of you, Lord Woodvile, and Lord Scales, of you;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Elizabeth. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.

My sov'reign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Gloucester. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead ? [*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.
K. Edward. Who knows not he is dead ! who knows he is ?
Q. Elizabeth. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !
Buckingham. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?
Dorset. Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edward. Is Clarence dead ? the order was revers'd.
Gloucester. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear ;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley. A boon, my sov'reign, for my service done !
K. Edward. I prithee, peace : my soul is full of sorrow.
Stanley. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.
K. Edward. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.
Stanley. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
K. Edward. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought ;
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who su'd to me for him ? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd ?
Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, ' Dear brother, live, and be a king ? '
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments ; and did give himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb cold night ?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you ;
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.
O God ! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me and you and mine and yours for this.
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O ! poor Clarence !

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

Gloucester. This is the fruit of rashness. Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death ?
O ! they did urge it still unto the king :
God will revenge it. Come, lords ; will you go
To comfort Edward with our company ?

Buckingham. We wait upon your Grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, *with a* Son *and* Daughter *of* CLARENCE.

Boy. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead ?

Duchess. No, boy.

Daughter. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast,
And cry—' O Clarence, my unhappy son ? '

Boy. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive ?

Duchess. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much ;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death ;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.

Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.

The king mine uncle is to blame for it :
God will revenge it ; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.
Daughter. And so will I.
Duchess. Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love you well :
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Boy. Grandam, we can ; for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me, the king, provok'd to 't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him :
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duchess. Ah ! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice.
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my breast he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?
Duchess. Ay, boy.
Boy. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly ;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *following her.*

Q. Elizabeth. Oh ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.
Duchess. What means this scene of rude impatience ?
Q. Elizabeth. To make an act of tragic violence :
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead !
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd ?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap ?
If you will live, lament : if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Duchess. Ah ! so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband.
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images ;
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,

And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee :
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Clarence and Edward. O ! what cause have I—
Thine being but a moiety of my grief—
To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries !
Boy. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death ;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?
Daughter. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd ;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept.
Q. Elizabeth. Give me no help in lamentation ;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints :
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !
Ah ! for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward !
Children. Ah ! for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence !
Duchess. Alas ! for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence !
Q. Elizabeth. What stay had I but Edward ? and he 's gone.
Children. What stay had we but Clarence ? and he 's gone.
Duchess. What stays had I but they ? and they are gone.
Q. Elizabeth. Was never widow had so dear a loss.
Children. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.
Duchess. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas ! I am the mother of these griefs :
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she :
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I ;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they :
Alas ! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears ; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation.
Dorset. Comfort, dear mother : God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Rivers. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son : send straight for him ;
Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and Others.*

Gloucester. Sister, have comfort ; all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;
I did not see your Grace : humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duchess. God bless thee ! and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen ; [*Aside.*] and make me die a good old man !
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love :
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham ?

Buckingham. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd ;
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Gloucester. I hope the king made peace with all of us ;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Rivers. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd :

Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
Hastings. And so say I.
Gloucester. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this business?
[*Exeunt all except* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOUCESTER.
Buckingham. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For by the way I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.
Gloucester. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

First Cit. Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?
Second Citizen. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
First Citizen. Ay; that the king is dead.
Second Citizen. Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter a third Citizen.

Third Citizen. Neighbours, God speed!
First Citizen. Give you good morrow, sir.
Third Citizen. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?
Second Citizen. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!
Third Citizen. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
First Citizen. No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
Third Citizen. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!
Second Citizen. In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.
First Citizen. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd at Paris but at nine months old.

Third Citizen. Stood the state so ? no, no, good friends, God wot ;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel ; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.
First Citizen. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
Third Citizen. Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all ;
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O ! full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester !
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud ;
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
First Citizen. Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.
Third Citizen. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
Second Citizen. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.
Third Citizen. Before the days of change, still is it so :
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?
Second Citizen. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
Third Citizen. And so was I : I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *the young* DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Archbishop. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton ;
At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night :
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duchess. I long with all my heart to see the prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Elizabeth. But I hear, no ; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Duchess. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother : ' Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloucester
' Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace : '
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.
Duchess. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee :
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Archbishop. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Duchess. I hope he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duchess. How, my young York ? I prithee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duchess. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this ?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duchess. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Elizabeth. A parlous boy : go to, you are too shrewd.
Archbishop. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Elizabeth. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Archbishop. Here comes a messenger. What news ?
Messenger. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
Q. Elizabeth. How doth the prince ?
Messenger. Well, madam, and in health.
Duchess. What is thy news ?
Messenger. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duchess. Who hath committed them ?
Messenger. The mighty dukes,
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Archbishop. For what offence ?
Messenger. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd :
Why or for what the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.
Q. Elizabeth. Ah me ! I see the ruin of my house !
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne :
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duchess. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld !
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self : O ! preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen ;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.
Q. Elizabeth. Come, come, my boy ; we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.
Duchess. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Elizabeth. You have no cause.
Archbishop. [*To the* QUEEN.] My gracious lady, go ;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep : and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours !
Come ; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Street.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *and Others.*

Buckingham. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.
Gloucester. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign ;
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Gloucester. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they were none.

Gloucester. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and his Train.*

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ; and thank you all.
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fie ! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no.

Enter Hastings.

Buckingham. And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come ?

Hastings. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary : the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buckingham. Fie ! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers ! Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Cardinal. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here ; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land

Would I be guilty of so great a sin.
Buckingham. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional :
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place
And those who have the wit to claim the place :
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it ;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.
Cardinal. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me ?
Hastings. I go, my lord.
Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt* CARDINAL BOURCHIER *and* HASTINGS.
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?
Gloucester. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place :
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?
Buckingham. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it ?
Buckingham. Upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Gloucester. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.
Prince. What say you, uncle ?
Gloucester. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;

With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buckingham. What, my gracious lord ?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.
Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and* CARDINAL BOURCHIER.
Buckingham. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our loving brother ?
York. Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours :
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Gloucester. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York ?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Gloucester. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle ?
Gloucester. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.
Gloucester. He may command me as my sovereign ;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Gloucester. My dagger, little cousin ? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother ?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Gloucester. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift ! O, that's the sword to it.
Gloucester. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts ;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.
Gloucester. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Gloucester. What ! would you have my weapon, little lord ?
York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.
Gloucester. How ?
York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk.
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me :
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buckingham. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons !
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself :
So cunning and so young is wonderful.
Gloucester. My lord, will 't please you pass along ?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
York. What ! will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?
Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Gloucester. Why, what would you fear ?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost :
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Gloucester. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord ; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, *and* CATESBY.

Buckingham. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?
Gloucester. No doubt, no doubt : O ! 'tis a parlous boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable :
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buckingham. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby ; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way :
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?
Catesby. He for his father's sake so loves the prince
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? what will he?
Catesby. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buckingham. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Catesby. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Gloucester. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Catesby. You shall, my lord.
Gloucester. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Buckingham. Now, my lord, what shall we do if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Gloucester. Chop off his head; something we will determine:
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.
Buckingham. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.
Gloucester. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before* LORD HASTINGS' *House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger [*Knocking.*] My lord! my lord!
Hastings. [*Within.*] Who knocks?
Messenger. One from the Lord Stanley.
Hastings. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?
Messenger. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights ?

Messenger. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hastings. What then ?

Messenger. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm :
Besides, he says there are two councils held ;
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him towards the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hastings. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
Bid him not fear the separated councils :
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance :
And for his dreams, I wonder he 's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Messenger. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hastings. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Catesby. It is a reeling world, indeed my lord ;
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hastings. How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean the crown ?

Catesby. Ay, my good lord.

Hastings. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?
Catesby. Ay, on my life : and hopes to find you forward ;
Upon his party for the gain thereof :
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hastings. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries ;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.
Catesby. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !
Hastings. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.
Catesby. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
Hastings. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
Catesby. The princes both make high account of you ;
[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.
Hastings. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on ; where is your boar-spear, man ?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?
Stanley. My lord, good morrow ; good morrow Catesby :
You may jest on, but by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hastings. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours ;
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am ?
Stanley. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund and suppos'd their state was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust ;

But yet you see how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt ;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !
What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent.
Hastings. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord ?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stanley. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hastings. Go on before ; I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt* STANLEY *and* CATESBY.
How now, sirrah ! how goes the world with thee ?
Pursuivant. The better that your lordship please to ask.
Hastings. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
Than when I met thee last where now we meet :
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;
But now, I tell thee,—keep it to thyself,—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.
Pursuivant. God hold it to your honour's good content !
Hastings. Gramercy, fellow : there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse.*
Pursuivant. God save your lordship. [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your honour.
Hastings. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest :
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.
Hastings. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower ?
Buckingham. I do, my lord ; but long I shall not stay :
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hastings. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buckingham. [*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go ?
Hastings. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Pomfret. Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with halberds, carrying* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to death.*

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this :
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey God bless the prince from all the pack of you !
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.
Vaughan. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Ratcliff. Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is out.
Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison !
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death ;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Rivers. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings : O ! remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us ;
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Ratcliff. Make haste ; the hour of death is expiate.
Rivers. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan ; let us here embrace :
And take our leave until we meet in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*London. The Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *and Others, sitting at a table. Officers of the Council attending.*

Hastings. My lords, at once : the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation :
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day ?
Buckingham. Are all things ready for that royal time ?
Stanley. It is ; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein ?
Who is most inward with the noble duke ?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buckingham. We know each other's faces ; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours ;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hastings. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well ;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble lords, may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.
Gloucester. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buckingham. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,
I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.
Gloucester. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder :
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you send for some of them.
Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*
Gloucester. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
Buckingham. Withdraw yourself a while ; I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.
Stanley. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord, the Duke of Gloucester ?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hastings. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning :
There 's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there 's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his hate or love than he ;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stanley. What of his heart perceiv'd you in his face
By any livelihood he show'd to-day ?

Hastings. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Gloucester. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hastings. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom th' offenders, whosoe'er they be :
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Gloucester. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd ; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling, wither'd up :
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch
Consorted with that wanton harlot Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hastings. If they have done this thing, my noble lord,—

Gloucester. If ! thou protector of this damned harlot,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs ? Thou art a traitor :
Off with his head ! now, by Saint Paul, I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done :
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but* HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and* LOVEL.

Hastings. Woe, woe, for England ! not a whit for me ;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm ;
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he looked upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O ! now I need the priest that spake to me :
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret ! now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.
Ratcl. Come, come, dispatch ; the duke would be at dinner :
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hastings. O momentary grace of mortal man,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lovel. Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hastings. O bloody Richard ! miserable England !
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block ; bear him my head :
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*London. The Tower Walls.*

Enter Gloucester *and* Buckingham, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Gloucester. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror ?
Buckingham. Tut ! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what ! is Catesby gone ?
Gloucester. He is ; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* Catesby.

Buckingham. Lord Mayor,—
Gloucester. Look to the drawbridge there !
Buckingham. Hark ! a drum.

Gloucester. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buckingham. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent,—
Gloucester. Look back, defend thee ; here are enemies.
Buckingham. God and our innocency defend and guard us !
Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head.*
Gloucester. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.
Lovel. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Gloucester. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian ;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts :
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.
Buckingham. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,—
Were 't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester ?
Mayor. Had he done so ?
Gloucester. What ! think you we are Turks or infidels ?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our person's safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution ?
Mayor. Now, fair befall you ! he deserv'd his death ;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.
Buckingham. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end ;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented :
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason ;
That you might well have signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.
Mayor. But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak :
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.
Gloucester. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buckingham. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit* Lord Mayor.
Gloucester. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Buckingham. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.
Glouc. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle ;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
Buckingham. I go ; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*
Gloucester. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw ;
[*To* Catesby.] Go thou to Friar Penker ; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt* Lovel *and* Catesby.
Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
And to give notice that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scrivener. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings ;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's :
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.

Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.
The precedent was full as long a-doing ;
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while ! Who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device ?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not ?
Bad is the world ; and all will come to naught,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*The Same. The Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Gloucester. How now, how now ! what say the citizens ?

Buckingham. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Gloucester. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buckingham. I did ; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France ;
The insatiate greediness of his desires ;
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke :
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind ;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse ;
And when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry ' God save Richard, England's royal king ! '

Gloucester. And did they so ?

Buckingham. No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;
But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them ;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence :
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again :
' Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ; '

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, 'God save King Richard!'
And thus I took the vantage of those few,
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;
'This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard:'
And even here brake off, and came away.

Gloucester. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Buckingham. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord:
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Gloucester. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buckingham. Go, go, up to the leads! the Lord Mayor knocks. [*Exit* GLOUCESTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buckingham. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke:
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Catesby. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buckingham. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof:
But sore, I fear, we shall not win him to it.
Mayor. Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay!
Buckingham. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace?
Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.
Buckingham. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me that I mean no good to him.
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return, and tell his Grace.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOUCESTER, *in a gallery above, between two Bishops.* CATESBY *returns.*

Mayor. See, where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen!
Buckingham. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornament to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right Christian zeal.
Gloucester. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?
Buckingham. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Gloucester. I do suspect I have done some offence

That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buckingham. You have, my lord : would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault !
Gloucester. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?
Buckingham. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock ;
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,—
Which here we waken to our country's good,—
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land ;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your Grace.
Gloucester. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sov'reignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.

First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
And much I need to help you, were there need;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buckingham. My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.
Buckingham. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.
Catesby. O ! make them joyful : grant their lawful suit :
Gloucester. Alas ! why would you heap those cares on me ?
I am unfit for state and majesty :
I do beseech you, take it not amiss,
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.
Buckingham. If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And egally, indeed, to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house :
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM *and* Citizens.

Catesby. Call them again, sweet prince ; accept their suit :
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Gloucester. Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?
Call them again : I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,

[*Exit* CATESBY.

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
Mayor. God bless your Grace ! we see it, and will say it.
Gloucester. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buckingham. Then I salute you with this royal title :
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king !
All. Amen.
Buckingham. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd ?

Gloucester. Even when you please, for you will have it so.
Buckingham. To-morrow then we will attend your Grace :
And so most joyfully we take our leave.
Gloucester. [*To the* Bishops.] Come, let us to our holy work again.
Farewell, my cousin ;—farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*London. Before the Tower.*

Enter on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, *and* MARQUESS OF DORSET ; *on the other,* ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, *leading* LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young daughter.*

Duchess. Who meets us here ? my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester ?
Now, for my life, she 's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day !
Q. Elizabeth. As much to you, good sister ! whither away ?
Anne. No further than the Tower ; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Q. Elizabeth. Kind sister, thanks : we'll enter all together :—

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York ?
Brakenbury. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them :
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Q. Elizabeth. The king ! who 's that ?
Brakenbury. I mean the Lord Protector.
Q. Elizabeth. The Lord protect him from that kingly title !
Hath he set bounds between their love and me ?
I am their mother ; who shall bar me from them ?
Duchess. I am their father's mother ; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother :
Then bring me to their sights ; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brakenbury. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so :
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.
[*To the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Q. Elizabeth. Ah ! cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
Anne. Despiteful tidings ! O ! unpleasing news !
Dorset. Be of good cheer : mother, how fares your Grace ?
Q. Elizabeth. O, Dorset ! speak not to me, get thee gone ;
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels :
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell :
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
Stanley. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
[*To* DORSET.] Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way :
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duchess. O ill-dispersing wind of misery !
O ! my accursed womb, the bed of death,
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous !
Stanley. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O ! would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain.
Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
And die, ere men can say ' God save the queen ! '
Q. Elizabeth. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No ! why ? When he, that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,

Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd ;
O ! when I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish, ' Be thou,' quoth I, ' accurs'd,
For making me so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
More miserable by the life of thee
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death ! '
Lo ! ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse :
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest ;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Elizabeth. Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Q. Elizabeth. Farewell ! thou woeful welcomer of glory !

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it !

Duchess. [*To* DORSET.] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee !

[*To* ANNE.] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee !

[*To* Q. ELIZABETH.] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.

Q. Elizabeth. Stay yet, look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls,
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well.
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Sennet. RICHARD, *in pomp, crowned :* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a* Page, *and Others.*

K. Richard. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buckingham. My gracious sovereign !

K. Richard. Give me thy hand. [*He ascends the throne.*]
Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated :
But shall we wear these glories for a day ?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?
Buckingham. Still live they, and for ever let them last !
K. Richard. Ah ! Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed :
Young Edward lives : think now what I would speak.
Buckingham. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Richard. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buckingham. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.
K. Richard. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so : but Edward lives.
Buckingham. True, noble prince.
K. Richard. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live ! ' True, noble prince ! '
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :
Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What sayst thou now ? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buckingham. Your Grace may do your pleasure.
King Richard. Tut, tut ! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes :
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?
Buckingham. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this :
I will resolve you herein presently. [*Exit.*
Catesby. [*Aside to another.*] The king is angry : see, he gnaws his lip.
K. Richard. [*Descends from his throne.*] I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys : none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy !
Page. My lord !
K. Richard. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of death ?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit :
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.
K. Richard. What is his name ?
Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrell.

K. Richard. I partly know the man : go, call him hither.
[*Exit* Page.
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath ? well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley ! what 's the news ?
Stanley. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquess Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Richard. Come hither, Catesby : rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick ;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter :
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st ! I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die :
About it ; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her !
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin :
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRRELL.

Is thy name Tyrrell ?
Tyrrell. James Tyrrell, and your most obedient subject.
K. Richard. Art thou, indeed ?
Tyrrell. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Richard. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?
Tyrrell. Please you ; but I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Richard. Why, then thou hast it : two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrell, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyrrell. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Richard. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,
Tyrrell :

Go, by this token : rise, and lend thine ear. [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so : say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyrrell. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Richard. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buckingham. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Richard. Stanley, he is your wife's son : well, look to it.
Buckingham. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables
Which you have promised I shall possess.
K. Richard. Stanley, look to your wife : if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buckingham. What says your highness to my just request ?
K. Richard. I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king ! perhaps—
Buckingham. My lord !
K. Richard. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him ?
Buckingham. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Richard. Richmond ! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont : at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buckingham. My lord !
K. Richard. Ay, what 's o'clock ?
Buckingham. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K. Richard. Well, but what is 't o'clock ?
Buckingham. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Richard. Well, let it strike.
Buckingham. Why let it strike ?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buckingham. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no
K. Richard. Thou troublest me : I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and Train.*

Buckingham. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.*

Enter TYRRELL.

Tyrrell. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
'O! thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes:'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.'
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king:
And here he comes.

Enter KING RICHARD.

All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Richard. Kind Tyrrell, am I happy in thy news?

Tyrrell. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Richard. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyrrell. I did, my lord.

K. Richard. And buried, gentle Tyrrell?

Tyrrell. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But how or in what place I do not know.

K. Richard. Come to me, Tyrrell, soon at after-supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyrrell. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Richard. The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My lord !

K. Richard. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly ?

Catesby. Bad news, my lord : Morton is fled to Richmond ;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Richard. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come ; I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay :
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary :
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !
Go, muster men : my counsel is my shield ;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Margaret. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret : who comes here ?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Elizabeth. Ah ! my poor princes ! ah, my tender babes,
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets,

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.
Q. Margaret. Hover about her ; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
Duchess. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?
Q. Margaret. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet ;
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Q. Elizabeth. Wilt thou, O God ! fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done ?
Q. Margaret. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.
Duchess. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood !
Q. Elizabeth. Ah ! that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah ! who hath any cause to mourn but I ? [*Sitting down by her.*
Q. Margaret. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,
If sorrow can admit society. [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him :
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duchess. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Q. Margaret. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death :
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand-tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.

O ! upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan.
Duchess. O ! Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes :
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Margaret. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss :
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward ;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither ; but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God ! I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead.
Q. Elizabeth. O ! thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunchback'd toad.
Q. Margaret. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune ;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen ;
The presentation of but what I was ;
The flattering index of a direful pageant ;
One heav'd a-high to be hurl'd down below ;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
Where are thy children ? wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues and kneels and cries God save the queen ?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art :
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;

For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues ;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time ;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke ;
From which even here, I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance :
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Elizabeth. O thou, well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Margaret. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;
Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is :
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse :
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Elizabeth. My words are dull ; O ! quicken them with thine !

Q. Margaret. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

Duchess. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Elizabeth. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !
Let them have scope : though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duchess. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*A trumpet heard.*
The trumpet sounds : be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Richard. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

Duchess. O ! she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done !

Q. Elizabeth. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers ?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children ?
Duchess. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?
Q. Elizabeth. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ?
Duchess. Where is kind Hastings ?
K. Richard. A flourish, trumpets ! strike alarum, drums !
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say !
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duchess. Art thou my son ?
K. Richard. Ay ; I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duchess. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Richard. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duchess. O, let me speak !
K. Richard. Do, then ; but I'll not hear.
Duchess. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Richard. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.
Duchess. Art thou so hasty ? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.
K. Richard. And came I not at last to comfort you ?
Duchess. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell
A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious ;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous ;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :
What comfortable hour canst thou name
That ever grac'd me in thy company ?
K. Richard. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your Grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.
Strike up the drum !

Duchess. I prithee, hear me speak.
K. Richard. You speak too bitterly.
Duchess. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Richard. So!
Duchess. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse,
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*
Q. Elizabeth. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me: I say amen to her. [*Going.*
K. Richard. Stay, madam; I must talk a word with you.
Q. Elizabeth. I have no moe sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Richard. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Elizabeth. And must she die for this? O! let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Richard. Wrong not her birth; she is of royal blood.
Q. Elizabeth. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.
K. Richard. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Elizabeth. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Richard. Lo! at their births good stars were opposite!
Q. Elizabeth. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.
K. Richard. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Q. Elizabeth. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Richard. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Elizabeth. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Richard. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

Q. Elizabeth. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Richard. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Elizabeth. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads ?

K. Richard. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Elizabeth. Flatter my sorrow with report of it :
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

K. Richard. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Elizabeth. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Richard. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Elizabeth. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Richard. What do you think ?

Q. Elizabeth. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul :
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers ;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Richard. Be not too hasty to confound my meaning :
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Elizabeth. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king ?

K. Richard. Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?
Q. Elizabeth. What! thou?
K. Richard. Even so: what think you of it?
Q. Elizabeth. How canst thou woo her?
K. Richard. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Elizabeth. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Richard. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Elizabeth. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,
A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Richard. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Elizabeth. There is no other way
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Richard. Say, that I did all this for love of her?
Q. Elizabeth. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Richard. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter,
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :
The king that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What ! we have many goodly days to see :
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother ; to thy daughter go :
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Elizabeth. What were I best to say ? her father's brother
Would be her lord ? Or shall I say, her uncle ?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. Richard. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Elizabeth. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Richard. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Elizabeth. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Richard. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Elizabeth. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Richard. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Elizabeth. But how long shall that title ' ever ' last ?

K. Richard. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Q. Elizabeth. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last ?
K. Richard. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.
Q. Elizabeth. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.
K. Richard. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.
Q. Elizabeth. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
K. Richard. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Elizabeth. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
K. Richard. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.
Q. Elizabeth. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.
K. Richard. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Elizabeth. O, no ! my reasons are too deep and dead ;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
K. Richard. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.
Q. Elizabeth. Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings break.
K. Richard. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—
Q. Elizabeth. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Richard. I swear,—
Q. Elizabeth. By nothing ; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour ;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Richard. Now, by the world,—
Q. Elizabeth. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Richard. My father's death,—
Q. Elizabeth. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Richard. Then, by myself,—
Q. Elizabeth. Thyself is self-misus'd.
K. Richard. Why, then, by God,—
Q. Elizabeth. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity the king my husband made
Had not been broken, nor my brothers died :
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, too tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now ?
K. Richard. The time to come.
Q. Elizabeth. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast ;
For I myself have many tears to wash

Hereafter time for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age :
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.
K. Richard. As I intend to prosper, and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours !
Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
In her consists my happiness and thine ;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :
It cannot be avoided but by this ;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so,—
Be the attorney of my love to her :
Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.
Q. Elizabeth. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?
K. Richard. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
Q. Elizabeth. Shall I forget myself to be myself ?
K. Richard. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.
Q. Elizabeth. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?
K. Richard. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Elizabeth. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
K. Richard. Bear her my true love's kiss ; and so farewell.
[*Kissing her. Exit* QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman !

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY *following.*

How now ! what news ?
Ratcliff. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,

Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
K. Richard. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?
Catesby. Here, my good lord.
K. Richard. Catesby, fly to the duke.
Catesby. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
K. Richard. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither,—[*To* CATESBY.] Dull, unmindful villain,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
Catesby. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Richard. O! true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Catesby. I go. [*Exit.*
Ratcliff. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?
K. Richard. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
Ratcliff. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd. Stanley, what news with you?
Stanley. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad but well may be reported.
K. Richard. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?
Stanley. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Richard. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there?
Stanley. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Richard. Well, as you guess?
Stanley. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Richard. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stanley. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Richard. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him I fear.
Stanley. No, my good lord ; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Richard. Where is thy power then to beat him back ?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers ?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships ?
Stanley. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Richard. Cold friends to me : what do they in the north
When they should serve their sovereign in the west ?
Stanley. They have not been commanded, mighty king :
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Richard. Ay, ay thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond :
But I'll not trust thee.
Stanley. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was nor never will be false.
K. Richard. Go then and muster men : but leave behind
Your son, George Stanley : look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stanley. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger.

Second Messenger. In Kent, my liege the Guildfords are in arms ;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Messenger. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Richard. Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of death ?
[*He strikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

Third Messenger. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd ;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Richard. I cry thee mercy :
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?
Third Messenger. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

Fourth Messenger. Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquess Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms :
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,
The Breton navy is dispers'd by tempest.
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no ;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made away for Brittany.
K. Richard. March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news : that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Room in* LORD STANLEY'S *House.*

Enter STANLEY *and* SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stanley. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :
That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold :
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.

So, get thee gone : commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?
Christopher. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Stanley. What men of name resort to him ?
Christopher. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many other of great name and worth :
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stanley. Well, hie thee to thy lord ; I kiss his hand :
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Salisbury. An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff *and* Guard, *with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him ?
Sheriff. No, my good lord ; therefore be patient.
Buckingham. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey and Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not ?
Sheriff. It is, my lord.
Buckingham. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies ;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted ;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-Seer which I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,

And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck :
' When he,' quoth she, ' shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame :
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, *and Others, with Forces, marching.*

Richmond. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment :
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Is now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxford. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herbert. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Rich. All for our vantage : then, in God's name, march :
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD *and Forces ; the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, *and Others.*

K. Richard. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

Surrey. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Richard. My Lord of Norfolk,—
Norfolk. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Richard. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Norfolk. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Richard. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;
[Soldiers *begin to set up the* KING'S *tent.*
But where to-morrow? Well, all 's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Norfolk. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Richard. Why, our battalia trebles that account;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let 's lack no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other* Officers. *Some of the* Soldiers *pitch* RICHMOND'S *tent.*

Richmond. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—
Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,—
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richmond. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richmond. Good-night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Richard. What is 't o'clock?
Catesby. It's supper-time, my lord;
It 's nine o'clock.
K. Richard. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Catesby. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Richard. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.
Norfolk. I go, my lord.
K. Richard. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Norfolk. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Richard. Ratcliff!
Ratcliff. My lord?
K. Richard. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!
Ratcliff. My lord!
K. Richard. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
Ratcliff. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Richard. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?
Ratcliff. It is, my lord.
K. Richard. Bid my guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.
[KING RICHARD *retires into his tent. Exeunt* RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.

RICHMOND'S *tent opens, and discovers him and his* Officers, *&c.*
Enter STANLEY.

Stanley. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richmond. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Stanley. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may,—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!
Richmond. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt all but* RICHMOND.
O! thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
Sleeping and waking, O ! defend me still ! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, *Son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. [*To* KING RICHARD.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
Think how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury : despair, therefore, and die !
Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of KING HENRY THE SIXTH *rises.*

Ghost. [*To* KING RICHARD.] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes :
Think on the Tower and me ; despair and die !
Henry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.
[*To* RICHMOND.] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be the king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep : live thou and flourish !

The Ghost of CLARENCE *rises.*

Ghost. [*To* KING RICHARD.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !
[*To* RICHMOND.] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee :
Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *rise.*

Ghost of RIVERS. [*To* KING RICHARD.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! despair, and die !
Ghost of GREY. [*To* KING RICHARD.] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.
Ghost of VAUGHAN. [*To* KING RICHARD.] Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy pointless lance : despair, and die !—
All Three. [*To* RICHMOND.] Awake ! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him : awake, and win the day !

The Ghost of HASTINGS *rises.*

Ghost. [*To* KING RICHARD.] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ;
And in a bloody battle end thy days !
Think on Lord Hastings, so despair, and die !—
[*To* RICHMOND.] Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake ! 150
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

The Ghosts of the two young PRINCES *rise.*

Ghosts. [*To* KING RICHARD.] Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower :
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die ! 155
[*To* RICHMOND.] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy ;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of LADY ANNE *rises.*

Ghost. [*To* KING RICHARD.] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife, 160
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die ! 164
[*To* RICHMOND.] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;
Dream of success and happy victory !
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM *rises.*

Ghost. [*To* KING RICHARD.] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown ;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O ! in the battle think on Buckingham 170
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !
[*To* RICHMOND.] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid :
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd : 175
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

K. Richard. Give me another horse ! bind up my wounds !
Have mercy, Jesu ! Soft ! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What ! do I fear myself ? there's none else by :
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am :
Then fly : what ! from myself ? Great reason why :
Lest I revenge. What ! myself upon myself ?
Alack ! I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself ?
O ! no : alas ! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie ; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well : fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree :
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree ;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, ' Guilty ! guilty !'
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ;
And if I die, no soul will pity me :
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself ?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent ; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Ratcliff. My lord !
K. Richard. 'Zounds ! who 's there ?
Ratcliff. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn ;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Richard. O Ratcliff ! I have dream'd a fearful dream.
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true ?
Ratcliff. No doubt, my lord.
K. Richard. O Ratcliff ! I fear, I fear,—
Ratcliff. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Richard. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt.*

RICHMOND *wakes. Enter* OXFORD *and Others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond !

Richmond. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richmond. The sweetest sleep, the fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent and cried on victory :
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords ?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richmond. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

His oration to his Soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on : yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side ;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces ;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide ;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him ;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice, ward you as his soldiers ;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corse on the earth's cold face ;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory ! [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, *and Forces.*

K. Richard. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond ?

Ratcliff. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Richard. He said the truth : and what said Surrey then?

Ratcliff. He smil'd, and said, 'The better for our purpose.'

K. Richard. He was i' the right ; and so, indeed, it is. [*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun to-day ?

Ratcliff. Not I, my lord.

K. Richard. Then he disdains to shine ; for by the book
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago :
A black day will it be to somebody.
Ratcliff !

Ratcliff. My lord ?

K. Richard. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Norfolk. Arm, arm, my lord ! the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Richard. Come, bustle, bustle ; caparison my horse.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered :
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length
Consisting equally of horse and foot ;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst :
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot ! What think'st thou, Norfolk ?

Norfolk. A good direction, war-like sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*

K. Richard. *Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen ; every man to his charge :
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe :
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell ;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?
Remember whom you are to cope withal :
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost ?
A milksop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the sea again ;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these rascal Bretons ; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd.
Shall these enjoy our lands ? [*Drum afar off.*

Hark! I hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Messenger. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Richard. Off with his son George's head!
Norfolk. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Richard. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits upon our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK *and Forces; to him* CATESBY.

Catesby. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Richard. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Catesby. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.
K. Richard. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter from opposite sides KING RICHARD *and* RICHMOND, *and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY, *bearing the crown, with divers other* Lords, *and Forces.*

Richmond. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stanley. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo ! here, this long-usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal :
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richmond. Great God of heaven, say amen to all !
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?
Stanley. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.
Richmond. What men of name are slain on either side ?
Stanley. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richmond. Inter their bodies as becomes their births :
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us ;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red :
Smile, heaven, upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O ! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together ;
And let their heirs—God, if thy will be so,—
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again :
That she may long live here, God say amen ! [*Exeunt.*

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Cardinal Campeius.
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Suffolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chancellor.
Lord Chamberlain.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.
Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner.
A Crier.

Queen Katharine, Wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced.
Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.
An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Scene.—*Chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.*

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;

The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter at one door the DUKE OF NORFOLK; *at the other, the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and the* LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buckingham. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Norfolk. I thank your Grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buckingham. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Norfolk. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde

I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one ?
Buckingham. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Norfolk. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India : every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams, too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this masque
Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise ; and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.
Buckingham. O ! you go far.
Norfolk. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view ; the office did
Distinctly his full function.
Buckingham. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Norfolk. One certes, that promises no element
In such a business.
Buckingham. I pray you, who, my lord ?
Norfolk. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.
Buckingham. The devil speed him ! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
Norfolk. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied
To eminent assistants ; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.
Abergavenny. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him : let some graver eye
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him : whence has he that ?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.
Buckingham. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,—
The honourable board of council out,—
Must fetch him in he papers.
Abergavenny. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buckingham. O ! many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity

But minister communication of
A most poor issue ?
Norfolk. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buckingham. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd ; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy : That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.
Norfolk. Which is budded out ;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Abergavenny. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd ?
Norfolk. Marry, is 't.
Abergavenny. A proper title of a peace ; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate !
Buckingham. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Norfolk. Like it your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together ; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful ; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge : it 's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY,—*the Purse borne before him,—certain of the* Guard, *and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* CARDINAL *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wolsey. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha ?
Where 's his examination ?
First Secretary. Here, so please you.

Wolsey. Is he in person ready ?
First Secretary. Ay, please your Grace.
Wolsey. Well, we shall then know more ; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt* WOLSEY, *and Train.*
Buckingham. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.
Norfolk. What ! are you chaf'd ?
Ask God for temperance ; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.
Buckingham. I read in 's looks
Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object : at this instant
He bores me with some trick : he 's gone to the king ;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.
Norfolk. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first : anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buckingham. I'll to the king ;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.
Norfolk. Be advis'd ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it ? Be advis'd :
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buckingham. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription : but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,

And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel,—I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Norfolk. Say not, 'treasonous.'
Buckingham. To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.
Norfolk. Faith, and so it did.
Buckingham. Pray give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried, 'Thus let be,' to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead. But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason, Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,
Which I do well; for, I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd; but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd:
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know—
As soon he shall by me—that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Norfolk. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.
Buckingham. No, not a syllable :
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON ; *a* Sergeant-at-Arms *before him.*

Brandon. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.
Sergeant-at-Arms. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buckingham. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me ! I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Brandon. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.
Buckingham. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence, for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things ! I obey.
O ! my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well !
Brandon. Nay, he must bear you company. [*To* ABERGAVENNY.] The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Abergavenny. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd !
Brandon. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute ; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buckingham. So, so ;
These are the limbs o' the plot : no more, I hope.
Brandon. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buckingham. O ! Nicholas Hopkins ?
Brandon. He.
Buckingham. My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd already :

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Council Chamber.*

Enter the KING, *leaning on the* CARDINAL'S *shoulder, the* Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, *and* Attendants. *The* CARDINAL *places himself under the* KING'S *feet on the right side.*

K. Henry. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's ; in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, ' Room for the Queen ! ' *Enter* QUEEN KATHARINE, *ushered by the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK : *she kneels. The* KING *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Katharine. Nay, we must longer kneel : I am a suitor.
K. Henry. Arise, and take place by us : half your suit
Never name to us ; you have half our power :
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Q. Katharine. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K. Henry. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Katharine. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance : there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties : wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil !—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly ; yea, such which breaks

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Norfolk. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.
K. Henry. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wolsey. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Katharine. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sov'reign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Henry. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Katharine. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it 's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness

Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.
K. Henry. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wolsey. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.
K. Henry. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't ;
I put it to your care.
Wolsey. [*To the* Secretary.] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd

That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Katharine. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.
K. Henry. It grieves many :
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound ; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Wolsey. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.
K. Henry. Speak freely.
Surveyor. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.
Wolsey. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.
Q. Katharine. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Henry. Speak on :
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ?
Surveyor. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.
K. Henry. What was that Hopkins ?
Surveyor. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
K. Henry. How know'st thou this ?
Surveyor. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey : I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk ; ' that oft,' says he,
' Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd : neither the king nor 's heirs—
Tell you the duke—shall prosper : bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty : the duke
Shall govern England.'
Q. Katharine. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants : take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.
K. Henry. Let him on.
Go forward.
Surveyor. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do. He answer'd, ' Tush !
It can do me no damage ; ' adding further,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.
K. Henry. Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah, ha !
There 's mischief in this man. Canst thou say further ?
Surveyor. I can, my liege.
K. Henry. Proceed.
Surveyor. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—
K. Henry. I remember
Of such a time : being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on ; what hence ?
Surveyor. ' If,' quoth he, ' I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence ; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'
K. Henry. A giant traitor !
Wolsey. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison ?
Q. Katharine. God mend all !
K. Henry. There 's something more would out of thee ? what sayst ?
Surveyor. After ' the duke his father,' with ' the knife,'
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
K. Henry. There 's his period ;
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
Call him to present trial : if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us : by day and night !
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and* LORD SANDS.

Chamberlain. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries ?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Chamberlain. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd ones ;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones : one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.
Chamberlain. Death ! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now !
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?
Lovell. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Chamberlain. What is 't for ?
Lovell. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Chamberlain. I am glad 'tis there : now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lovell. They must either—
For so run the conditions—leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto,—as fights and fireworks ;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom ;—renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men ;
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Chamberlain. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !
Lovell. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords : the sly monsieurs
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em ! I am glad they're going :
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em : now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.
Chamberlain. Well said, Lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Chamberlain. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going ?
Lovell. To the cardinal's :
Your lordship is a guest too.
Chamberlain. O ! 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lovell. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall everywhere.
Chamberlain. No doubt he 's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord ; he has wherewithal : in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal ;
They are set here for examples.
Chamberlain. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,

We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-chamber in York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for CARDINAL WOLSEY, *a longer table for the guests. Enter, at one door,* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests ; at another door, enter* SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guildford. Ladies, a general welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all ; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, *and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

O, my lord ! you're tardy :
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Chamberlain. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em : by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lovell. O ! that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these !
Sands. I would I were ;
They should find easy penance.
Chamberlain. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this ;
His Grace is ent'ring. Nay you must not freeze ;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather :
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies :
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another* Lady.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir ?
Sands. O ! very mad, exceeding mad ; in love too :
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*
Chamberlain. Well said, my lord.
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state.*

Wolsey. You're welcome, my fair guests : that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : this, to confirm my welcome ;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your Grace is noble :
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wolsey. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry : gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then, we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship ; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your Grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets within ; chambers discharged.*
Wolsey. What 's that ?
Chamberlain. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit a* Servant.
Wolsey. What war-like voice,
And to what end, is this ? Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Chamberlain. How now, what is 't ?
Servant. A noble troop of strangers ;
For so they seem : they've left their barge and landed ;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wolsey. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the French tongue ;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
[*Exit the* Lord Chamberlain, *attended. All arise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all ; and once more
I shower a welcome on ye ; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, *and Others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* CARDINAL, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?
Chamberlain. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace : that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.
Wolsey. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[*They choose* Ladies *for the dance. The* KING *chooses* ANNE BULLEN.
K. Henry. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee ! [*Music. Dance.*
Wolsey. My lord.
Chamberlain. Your Grace ?
Wolsey. Pray tell them thus much from me :
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty

I would surrender it.
Chamberlain. I will, my lord.
[*Whispers the Masquers.*
Wolsey. What say they ?
Chamberlain. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed ; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wolsey. Let me see then.
[*Comes from his state.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.
K. Henry. [*Unmasking.*] You have found him, cardinal.
You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wolsey. I am glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Henry. My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither. What fair lady 's that ?
Chamberlain. An 't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
K. Henry. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen !
Let it go round.
Wolsey. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber ?
Lovell. Yes, my lord.
Wolsey. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Henry. I fear, too much.
Wolsey. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Henry. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. Let 's be merry :
Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again ; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour. Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Westminster. A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

First Gentleman. Whither away so fast ?
Second Gentleman. O ! God save ye.
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
First Gentleman. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
Second Gentleman. Were you there ?
First Gentleman. Yes, indeed, was I.
Second Gentleman. Pray speak what has happen'd.
First Gentleman. You may guess quickly what.
Second Gentleman. Is he found guilty ?
First Gentleman. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.
Second Gentleman. I am sorry for 't.
First Gentleman. So are a number more.
Second Gentleman. But, pray, how pass'd it ?
First Gentleman. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar ; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face :
At which appear'd against him his surveyor ;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
Second Gentleman. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies ?
First Gentleman. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
Second Gentleman. After all this how did he bear himself ?

First Gentleman. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
Second Gentleman. I do not think he fears death.
First Gentleman. Sure, he does not;
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
Second Gentleman. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.
First Gentleman. 'Tis likely
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who, remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
Second Gentleman. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
First Gentleman. At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
Second Gentleman. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;—
First Gentleman. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him* SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people.*

Second Gentleman. Let 's stand close, and behold him.
Buckingham. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done upon the premises but justice;
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.
Lovell. I do beseech your Grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buckingham. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his Grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!
Lovell. To the water side I must conduct your Grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there!
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.
Buckingham. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,

And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
And with that blood will make them one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell : God's peace be with him !
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes ; both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most :
A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all ; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell :
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done ; and God forgive me !
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Train.*

First Gentleman. O ! this is full of pity ! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Second Gentleman. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe ; yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gentleman. Good angels keep it from us !
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

Second Gentleman. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.
First Gentleman. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.
Second Gentleman. I am confident:
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?
First Gentleman. Yes, but it held not;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
Second Gentleman. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.
First Gentleman. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
Second Gentleman. I think you have hit the mark: but is 't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
First Gentleman. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

Chamberlain. My lord, The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took them from me; with this reason: His

master would be served before a subject, if not before the king ; which stopped our mouths, sir.

I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them :
He will have all, I think.

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Norfolk. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.
Chamberlain. Good day to both your Graces.
Suffolk. How is the king employ'd ?
Chamberlain. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Norfolk. What 's the cause ?
Chamberlain. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suffolk. No ; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Norfolk. 'Tis so :
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suffolk. Pray God he do ! he 'll never know himself else.
Norfolk. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs ; and all these for his marriage :
And out of all these, to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king : and is not this course pious ?
Chamberlain. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis most true
These news are every where ; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for 't. All that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suffolk. And free us from his slavery.

Norfolk. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suffolk. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him ; there 's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.
Norfolk. Let 's in ;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.
My lord, you'll bear us company ?
Chamberlain. Excuse me ;
The king hath sent me otherwhere : besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.
Norfolk. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The* KING *is discovered sitting and reading pensively.*

Suffolk. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Henry. Who is there, ha ?
Norfolk. Pray God he be not angry.
K. Henry. Who 's there, I say ? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations ?
Who am I, ha ?
Norfolk. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate ; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Henry. Ye are too bold.
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ?

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who 's there ? my good Lord Cardinal ? O ! my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience ;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To* CAMPEIUS.] You're welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom :
Use us, and it. [*To* WOLSEY.] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.
Wolsey. Sir, you cannot.
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Henry. [*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.] We are busy : go.
Norfolk. [*Aside to* SUFFOLK.] This priest has no pride in him !
Suffolk. [*Aside to* NORFOLK.] Not to speak of ;
I would not be so sick though for his place :
But this cannot continue.
Norfolk. [*Aside to* SUFFOLK.] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.
Suffolk. [*Aside to* NORFOLK.] I another.
[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.
Wolsey. Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices : Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius ;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.
K. Henry. And once more in my arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves :
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
Campeius. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission, by whose virtue,—
The court of Rome commanding,—you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.
K. Henry. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where 's Gardiner ?
Wolsey. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,

Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Henry. Ay, and the best, she shall have ; and my favour
To him that does best : God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wolsey. [*Aside to* GARDINER.] Give me your hand ; much joy and favour to you ;
You are the king's now.
Gardiner. [*Aside to* WOLSEY.] But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
K. Henry. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*
Campeius. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him ?
Wolsey. Yes, he was.
Campeius. Was he not held a learned man ?
Wolsey. Yes, surely.
Campeius. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.
Wolsey. How ! of me ?
Campeius. They will not stick to say, you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so griev'd him
That he ran mad and died.
Wolsey. Heaven's peace be with him !
That 's Christian care enough : for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment :
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
K. Henry. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit* GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars ;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord !
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, conscience !
O ! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Antechamber in the* QUEEN'S *Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an* Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here 's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing; O! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire, after this process
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old Lady. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O! God's will; much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old Lady. Alas! poor lady,
She 's a stranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old Lady. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhood
I would not be a queen.
Old Lady. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhood for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old Lady. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old Lady. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old Lady. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little:
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old Lady. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Chamberlain. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Chamberlain. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Chamberlain. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;

More than my all is nothing, nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Chamberlain. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside.*] I have perus'd her well ;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king ; and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle ? [*To her.*] I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.
Old Lady. Why, this it is ; see, see !
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !
A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie, upon
This compell'd fortune !—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old Lady. How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once,—'tis an old story,—
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt : have you heard it ?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old Lady With your theme I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke !
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect !
No other obligation ! By my life
That promises more thousands : honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess : say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot : it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.
Old Lady. What do you think me ?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, *with short silver wands ; next them, two* Scribes, *in the habit of doctors ; after them, the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *alone ; after him, the* BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH ; *next them, at some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat ; then two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross ; then a* Gentleman-Usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant-at-Arms, *bearing a silver mace ; then two* Gentlemen, *bearing two great silver pillars ; after them, side by side, the two* CARDINALS ; *two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace. Then enter the* KING *and* QUEEN, *and their Trains. The* KING *takes place under the cloth of state ; the two* CARDINALS *sit under him as judges. The* QUEEN *takes place at some distance from the* KING. *The* BISHOPS *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory ; below them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* BISHOPS. *The* Crier *and the rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the Stage.*

Wolsey. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Henry. What 's the need ?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd ;
You may then spare that time.
Wolsey. Be 't so. Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry King of England, come into the court.
K. Henry. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.
[*The* QUEEN *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* KING, *and kneels at his feet ; then speaks.*
Q. Katharine. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice ;
And to bestow your pity on me ; for

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas ! sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable ;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you : if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before : it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel
I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wolsey. You have here, lady,—

And of your choice,—these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Campeius. His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly : therefore, madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.
Q. Katharine. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.
Wolsey. Your pleasure, madam ?
Q. Katharine. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen,—or long have dream'd so,—certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wolsey. Be patient yet.
Q. Katharine. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge, whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wolsey. I do profess
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you or any : how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it.
The king is present : if it be known to him

That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood ; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me ; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you : the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Katharine. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd ;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility ; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual ; that again
I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the* KING, *and offers to depart.*

Campeius. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't : 'tis not well.
She 's going away.

K. Henry. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Griffith. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Katharine. What need you note it ? pray you, keep your way :
When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord help !
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on :
I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, *and her* Attendants.

K. Henry. Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that : thou art, alone,—
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,—
The queen of earthly queens. She 's noble born ;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.
Wolsey. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and bound
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't ? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person ?
K. Henry. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd :
But will you be more justified ? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it. On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention :
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ; give heed to 't :
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he—
I mean, the bishop—did require a respite ;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature, that my male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought
This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me. Then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lincoln. Very well, my liege.

K. Henry. I have spoke long : be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lincoln. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel that I had to doubt ;
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

K. Henry. Then I mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons. Unsolicited

I left no reverend person in this court ;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on ;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.
Campeius. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day :
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*
K. Henry. [*Aside.*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant Cranmer,
Prithee, return : with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the* QUEEN'S *Apartment.*

The QUEEN *and her Women at work.*

Q. Katharine. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with troubles ;
Sing and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Katharine. How now!

Gentleman. An 't please your Grace, the two great cardinals Wait in the presence.

Q. Katharine. Would they speak with me?

Gentleman. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Katharine. Pray their Graces To come near. [*Exit* Gentleman.] What can be their business With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour? I do not like their coming, now I think on 't. They should be good men, their affairs as righteous; But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wolsey. Peace to your highness!

Q. Katharine. Your Graces find me here part of a housewife, I would be all, against the worst may happen. What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wolsey. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw Into your private chamber, we shall give you The full cause of our coming.

Q. Katharine. Speak it here; There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, Deserves a corner: would all other women Could speak this with as free a soul as I do! My lords, I care not—so much I am happy Above a number—if my actions Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em, Envy and base opinion set against 'em, I know my life so even. If your business Seek me out, and that way I am wife in, Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wolsey. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—

Q. Katharine. O, good my lord, no Latin; I am not such a truant since my coming As not to know the language I have liv'd in: A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.
Wolsey. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,—
And service to his majesty and you,—
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.
Campeius. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him,—which was too far,—
Offers, as I do, in sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Katharine. [*Aside.*] To betray me.
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove so!—
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,—good your Graces
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.
Wolsey. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Katharine. In England
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?

Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here :
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords.
Campeius. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Katharine. How, sir ?
Campeius. Put your main cause into the king's protection ;
He 's loving and most gracious : 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause ;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.
Wolsey. He tells you rightly.
Q. Katharine. Ye tell me what ye wish for both ; my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel ? out upon ye !
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.
Campeius. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Katharine. The more shame for ye ! holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye.
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity ; but say, I warn'd ye :
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wolsey. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Katharine. Ye turn me into nothing : woe upon ye,
And all such false professors ! Would ye have me,—
If ye have any justice, any pity ;
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits,—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
Alas ! he has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago ! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness ? all your studies

Make me a curse like this.
Campeius. Your fears are worse.
Q. Katharine. Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one ?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion ?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king ? lov'd him next heaven ? obey'd him ?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.
Wolsey. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Q. Katharine. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wolsey. Pray hear me.
Q. Katharine. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady ?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
[*To her women.*] Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?
Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me ;
Almost no grave allow'd me. Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.
Wolsey. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,
The way of our profession is against it :
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm : pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Campeius. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;
Beware you lose it not : for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Katharine. Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray, forgive me
If I have us'd myself unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty :
He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Antechamber to the* KING'S *Apartment.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Norfolk. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them : if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces
With these you bear already.
Surrey. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suffolk. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected ? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself ?
Chamberlain. My lords, you speak your pleasures :

What he deserves of you and me, I know ;
What we can do to him,—though now the time
Gives way to us,—I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.
Norfolk. O ! fear him not ;
His spell in that is out : the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Surrey. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Norfolk. Believe it, this is true :
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.
Surrey. How came
His practices to light ?
Suffolk. Most strangely.
Surrey. O ! how ? how ?
Suffolk. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king ; wherein was read,
That the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for if
It did take place, ' I do,' quoth he, ' perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'
Surrey. Has the king this ?
Suffolk. Believe it.
Surrey. Will this work ?
Chamberlain. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death : the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Surrey. Would he had !
Suffolk. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For I profess, you have it.
Surrey. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction !
Suffolk. My amen to 't !
Norfolk. All men's.

Suffolk. There 's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Surrey. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The Lord forbid !
Norfolk. Marry, amen !
Suffolk. No, no ;
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried Ha ! at this.
Chamberlain. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry Ha ! louder.
Norfolk. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?
Suffolk. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.
Norfolk. This same Cranmer 's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suffolk. He has ; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Norfolk. So I hear.
Suffolk. 'Tis so.
The cardinal !

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Norfolk. Observe, observe ; he 's moody.
Wolsey. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the king ?

Cromwell. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.
Wolsey. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Cromwell. Presently
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wolsey. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Cromwell. I think, by this he is.
Wolsey. Leave me awhile. [*Exit* CROMWELL.
[*Aside.*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French King's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There 's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Norfolk. He 's discontented.
Suffolk. May be he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Surrey. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wolsey. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Norfolk. He is vex'd at something.
Surrey. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter the KING, *reading a schedule; and* LOVELL.

Suffolk. The king, the king!
K. Henry. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,

Saw you the cardinal?
Norfolk. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him; some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. Henry. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such a proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Norfolk. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.
K. Henry. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL. *who goes to* WOLSEY,

Wolsey. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!
K. Henry. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wolsey. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which

I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
K. Henry. You have said well.
Wolsey. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
K. Henry. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wolsey. [*Aside.*] What should this mean?
Surrey. [*Aside.*] The Lord increase this business!
K. Henry. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me
If what I now pronounce you have found true;
And if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
Wolsey. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Henry. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,

My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wolsey. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Henry. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit* KING, *frowning upon* CARDINAL WOLSEY; *the* Nobles *throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*

Wolsey. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me! 'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What 's this?—'To the Pope!'
The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Norfolk. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wolsey. Stay,
Where 's your commission, lord? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suffolk. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wolsey. Till I find more than will or words to do it,
I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king—
Mine and your master—with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it with the place and honours
During my life; and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now who'll take it?
Surrey. The king, that gave it.
Wolsey. It must be himself then.
Surrey. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wolsey. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.
Surrey. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:

The heads of all thy brother cardinals—
With thee and all thy best parts bound together—
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wolsey. This and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Surrey. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.
Wolsey. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Surrey. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope against the king; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life; I'll startle you.
Wolsey. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Norfolk. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand ;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wolsey. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise
When the king knows my truth.
Surrey. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry ' guilty,' cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
Wolsey. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections ; if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Surrey. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you !
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Norfolk. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suffolk. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Surrey. *Item*, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Suffolk. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Surrey. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,—
By what means got I leave to your own conscience,—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Chamberlain. O my lord !
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Surrey. I forgive him.
Suffolk. Lord Cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.
Norfolk. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.
[*Exeunt all except* WOLSEY.
Wolsey. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
I feel my heart new open'd. O ! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, *and stands amazed.*
Why, how now, Cromwell !
Cromwell. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wolsey. What ! amaz'd
At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.
Cromwell. How does your Grace ?
Wolsey. Why, well ;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell,
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
O ! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Cromwell. I am glad your Grace has made that right use of it.
Wolsey. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,—
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,—
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?
Cromwell. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wolsey. God bless him !
Cromwell. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wolsey. That 's somewhat sudden :
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !
What more ?
Cromwell. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
Wolsey. That 's news indeed.
Cromwell. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wolsey. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell !
The king has gone beyond me : all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : seek the king ;—
That sun, I pray, may never set !—I have told him
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Cromwell. O my lord !
Must I then, leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.
Wolsey. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues : be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell !
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
And,—prithee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,

And my integrity to heaven is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Cromwell. Good sir, have patience.
Wolsey. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

First Gentleman. You're well met once again.
Second Gentleman. So are you.
First Gentleman. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?
Second Gentleman. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
First Gentleman. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
Second Gentleman. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward,
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
First Gentleman. Never greater;
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
Second Gentleman. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
First Gentleman. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
Second Gentleman. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gentleman. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay ; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not :
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect :
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

Second Gentleman. Alas ! good lady !

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is coming.

[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A lively flourish of trumpets.

1. *Two* Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, *with the purse and mace before him.*
3. Choristers, *singing.* [*Music.*
4. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace. Then* Garter, *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. MARQUESS DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the* EARL OF SURREY, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, *with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports ; under it, the* QUEEN *in her robe ; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the* BISHOPS OF LONDON *and* WINCHESTER.
8. *The old* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* QUEEN'S *train.*
9. *Certain* Ladies *or* Countesses, *with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Second Gentleman. A royal train, believe me. These I know ;
Who 's that that bears the sceptre ?

First Gentleman. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.
Second Gentleman. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk?
First Gentleman. 'Tis the same; high-steward.
Second Gentleman. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
First Gentleman. Yes.
Second Gentleman. [*Looking on the* QUEEN.] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
First Gentleman. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
Second Gentleman. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
First Gentleman. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
Second Gentleman. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.
First Gentleman. No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
Third Gentleman. Among the crowd i' the Abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
Second Gentleman. You saw
The ceremony?
Third Gentleman. That I did.
First Gentleman. How was it?
Third Gentleman. Well worth the seeing.
Second Gentleman. Good sir, speak it to us.
Third Gentleman. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her ; while her Grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever stood by man : which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up ; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. No man living
Could say, 'This is my wife,' there ; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Second Gentleman. But, what follow'd ?

Third Gentleman. At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people :
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gentleman. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that 's past ;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost :
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gentleman. I know it ;
But 'tis so lately alter'd that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Second Gentleman. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

Third Gentleman. Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one of Winchester,—
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,—
The other, London.

Second Gentleman. He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
Third Gentleman. All the land knows that :
However, yet there 's no great breach ; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
Second Gentleman. Who may that be, I pray you ?
Third Gentleman. Thomas Cromwell :
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king
Has made him master o' the jewel house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
Second Gentleman. He will deserve more.
Third Gentleman. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests :
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick : led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Griffith. How does your Grace ?
Katharine. O Griffith ! sick to death !
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair :
So ; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey
Was dead ?
Griffith. Yes, madam ; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.
Katharine. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Griffith. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.
Katharine. Alas ! poor man.
Griffith. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester ;

Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him :
To whom he gave these words : ' O ! father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity.'
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still ; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight,—which he himself
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Katharine. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom ; simony was fair-play ;
His own opinion was his law ; i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful ;
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing :
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Griffith. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?
Katharine. Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious else.
Griffith. This cardinal,
Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading ;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—
Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,

Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Katharine. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Griffith. She is asleep: good wench, let 's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order, at which,—as it were by inspiration,—she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Katharine. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Griffith. Madam, we are here.

Katharine. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter since I slept ?
Griffith. None, madam.
Katharine. No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall assuredly.
Griffith. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Katharine. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Patience. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden ?
How long her face is drawn ? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold ? Mark her eyes !
Griffith. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.
Patience. Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. An 't like your Grace,—
Katharine. You are a saucy fellow :
Deserve we no more reverence ?
Griffith. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour ; go to, kneel.
Messenger. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Katharine. Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and* Messenger.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Capucius. Madam, the same ; your servant.
Katharine. O my lord !
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?
Capucius. Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your Grace ; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Katharine. O ! my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
'Tis like a pardon after execution :
That gentle physic, given in time had cur'd me ;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his highness ?
Capucius. Madam, in good health.
Katharine. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom. Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?
Patience. No, madam.
[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.
Katharine. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Capucius. Most willing, madam.
Katharine. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie,—but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men : they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by :
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents ; and, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Capucius. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Katharine. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*London. A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester, a* Page *with a torch before him, met by* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gardiner. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gardiner. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lovell. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gardiner. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lovell. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gardiner. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs, that walk—

As they say spirits do—at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.
Lovell. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.
Gardiner. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lovell. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gardiner. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lovell. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gardiner. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir,—I may tell it you,—I think I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint,—of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,—hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board

He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long : good-night, Sir Thomas !
Lovell. Many good-nights, my lord. I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

Enter the KING *and* SUFFOLK.

K. Henry. Charles, I will play no more to-night ;
My mind 's not on 't ; you are too hard for me.
Suffolk. Sir, I did never win of you before.
K. Henry. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news ?
Lovell. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
K. Henry. What sayst thou, ha ?
To pray for her ? what !
Lovell. So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
K. Henry. Alas ! good lady.
Suffolk. God safely quit her to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir !
K. Henry. 'Tis midnight, Charles ;
Prithee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone ;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suffolk. I wish your highness
A quiet night ; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Henry. Charles, good-night.
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, Sir, what follows ?
Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
K. Henry. Ha ! Canterbury ?
Denny. Ay, my good lord.

K. Henry. 'Tis true : where is he, Denny ?
Denny. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Henry. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.
Lovell. [*Aside.*] This is about that which the bishop spake : I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K. Henry. Avoid the gallery. [LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha ! I have said. Begone.
What !— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.
Cranmer. I am fearful. Wherefore frowns he thus ?
'Tis his aspect of terror : all 's not well.
K. Henry. How now, my lord ! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cranmer. [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.
K. Henry. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;
I have news to tell you : come, come, give me your hand.
Ah ! my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us ; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cranmer. [*Kneeling.*] I humbly thank your highness ;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder ; for I know
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.
K. Henry. Stand up, good Canterbury :
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted

In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let 's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.
Cranmer. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
K. Henry. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cranmer. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence! or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
K. Henry. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look! the good man weeps;
He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul

None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* CRANMER.] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an Old Lady.

Gentleman. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?
Old Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Henry. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Old Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Henry. Lovell!

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lovell. Sir!
K. Henry. Give her a hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit.*
Old Lady. A hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment:
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Pursuivants, Pages, *&c.*, *attending.*

Cranmer. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there?

Enter Keeper.

Sure, you know me?
Keeper. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.
Cranmer. Why?
Keeper. Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cranmer. So.
Butts. [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently.
Cranmer. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician. As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.
Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the KING *and* BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your Grace the strangest sight,—
K. Henry. What 's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
K. Henry. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord,
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Henry. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,—
At least, good manners,—as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt above.*

SCENE III.—*The Council-Chamber.*

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* Chancellor *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end as secretary.* Keeper *at the door.*

Chancellor. Speak to the business, Master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Cromwell. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.
Gardiner. Has he had knowledge of it?
Cromwell. Yes.
Norfolk. Who waits there?
Keeper. Without, my noble lords?
Gardiner. Yes.
Keeper. My lord archbishop:
And has done half-an-hour, to know your pleasures.
Chancellor. Let him come in.
Keeper. Your Grace may enter now.
[CRANMER *enters and approaches the council-table.*
Chancellor. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gardiner. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer—
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour—this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?

Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.
Cranmer. My good lords, hitherto in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living,—
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,—
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
Suffolk. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.
Gardiner. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cranmer. Ah! my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gardiner. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Cromwell. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gardiner. Good Master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Cromwell. Why, my lord?
Gardiner. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Cromwell. Not sound?
Gardiner. Not sound, I say.
Cromwell. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gardiner. I shall remember this bold language.
Cromwell. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chancellor. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gardiner. I have done.
Cromwell. And I.
Chancellor. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cranmer. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gardiner. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cranmer. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gardiner. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cranmer. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;

By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Chancellor. This is the king's ring.
Surrey. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suffolk. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Norfolk. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Chamberlain. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.
Cromwell. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man—whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at—
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter the KING, *frowning on them: he takes his seat.*

Gardiner. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the Church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K. Henry. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.
[*To* CRANMER.] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Surrey. May it please your Grace,—
K. Henry. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom. There 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
Which ye shall never have while I live.
Chancellor. Thus far,
My most dread sov'reign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather—
If there be faith in men—meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.
K. Henry. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
Take him, and use him well ; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :
Be friends, for shame, my lords ! My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me ;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.
Cranmer. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour : how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?
K. Henry. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons : you shall have two noble partners with you ; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset : will these please you ?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.
Gardiner. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.
Cranmer. And let heaven

Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.
K. Henry. Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Palace-Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter *and his* Man.

Porter. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.
[*Within.*] Good Master porter, I belong to the larder.
Porter. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?
Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.
Porter. How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.
Porter. You did nothing, sir.
Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!
[*Within.*] Do you hear, Master porter?
Porter. I shall be with you presently, good Master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do ?

Porter. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? or have we some strange Indian come to court, the women so besiege us ? Bless me, what a fry is at door ! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand : here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog days now reign in 's nose : all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me : he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, ' Clubs ! ' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place ; at length they came to the broomstaff to me ; I defied 'em still ; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Porter. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Chamberlain. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves ? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows :
There 's a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.
Porter. An 't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.
Chamberlain. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.
Porter. Make way there for the princess.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.
Porter. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail:
I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, *with his marshal's staff,* Duke of Suffolk, *two* Noblemen *bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then, four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* Duchess of Norfolk, *godmother, bearing the child, richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a* Lady; *then follows the* Marchioness of Dorset, *the other godmother, and* Ladies. *The troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Garter. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King *and Train.*

Cranmer. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal Grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,

Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!
K. Henry. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?
Cranmer. Elizabeth.
K. Henry. Stand up, lord.
[*The* KING *kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing; God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.
Cranmer. Amen.
K. Henry. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady
When she has so much English.
Cranmer. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant,—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd; her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows with her,
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new-create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,—
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,—

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations ; he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him ; our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Henry. Thou speakest wonders.

Cranmer. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her, yet a virgin ;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Henry. O lord archbishop !
Thou hast made me now a man : never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding ;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords :
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye ;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay :
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here : some come to take their ease
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets ; so 'tis clear
They'll say 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, 'That 's witty !'
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear

For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

CORIOLANUS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards Caius Marcius Coriolanus.
TITUS LARTIUS, COMINIUS, } Generals against the Volscians.
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, JUNIUS BRUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.
YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.

NICANOR, a Roman.
A Citizen of Antium.
ADRIAN, a Volsce.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*Rome and the Neighbourhood; Corioli and the Neighbourhood; Antium.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, *with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

First Citizen. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Citizen. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Citizen. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

First Citizen. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away!

Second Citizen. One word, good citizens.

First Citizen. We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Second Citizen. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

First Citizen. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

Second Citizen. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Citizen. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Second Citizen. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Citizen. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Second Citizen. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Citizen. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

First Citizen. Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Second Citizen. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Citizen. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Menenius. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

First Citizen. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Menenius. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Citizen. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Menenius. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state, whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack!
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Citizen. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Menenius. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

First Citizen. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an't please you, deliver.

Menenius. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—
First Citizen. Well, sir, what answer made the belly ?
Menenius. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt ; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.
First Citizen. Your belly's answer ? What !
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—
Menenius. What then ?
'Fore me, this fellow speaks ! what then ? what then ?
First Citizen. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—
Menenius. Well, what then ?
First Citizen. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer ?
Menenius. I will tell you ;
If you'll bestow a small, of what you have little,
Patience a while, you'st hear the belly's answer.
First Citizen. You're long about it.
Menenius. Note me this, good friend ;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd :
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon ; and fit it is ;
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body : but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain ;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency

Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark me,—
First Citizen. Ay, sir; well, well.
Menenius. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?
First Citizen. It was an answer: how apply you this?
Menenius. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for, examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?
First Citizen. I the great toe? Why the great toe?
Menenius. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!
Marcius. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
First Citizen. We have ever your good word.
Marcius. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are

A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

Menenius. For corn at their own rates; whereof they say
The city is well stor'd.

Marcius. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Menenius. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Marcius. They are dissolv'd: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs:
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,—
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Menenius. What is granted them?

Marcius. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,

Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Menenius. This is strange.
Marcius. Go; get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, *hastily.*

Messenger. Where's Caius Marcius?
Marcius. Here: what's the matter?
Messenger. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
Marcius. I am glad on't; then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

First Senator. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.
Marcius. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility,
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Cominius. You have fought together.
Marcius. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
First Senator. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Cominius. It is your former promise.
Marcius. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Titus. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Menenius. O! true-bred.
First Senator. Your company to the Capitol; where I know
Our greatest friends attend us.
Titus. [*To* COMINIUS.] Lead you on:
[*To* MARCIUS.] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Cominius. Noble Marcius!

First Senator. [*To the* Citizens.] Hence! to your homes! be gone.

Marcius. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.

[*Exeunt* Senators, Cominius, Marcius, Titus, *and* Menenius. Citizens *steal away.*

Sicinius. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Brutus. He has no equal.

Sicinius. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Brutus. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sicinius. Nay, but his taunts.

Brutus. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sicinius. Bemock the modest moon.

Brutus. The present wars devour him; he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sicinius. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Brutus. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O! if he
Had borne the business.'

Sicinius. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Brutus. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sicinius. Let's hence and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Brutus. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Corioli. The Senate-house.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *and* Senators.

First Senator. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Aufidius. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is.
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,—
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,—
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.
First Senator. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Aufidius. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.
Second Senator. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think you'll find
They've not prepared for us.
Aufidius. O! doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike

Till one can do no more.
All. The gods assist you!
Aufidius. And keep your honours safe!
First Senator. Farewell.
Second Senator. Farewell.
All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Rome. A Room in* MARCIUS'S *House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA: *they set them down on two low stools and sew.*

Volumnia. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Virgilia. But had he died in the business, madam; how then?

Volumnia. Then, his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlewoman. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.
Virgilia. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.
Volumnia. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome.' His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvestman that's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire.

Virgilia. His bloody brow! O Jupiter! no blood.

Volumnia. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords, contemning. Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gentlewoman.

Virgilia. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Volumnia. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and an* Usher.

Valeria. My ladies both, good day to you.

Volumnia. Sweet madam.

Virgilia. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Valeria. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Virgilia. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Volumnia. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Valeria. O' my word, the father's son; I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Volumnia. One on's father's moods.

Valeria. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Virgilia. A crack, madam.

Valeria. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Virgilia. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Valeria. Not out of doors!

Volumnia. She shall, she shall.

Virgilia. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Volumnia. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Virgilia. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Volumnia. Why, I pray you?

Virgilia. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Valeria. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Virgilia. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Valeria. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Virgilia. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Valeria. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Virgilia. Indeed, madam?

Valeria. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Virgilia. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Volumnia. Let her alone, lady: as she is now she will but disease our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Virgilia. No, at a word, madam; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Valeria. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Officers, *and* Soldiers. *To them a* Messenger.

Marcius. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lartius. My horse to yours, no.

Marcius. 'Tis done.
Lartius. Agreed.
Marcius. Say, has our general met the enemy ?
Messenger. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.
Lartius. So the good horse is mine.
Marcius. I'll buy him of you.
Lartius. No, I'll nor sell nor give him ; lend you him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.
Marcius. How far off lie these armies ?
Messenger. Within this mile and half.
Marcius. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends ! Come, blow thy blast.

A Parley sounded. Enter, on the Walls, two Senators, *and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?
First Senator. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth : we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up : our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes ;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off !
[*Alarum afar off.*
There is Aufidius : list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.
Marcius. O ! they are at it !
Lartius. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho !

The Volsces *enter, and pass over the stage.*

Marcius. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus :
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows :
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans *are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter* MARCIUS.

Marcius. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome ! you herd of—Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agu'd fear! Mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you; look to 't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches follow'd.

Another alarum. The Volsces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volsces *retire into Corioli, and* Marcius *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers Fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the gates.*

First Soldier. Foolhardiness! not I.
Second Soldier. Nor I.
[Marcius *is shut in.*

Third Soldier. See, they have shut him in.
All. To the pot, I warrant him.
[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lartius. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
First Soldier. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
Lartius. O noble fellow!
Who, sensibly, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

First Soldier. Look, sir!
Lartius. O! 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V.—*Corioli. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, *with spoils.*

First Roman. This will I carry to Rome.
Second Roman. And I this.
Third Roman. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a trumpet.*

Marcius. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachme! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them!
And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.
Lartius. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.
Marcius. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
Lartius. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
Marcius. Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest! So, farewell.
Lartius. Thou worthiest Marcius!—
[*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of* COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS *and Forces, retreating.*

Cominius. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Messenger. The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Cominius. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Messenger. Above an hour, my lord.

Cominius. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Messenger. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Cominius Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Marcius. [*Within.*] Come I too late?

Cominius. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Enter MARCIUS.

Marcius. Come I too late?

Cominius. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Marcius. O! let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.
Cominius. Flower of warriors.
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Marcius. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Cominius. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Marcius. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Cominius. But how prevail'd you?
Marcius. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Cominius. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.
Marcius. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Cominius. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Marcius. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Cominius. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those

That best can aid your action.

Marcius. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O! me alone? Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Cominius. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

Titus Lartius, *having set a guard upon* Corioli, *going with drum and trumpet towards* Cominius *and* Caius Marcius, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *a party of* Soldiers, *and a Scout.*

Lartius. So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieutenant. Fear not our care, sir.

Lartius. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter from opposite sides MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Marcius. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Aufidius. We hate alike :
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.
Marcius. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after !
Aufidius. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.
Marcius. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd ; 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd ; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Aufidius. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.—
[*They fight, and certain* Volsces *come in the aid of* AUFIDIUS.
Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.
[*Exeunt fighting, all driven in by* MARCIUS.

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter from one side, COMINIUS *and* Romans ; *from the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his arm in a scarf, and other* Romans.

Cominius. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou't not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end, admire ; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more ; where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,
'We thank the gods our Rome hath such a soldier !'
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.
Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*
Lartius. O general,

Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—
Marcius. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.
Cominius. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,—before our army hear me.
Marcius. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
Cominius. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.
Marcius. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry* 'Marcius! Marcius!' *cast up their caps and lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare.*

Marcius. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing!
When steel grows soft as is the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,

Which, without note, here's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.
Cominius. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland; in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear
The addition nobly ever!
All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*
Coriolanus. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.
Cominius. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.
Lartius. I shall, my lord.
Coriolanus. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Cominius. Take it; 'tis yours. What is't?
Coriolanus. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Cominius. O! well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lartius. Marcius, his name?
Coriolanus. By Jupiter! forgot.
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.
Have we no wine here?
Cominius. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X.—*The Camp of the* Volsces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, *bloody, with two or three* Soldiers.

Aufidius. The town is ta'en!
First Soldier. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Aufidius. Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me,
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force—
True sword to sword—I'll potch at him some way
Or wrath or craft may get him.
First Soldier. He's the devil.
Aufidius. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city;

Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.
First Soldier. Will not you go?
Aufidius. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you—
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
First Soldier. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Menenius. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.
Brutus. Good or bad?
Menenius. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.
Sicinius. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
Menenius. Pray you, who does the wolf love?
Sicinius. The lamb.
Menenius. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.
Brutus. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.
Menenius. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.
Sicinius. } Well, sir.
Brutus. }
Menenius. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?
Brutus. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.
Sicinius. Especially in pride.
Brutus. And topping all others in boasting.
Menenius. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?
Both. Why, how are we censured?
Menenius. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?
Both. Well, well, sir; well.

Menenius. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Brutus. We do it not alone, sir.

Menenius. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O! that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves. O! that you could.

Brutus. What then, sir?

Menenius. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates—alias fools—as any in Rome.

Sicinius. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Menenius. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses,—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Brutus. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Menenius. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the

colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Brutus. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Menenius. Our very priests must become mockers if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *go aside.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Volumnia. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Menenius. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Volumnia. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Menenius. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Volumnia. } Nay, 'tis true.
Virgilia. }

Volumnia. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Menenius. I will make my very house reel to-night. A letter for me!

Virgilia. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Menenius. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is

but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home wounded.

Virgilia. O ! no, no, no.

Volumnia. O ! he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Menenius. So do I too, if it be not too much. Brings a' victory in his pocket ? The wounds become him.

Volumnia. On's brows, Menenius ; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Menenius. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly ?

Volumnia. Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Menenius. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that : an he had stayed by him I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this ?

Volumnia. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes ; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Valeria. In troth there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Menenius. Wondrous ! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgilia. The gods grant them true !

Volumnia. True ! pow, wow.

Menenius. True ! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded ? [*To the* Tribunes.] God save your good worships ! Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to be proud. [*To* VOLUMNIA.] Where is he wounded ?

Volumnia. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm : there will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Menenius. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volumnia. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Menenius. Now, it's twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark ! the trumpets.

Volumnia. These are the ushers of Marcius : before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears :
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie ;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with* Captains, Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

Herald. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Coriolanus. No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.

Cominius. Look, sir, your mother!

Coriolanus. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Volumnia. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?
But O! thy wife!—

Coriolanus. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Menenius. Now, the gods crown thee!

Coriolanus. And live you yet? [*To* VALERIA.] O my sweet lady, pardon.

Volumnia. I know not where to turn: O! welcome home;
And welcome, general; and ye're welcome all.

Menenius. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome.
A curse begnaw at very root on's heart
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet, welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Cominius. Ever right.

Coriolanus. Menenius, ever, ever.

Herald. Give way there, and go on!

Coriolanus. [*To* VOLUMNIA *and* VALERIA.] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Volumnia. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Coriolanus. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.
Cominius. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The* Tribunes *remain.*

Brutus. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sicinius. On the sudden
I warrant him consul.
Brutus. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sicinius. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.
Brutus. In that there's comfort.
Sicinius. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they

Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours, which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.
Brutus. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sicinius. 'Tis right.
Brutus. It was his word. O! he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles.
Sicinius. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.
Brutus. 'Tis most like he will.
Sicinius. It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.
Brutus. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to his power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sicinius. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?
Messenger. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul.
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and

The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sicinius. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The Same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers *to lay cushions.*

First Officer. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

Second Officer. Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Officer. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Second Officer. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

First Officer. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

Second Officer. He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report; but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were

a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Officer. No more of him; he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors *before them,* COMINIUS *the Consul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other* Senators, SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take theirs also by themselves.*

Menenius. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom
We meet here both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.

First Senator. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the* Tribunes.] Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sicinius. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Menenius. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Brutus. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Menenius. He loves your people;

But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak.

[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*

Nay, keep your place.

First Senator. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Coriolanus. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.

Coriolanus. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Menenius. Pray now, sit down.

Coriolanus. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*

Menenius. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,—
That's thousand to one good one,—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on's ears to hear it. Proceed, Cominius.

Cominius. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Menenius. Worthy man!

First Senator. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Cominius. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Menenius. He's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

First Senator. Call Coriolanus.

Officer. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Menenius. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Coriolanus. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Menenius. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Coriolanus. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot

Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.
Sicinius. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Menenius. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Coriolanus. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Brutus. [*Aside to* SICINIUS.] Mark you that?
Coriolanus. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!
Menenius. Do not stand upon't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Senator. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.
Brutus. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sicinius. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Brutus. Come; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

First Citizen. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Second Citizen. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Citizen. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for

the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude ; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Citizen. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve ; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Citizen. We have been called so of many ; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some abram, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured : and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south ; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Second Citizen. Think you so ? Which way do you judge my wit would fly ?

Third Citizen. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will ; 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head ; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Second Citizen. Why that way ?

Third Citizen. To lose itself in a fog ; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Second Citizen. You are never without your tricks : you may, you may.

Third Citizen. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS, *in a gown of humility, and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in a gown of humility : mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars ; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues : therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Menenius. O, sir, you are not right : have you not known The worthiest men have done't ?

Coriolanus. What must I say ?
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon't ! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds !

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

Menenius. O me! the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Coriolanus. Think upon me! Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Menenius. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.

Coriolanus. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Exit* MENENIUS.
So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter two Citizens.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here?

First Citizen. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Coriolanus. Mine own desert.

Second Citizen. Your own desert!

Coriolanus. Ay, not mine own desire.

First Citizen. How! not your own desire?

Coriolanus. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

First Citizen. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Coriolanus. Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Citizen. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Coriolanus. Kindly! sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Second Citizen. You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

Coriolanus. A match, sir. There is in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

First Citizen. But this is something odd.

Second Citizen. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt the two* Citizens.

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Coriolanus. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

Third Citizen. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Coriolanus. Your enigma ?

Third Citizen. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends ; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Coriolanus. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them ; 'tis a condition they account gentle : and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly ; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fourth Citizen. We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Third Citizen. You have received many wounds for your country.

Coriolanus. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Citizens. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily ! [*Exeunt.*

Coriolanus. Most sweet voices !
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches ? Custom calls me to 't :
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus. I am half through ;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.
Here come more voices.

Re-enter three other Citizens.

Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;
Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six

I have seen and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more; your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

Fifth Citizen. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Sixth Citizen. Therefore let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Coriolanus. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

Menenius. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Coriolanus. Is this done?

Sicinius. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Coriolanus. Where? at the senate-house?

Sicinius. There, Coriolanus.

Coriolanus. May I change these garments?

Sicinius. You may, sir.

Coriolanus. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house

Menenius. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Brutus. We stay here for the people.

Sicinius. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's heart.

Brutus. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sicinius. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

First Citizen. He has our voices, sir.

Brutus. We pray the gods he may deserve your love.

Second Citizen. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Citizen. Certainly,
He flouted us downright
First Citizen. No, 'tis his kind of speech ; he did not mock us.
Second Citizen. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully : he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.
Sicinius. Why, so he did, I am sure.
All. No, no ; no man saw 'em.
Third Citizen. He said he had wounds, which he could show in private ;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he : 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me ;
Your voices therefore : ' when we granted that,
Here was, 'I thank you for your voices, thank you,
Your most sweet voices : now you have left your voices
I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery ?
Sicinius. Why, either were you ignorant to see't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices ?
Brutus. Could you not have told him
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal ; and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves ? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sicinius. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination ; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article

Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.
Brutus. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?
Sicinius. Have you
Ere now denied the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?
Third Citizen. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.
Second Citizen. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
First Citizen. Ay, twice five hundred and their friends to piece 'em.
Brutus. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.
Sicinius. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Brutus. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,—
No impediment between,—but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sicinius. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Brutus. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continu'd, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, that was so surnam'd,—
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,—
Was his great ancestor.
Sicinius. One thus descended,
That hath, beside, well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Brutus. Say you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
All. We will so; almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Brutus. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Sicinius. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians

Coriolanus. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lartius. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Coriolanus. So then the Volsces stand but as at first,

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.
Cominius. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Coriolanus. Saw you Aufidius?
Lartius. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Coriolanus. Spoke he of me?
Lartius. He did, my lord.
Coriolanus. How? what?
Lartius. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most, that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Coriolanus. At Antium lives he?
Lartius. At Antium.
Coriolanus. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.
Sicinius. Pass no further.
Coriolanus. Ha! what is that?
Brutus. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Coriolanus. What makes this change?
Menenius. The matter?
Cominius. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?
Brutus. Cominius, no.
Coriolanus. Have I had children's voices?
First Senator. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Brutus. The people are incens'd against him.
Sicinius. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Coriolanus. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?
Menenius. Be calm, be calm.
Coriolanus. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Brutus. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandall'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Coriolanus. Why, this was known before.
Brutus. Not to them all.
Coriolanus. Have you inform'd them sithence?
Brutus. How! I inform them!
Cominius. You are like to do such business.
Brutus. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Coriolanus. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sicinius. You show too much of that
For which the people stir; if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Menenius. Let's be calm.
Cominius. The people are abus'd; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Coriolanus Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again,—
Menenius. Not now, not now.
First Senator. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Coriolanus. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack'd not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Menenius. Well, no more.
First Senator. No more words, we beseech you.
Coriolanus. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till they decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Brutus. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sicinius. 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.
Menenius. What, what? his choler?
Coriolanus. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sicinius. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Coriolanus. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall?'
Cominius. 'Twas from the canon.
Coriolanus. 'Shall!'
O good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench

Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself!
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.
Cominius. Well, on to the market-place.
Coriolanus. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—
Menenius. Well, well; no more of that.
Coriolanus. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Brutus. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?
Coriolanus. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't. Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: 'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.
Menenius. Come, enough.
Brutus. Enough, with over-measure.
Coriolanus. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control't.

Brutus. He has said enough.

Sicinius. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Coriolanus. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Brutus. Manifest treason!

Sicinius. This a consul? no.

Brutus. The ædiles, ho! Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Ædile.

Sicinius. Go, call the people; [*Exit* Ædile] in whose name, myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Coriolanus. Hence, old goat!

Senator. We'll surety him.

Cominius. Aged sir, hands off.

Coriolanus. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sicinius. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter Ædiles, *with Others, and a rabble of* Citizens.

Menenius. On both sides more respect.
Sicinius. Here's he that would take from you all your power.
Brutus. Seize him, ædiles!
Citizens. Down with him!—down with him!—
Senator. Weapons!—weapons!—weapons!—
[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS, *crying*
Tribunes!—patricians!—citizens!—What ho!—
Sicinius!—Brutus!—Coriolanus!—Citizens!
Peace!—Peace!—Peace!—Stay!—Hold!—Peace!
Menenius. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sicinius. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace!—Speak, speak, speak.
Sicinius. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Menenius. Fie, fie! fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
First Senator. To unbuild the city and to lay all flat.
Sicinius. What is the city but the people?
Citizens. True,
The people are the city.
Brutus. By the consent of all, we were established
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.
Menenius. And so are like to do.
Cominius. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sicinius. This deserves death.
Brutus. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sicinius. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Brutus. Ædiles, seize him!
Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!
Menenius. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædiles. Peace, peace!
Menenius. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Brutus. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Coriolanus. No, I'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Menenius. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.
Brutus. Lay hands upon him.
Menenius. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
Citizens. Down with him! —down with him!
[*In this mutiny the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the People are beat in.*
Menenius. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.
Second Senator. Get you gone.
Coriolanus. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Menenius. Shall it be put to that?
First Senator. The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Menenius. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.
Cominius. Come, sir, along with us.
Coriolanus. I would they were barbarians,—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,—not Romans,—as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,—
Menenius. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
Coriolanus. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Menenius. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them ; yea, the two tribunes.
Cominius. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic ;
And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Menenius. Pray you, be gone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little : this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Cominius. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and Others.*
First Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.
Menenius. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth :
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work !
Second Patrician. I would they were a-bed !
Menenius. I would they were in Tiber ! What the vengeance !
Could he not speak 'em fair ?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

Sicinius. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself ?
Menenius. You worthy tribunes,—
Sicinius. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands : he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.
First Citizen. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.
Menenius. Sir, sir,—
Sicinius. Peace !
Menenius. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sicinius. Sir, how comes't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Menenius. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.
Sicinius. Consul! what consul?
Menenius. The Consul Coriolanus.
Brutus. He consul!
Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.
Menenius. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.
Sicinius. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Menenius. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sicinius. He's a disease that must be cut away.
Menenius. O! he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal to cut it off; to cure it easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost,—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath
By many an ounce,—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' the world.
Sicinius. This is clean kam.
Brutus. Merely awry: when he did love his country
It honour'd him.
Menenius. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Brutus. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Menenius. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties—as he is belov'd—break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Brutus. If 'twere so,—
Sicinius. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come!
Menenius. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,—
In peace,—to his utmost peril.
First Senator. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sicinius. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Brutus. Go not home.
Sicinius. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Menenius. I'll bring him to you.
[*To the* Senators.] Let me desire your company. He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
First Senator. Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in* CORIOLANUS'S *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* Patricians.

Coriolanus. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch

Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

First Patrician. You do the nobler.

Coriolanus. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

Volumnia. O! sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worn it out.

Coriolanus. Let go.

Volumnia. You might have been enough the man you are
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwarting of your dispositions if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Coriolanus. Let them hang.

Volumnia. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS *and* SENATORS.

Menenius. Come, come; you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

First Senator. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Volumnia. Pray be counsell'd.
I have a heart of mettle apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Menenius. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Coriolanus What must I do?
Menenius. Return to the tribunes.
Coriolanus. Well, what then? what then?
Menenius. Repent what you have spoke.
Coriolanus. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Volumnia. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.
Coriolanus. Tush, tush!
Menenius. A good demand.
Volumnia. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not,—which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,—how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?
Coriolanus. Why force you this?
Volumnia. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rooted in
Your tongue, of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Menenius. Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Volumnia. I prithee now, my son,

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it,—here be with them,—
Thy knee bussing the stones,—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Menenius. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Volumnia. Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Cominius. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

Menenius. Only fair speech.

Cominius. I think 'twill serve if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Volumnia. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Coriolanus. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I
With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Cominius. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Volumnia. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,

To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Coriolanus. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as a eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Volumnia. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.
Coriolanus. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.
Volumnia. Do your will. [*Exit.*
Cominius. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Coriolanus. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Menenius. Ay, but mildly.
Coriolanus. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Brutus. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Ædile. He's coming.

Brutus. How accompanied?

Ædile. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sicinius. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Ædile. I have; 'tis ready.

Sicinius. Have you collected them by tribes?

Ædile. I have.

Sicinius. Assemble presently the people hither;
And when they hear me say, 'It shall be so,
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry 'fine,'—if death, cry 'death,'
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Ædile. I shall inform them.

Brutus. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Ædile. Very well.

Sicinius. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Brutus. Go about it.

[*Exit* Ædile.

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Sicinius. Well, here he comes.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Menenius. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Coriolanus. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
First Senator. Amen, amen.
Menenius. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sicinius. Draw near, ye people.
Ædile. List to your tribunes; audience; peace! I say.
Coriolanus. First, hear me speak.
Both Tribunes. Well, say. Peace, ho!
Coriolanus. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sicinius. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Coriolanus. I am content.
Menenius. Lo! citizens, he says he is content:
The war-like service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Coriolanus. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.
Menenius. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Cominius. Well, well; no more.
Coriolanus. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sicinius. Answer to us.
Coriolanus. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sicinius. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Coriolanus. How! Traitor!
Menenius. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Coriolanus. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sicinius. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To the rock!—to the rock with him!
Sicinius. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
Brutus. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
Coriolanus. What do you prate of service?
Brutus. I talk of that, that know it.
Coriolanus. You!
Menenius. Is this the promise that you made your mother?
Cominius. Know, I pray you,—
Coriolanus. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'
Sicinius. For that he has,—
As much as in him lies,—from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so,—It shall be so,—Let him away.—
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Cominius. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

Sicinius. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Cominius. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sicinius. We know your drift: speak what?

Brutus. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so,—it shall be so.

Coriolanus. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance,—which finds not, till it feels,—
Making but reservation of yourselves,—
Still your own foes,—deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Ædile. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd!—he is gone!—Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout and throw up their caps.*

Sicinius. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
Citizens. Come, come,—let us see him out at gates! come!
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young* Patricians.

Coriolanus. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd,
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Virgilia. O heavens! O heavens!
Coriolanus. Nay, I prithee, woman,—
Volumnia. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Coriolanus. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes
As 'tis to laugh at them. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace; and

Believe 't not lightly,—though I go alone
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,—your son
Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Volumnia. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
Coriolanus. O the gods!
Cominius. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.
Coriolanus. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Menenius. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Coriolanus. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* Ædile.

Sicinius. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.
Brutus. Now we have shown our power,

Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.
Sicinius. Bid them home;
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Brutus. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit* Ædile.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.
Sicinius. Let's not meet her.
Brutus. Why?
Sicinius. They say she's mad.
Brutus. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Volumnia. O! you're well met. The hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Menenius. Peace, peace! be not so loud.
Volumnia. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To* BRUTUS.] Will you be gone?
Virgilia. [*To* SICINIUS.] You shall stay too. I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sicinius. Are you mankind?
Volumnia. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sicinius. O blessed heavens!
Volumnia. More noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what; yet go:
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sicinius. What then?
Volumnia. What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
Virgilia. Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Menenius. Come, come: peace!
Sicinius. I would he had continu'd to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Brutus. I would he had.
Volumnia. 'I would he had!' 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Brutus. Pray, let us go.
Volumnia. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Brutus. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sicinius. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Volumnia Take my prayers with you.
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Menenius. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?
Volumnia. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go.
Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Menenius. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman *and a* Volsce, *meeting.*

Roman. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name I think is Adrian.
Volsce. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
Roman. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?
Volsce. Nicanor? No.
Roman. The same, sir.
Volsce. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Roman. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Volsce. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most war-like preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Roman. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Volsce. Coriolanus banished!

Roman. Banished, sir.

Volsce. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Roman. The day serves well for them now. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Volsce. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Roman. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Volsce. A most royal one: the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Roman. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Volsce. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Roman. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Antium. Before* AUFIDIUS' *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Coriolanus. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars

Have I heard groan and drop: then, know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Citizen. And you.

Coriolanus. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Citizen. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Coriolanus. Which is his house, beseech you?

Citizen. This, here before you.

Coriolanus. Thank you, sir. Farewell.
[*Exit* Citizen.

O world! thy slippery turns. Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Hall in* AUFIDIUS' *House.*

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Servingman. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter a Second Servingman.

Second Servingman. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Coriolanus. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the First Servingman.

First Servingman. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Coriolanus. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter Second Servingman.

Second Servingman. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Coriolanus. Away!

Second Servingman. 'Away!' Get you away.

Coriolanus. Now, thou art troublesome.

Second Servingman. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a Third Servingman. *Re-enter the First.*

Third Servingman. What fellow's this?

First Servingman. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him.

Third Servingman. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Coriolanus. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

Third Servingman. What are you?

Coriolanus. A gentleman.

Third Servingman. A marvellous poor one.

Coriolanus. True, so I am.

Third Servingman. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Coriolanus. Follow your function; go, and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

Third Servingman. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

Second Servingman. And I shall. [*Exit.*

Third Servingman. Where dwell'st thou?

Coriolanus. Under the canopy.

Third Servingman. 'Under the canopy!'

Coriolanus. Ay.

Third Servingman. Where's that?

Coriolanus. I' the city of kites and crows
Third Servingman. 'I' the city of kites and crows!'
What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?
Coriolanus. No; I serve not thy master.
Third Servingman. How sir! Do you meddle with my master?
Coriolanus. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress.
Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher. Hence.
[*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and Second* Servingman.

Aufidius. Where is this fellow?
Second Servingman. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.
Aufidius. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?
Coriolanus. [*Unmuffling.*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.
Aufidius. What is thy name?
[Servants *retire.*
Coriolanus. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
Aufidius. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?
Coriolanus. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?
Aufidius. I know thee not. Thy name?
Coriolanus. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;

And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope,—
Mistake me not,—to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Aufidius. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say, 'Tis true,' I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash a hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose

Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O! come; go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Coriolanus. You bless me, gods!

Aufidius. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down,
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

First Servingman. [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

Second Servingman. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Servingman. What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

Second Servingman. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Servingman. He had so; looking as it were,—would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Second Servingman. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Servingman. I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

Second Servingman. Who? my master?

First Servingman. Nay, it's no matter for that.

Second Servingman. Worth six on him.

First Servingman. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Second Servingman. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

First Servingman. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter Third Servingman.

Third Servingman. O slaves! I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

First Servingman.
Second Servingman. } What, what, what? let's partake.

Third Servingman. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemned man.

First Servingman.
Second Servingman. } Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Servingman. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

First Servingman. Why do you say 'thwack our general?'

Third Servingman. I do not say, 'thwack our general;' but he was always good enough for him.

Second Servingman. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

First Servingman. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Second Servingman. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Servingman. But, more of thy news.

Third Servingman. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom

of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears : he will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

Second Servingman. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

Third Servingman. Do't! he will do't; for—look you, sir—he has as many friends as enemies ; which friends, sir—as it were—durst not—look you, sir—show themselves—as we term it—his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

First Servingman. Directitude ! what's that ?

Second Servingman. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Servingman. But when goes this forward ?

Third Servingman. To-morrow ; to-day ; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon ; 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Second Servingman. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Servingman. Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace as far as day does night ; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible.

Second Servingman. 'Tis so.

First Servingman. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Servingman. Reason : because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in ! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—*Rome. A Public Place.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sicinius. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him ;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,

Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Brutus. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?
Sicinius. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O! he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!
Menenius. Hail to you both!
Sicinius. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.
Menenius. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.
Sicinius. Where is he, hear you?
Menenius. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!
Sicinius. Good den, our neighbours.
Brutus. Good den to you all, good den to you all.
First Citizen. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sicinius. Live, and thrive!
Brutus. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
Citizens. Now the gods keep you!
Sicinius. } Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Brutus. }
Sicinius. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets
Crying confusion.
Brutus. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
Sicinius. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Menenius. I think not so.
Sicinius. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Brutus. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Menenius. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sicinius. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Brutus. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

Menenius. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sicinius. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Brutus Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sicinius. 'Tis this slave.—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Messenger. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sicinius. What more fearful?

Messenger. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,

And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sicinius. This is most likely.
Brutus. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sicinius. The very trick on't.
Menenius. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Second Messenger. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Cominius. O! you have made good work!
Menenius. What news? what news?
Cominius. You have holp to ruin your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
Menenius. What's the news? what's the news?
Cominius. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.
Menenius. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me. Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Cominius. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than Nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Menenius. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Cominius. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Menenius. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work!
Brutus. But is this true, sir?
Cominius. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Menenius. We are all undone unless
The noble man have mercy.
Cominius. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Menenius. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beseech you, cease.'—You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Cominius. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Sicinius. }
Brutus. } Say not we brought it.
Menenius. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Cominius. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Menenius. Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at

Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.
First Citizen. For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.
Second Citizen. And so did I.
Third Citizen. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us. That we did we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.
Cominius. Ye're goodly things, you voices!
Menenius. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the Capitol?
Cominius. O! ay; what else?
Exeunt COMINIUS *and* MENENIUS.
Sicinius. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.
First Citizen. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.
Second Citizen. So did we all. But come, let's home.
Exeunt Citizens.
Brutus. I do not like this news.
Sicinius. Nor I.
Brutus. Let's to the Capitol. Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
Sicinius. Pray let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Camp at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and his* Lieutenant.

Aufidius. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieutenant. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Aufidius. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.
Lieutenant. Yet, I wish, sir,—
I mean for your particular,—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.
Aufidius. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.
Lieutenant. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?
Aufidius. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even; whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these,
As he hath spices of them all,—not all,
For I dare so far free him,—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others.*

Menenius. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Cominius. He would not seem to know me.

Menenius. Do you hear?

Cominius. Yet one time he did call me by my name.
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Menenius. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Cominius. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Menenius. Very well.
Could he say less?

Cominius. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said 'twas folly,

For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.
Menenius. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.
Sicinius. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so-never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Menenius. No; I'll not meddle.
Sicinius. Pray you, go to him.
Menenius. What should I do?
Brutus. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Menenius. Well; and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say't be so?
Sicinius. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Menenius. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
Brutus. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Menenius. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*
Cominius. He'll never hear him.

Sicinius. Not ?

Cominius. I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise ;' dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand : what he would do
He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions :
So that all hope is vain
Unless his noble mother and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Volscian Camp before Rome. The* Guards *at their stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

First Guard. Stay ! whence are you ?

Second Guard. Stand ! and go back.

Menenius. You guard like men ; 'tis well ; but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus

First Guard. From whence ?

Menenius. From Rome.

First Guard. You may not pass ; you must return : our general
Will no more hear from thence.

Second Guard. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Menenius. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

First Guard. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Menenius. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified ;
For I have ever glorified my friends—
Of whom he's chief—with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First Guard. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here ; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back.

Menenius. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

Second Guard. Howsoever you have been his liar—as you say you have—I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Menenius. Has he dined, canst thou tell ? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Guard. You are a Roman, are you ?

Menenius. I am as thy general is.

First Guard. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be ? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this ? No, you are deceived ; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution : you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Menenius. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

Second Guard. Come, my captain knows you not.

Menenius. I mean, thy general.

First Guard. My general cares not for you. Back, I say : go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood ; back, that's the utmost of your having : back.

Menenius. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Coriolanus. What's the matter ?

Menenius. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you : you shall know now that I am in estimation ; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus : guess, but by my entertainment with

him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering ; behold now presently, and swound for what's to come upon thee. [*To* CORIOLANUS.] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does ! O my son ! my son ! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee ; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs ; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here ; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Coriolanus. Away !

Menenius. How ! away !

Coriolanus. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others : though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone :
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a paper.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome : yet thou behold'st !

Aufidius. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

First Guard. Now, sir, is your name Menenius ?

Second Guard. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

First Guard. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back ?

Second Guard. What cause, do you think, I have to swound ?

Menenius. I neither care for the world, nor your general : for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long ; and your misery increase with your age ! I say to you, as I was said to, Away !

[*Exit.*

First Guard. A noble fellow, I warrant him.
Second Guard. The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of* CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and Others.*

Coriolanus. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.
Aufidius. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper; no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.
Coriolanus. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only
That thought he could do more. A very little
I have yielded to; fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. [*Shout within.*] Ha! what shout is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces

Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.
Virgilia. My lord and husband!
Coriolanus. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Virgilia. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.
Coriolanus. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say
For that, 'Forgive our Romans.' O! a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Volumnia. O! stand up bless'd;
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
Coriolanus. What is this?
Your knees to me! to your corrected son!
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Volumnia. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Coriolanus. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Volumnia. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[*Pointing to the* Child.
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Coriolanus. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
Volumnia. Your knee, sirrah.
Coriolanus. That's my brave boy!
Volumnia. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Coriolanus. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
Volumnia. O! no more, no more;
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore, hear us.
Coriolanus. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?
Volumnia. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,

Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on Fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virgilia. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. A' shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Coriolanus. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Volumnia. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, 'This mercy we have show'd;' the Romans,
'This we receiv'd;' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, 'Be bless'd
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son!
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There is no man in the world
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she—poor hen! fond of no second brood—
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold us.
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Coriolanus. [*Holding* VOLUMNIA *by the hand, silent.*] O, mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold! the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O! believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Aufidius. I was mov'd withal.
Coriolanus. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!
Aufidius. [*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.
[*The ladies make signs to* CORIOLANUS.
Coriolanus. Ay, by and by;
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, would have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Rome. A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Menenius. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?
Sicinius. Why, what of that?
Menenius. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't. Our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution.
Sicinius. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?
Menenius. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.
Sicinius. He loved his mother dearly.
Menenius. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell,

and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sicinius. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Menenius. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him : there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger ; that shall our poor city find : and all this is 'long of you.

Sicinius. The gods be good unto us !

Menenius. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them ; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house :
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sicinius. What's the news ?

Second Messenger. Good news, good news ! the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sicinius. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true ? is it most certain ?

Second Messenger. As certain as I know the sun is fire :
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it ?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you !
[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you ! [*A shout within.*

Menenius. This is good news :
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,

A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Music still and shouts.*
Sicinius. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness
Second Messenger. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sicinius They are near the city?
Second Messenger. Almost at point to enter.
Sicinius. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, *and People. They pass over the stage.*

First Senator. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'
All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*Corioli. A Public Place.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with* Attendants.

Aufidius. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Enter three or four Conspirators *of* Aufidius' *faction.*

Most welcome!
First Conspirator. How is it with our general?
Aufidius. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

Second Conspirator. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Aufidius. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.
Third Conspirator. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Aufidius. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
Third Conspirator. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—
Aufidius. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.
First Conspirator. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
When we had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—
Aufidius. There was it;
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.*

First Conspirator. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
Second Conspirator. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
Third Conspirator. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Aufidius. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the city.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Aufidius. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines; but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding, this admits no excuse.
Aufidius. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drums and colours; a crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Coriolanus. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates

Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Aufidius. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Coriolanus. Traitor! How now?
Aufidius. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Coriolanus. Marcius!
Aufidius. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.
Coriolanus. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Aufidius. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.
Coriolanus. Ha!
Aufidius. No more.
Coriolanus. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.
First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Coriolanus. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy!' False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it. 'Boy!'
Aufidius. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,

Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
Conspirators. Let him die for 't.
All the People. Tear him to pieces.—Do it presently.—
He killed my son.—My daughter.—He killed my cousin
Marcus.—He killed my father.
Second Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
Coriolanus. O! that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Aufidius. Insolent villain!
Conspirators. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[AUFIDIUS *and the* Conspirators *draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls:* AUFIDIUS *stands on his body.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!
Aufidius. My noble masters, hear me speak.
First Lord. O Tullus!
Second Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet.
Put up your swords.
Aufidius. My lords, when you shall know,—as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
First Lord. Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him! Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
Second Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.
Aufidius. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* CORIOLANUS. *A dead march sounded.*

JULIUS CAESAR

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

JULIUS CAESAR.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, — Triumvirs after the Death of Julius Caesar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, — Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA, — Conspirators against Julius Caesar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS; Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Caesar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—*During a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards, Sardis and near Philippi.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain* Commoners.

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Commoner. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Second Commoner. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Second Commoner. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me : yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What meanest thou by that ? Mend me, thou saucy fellow !

Second Commoner. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

Sec. Commoner. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl : I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings he home ?
What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now cull out a holiday ?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone !
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt all the* Commoners.
See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Marullus. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flavius. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CAESAR; ANTONY, *for the course*; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Caesar. Calphurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Caesar. Calphurnia!
Calphurnia. Here, my lord.
Caesar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Antony. Caesar, my lord.
Caesar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia.
Antony. I shall remember:
When Caesar says 'Do this', it is perform'd.
Caesar. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Soothsayer. Caesar!
Caesar. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*
Caesar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Caesar'. Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.
Soothsayer. Beware the Ides of March.

Caesar. What man is that?
Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.
Caesar. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Casca. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.
Caesar. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.
Soothsayer. Beware the Ides of March.
Caesar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.
Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?
Brutus. Not I.
Cassius. I pray you, do.
Brutus. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cassius. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—

Except immortal Caesar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and shout.*
Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Caesar for their king.
Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Caesar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink !'
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake ; 'tis true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre ; I did hear him groan ;
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Flourish. Shout.*

Brutus. Another general shout !
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar : what should be in that 'Caesar' ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,

'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Caesar'.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim.
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Brutus. The games are done and Caesar is returning.

Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CAESAR *and his Train.*

Brutus. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.
Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Caesar. Antonius!
Antonius. Caesar.
Caesar. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
Antonius. Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Caesar. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
[*Sennet. Exeunt* CAESAR *and his Train.* CASCA *stays behind.*
Cas. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?
Brutus. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad.
Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?
Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.
Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.
Brutus. What was the second noise for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Cassius. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice?
Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cassius. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But soft, I pray you: what! did Caesar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cassius. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Brutus. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas! good soul,' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Brutus. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say any thing ?
Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.
Cassius. To what effect ?
Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again ; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads ; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too ; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.
Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?
Casca. No, I am promised forth.
Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow ?
Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.
Cassius. Good ; I will expect you.
Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*
Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be !
He was quick mettle when he went to school.
Cassius. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you :
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cassius. I will do so : till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* BRUTUS.
Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd : therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
Caesar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at :

And after this let Caesar seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cicero. Good even, Casca : brought you Caesar home ?
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero !
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cicero. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?
Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me ; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons, they are natural' ;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow ?
Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cicero. Good-night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cassius. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cassius. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!
Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cassius. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown

And fearful as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?
Cassius. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king ;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of those worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*
Casca. So can I :
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cassius. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then ?
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep ;
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws ; what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar ! But, O grief !
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman ; then I know
My answer must be made : but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes furthest.

Cassius. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.
Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cassius. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?
Cinna. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cassius. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cinna. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cassius. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are.
O Cassius! if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cassius. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius, Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O! he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight ; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome.* BRUTUS' *Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. What, Lucius ! ho !
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say !
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when ! Awake, I say ! what, Lucius !

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord ?
Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Lucius. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Brutus. It must be by his death : and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd :
How that might change his nature, there 's the question :
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—that !
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power ; and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may :
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus : that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities ;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up ; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
Brutus. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March ?
Lucius. I know not, sir.
Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Lucius. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Brutus. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them. [*Opens the letter.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !
Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake !
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out :
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What, Rome ?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress ! ' Am I entreated
To speak, and strike ? O Rome ! I make thee promise ;
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knocking within.*
Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate : somebody knocks. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Brutus. Is he alone ?

Lucius. No, sir, there are more with him.
Brutus. Do you know them?
Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Brutus. Let 'em enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O! then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cassius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Brutus. He is welcome hither.
Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.
Brutus. He is welcome too.
Cassius. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.
Brutus. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cass. Shall I entreat a word? [BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *whisper.*
Decius. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cinna. O! pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.
Brutus. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several infamy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cinna. No, by no means.
Metellus. O! let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Brutus. O! name him not: let us not break with him;

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cassius. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed he is not fit.
Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?
Cassius. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.
Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O! then that we could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar. But, alas!
Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And, for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.
Cassius. Yet I fear him;
For in the engrafted love he bears to Caesar—
Brutus. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Trebonius. There is no fear in him; let him not die:
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*
Brutus. Peace! count the clock.

Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.
Trebonius. 'Tis time to part.
Cassius. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day or no ;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Decius. Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers ;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work ;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Brutus. By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?
Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cassius. The morning comes upon 's : we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy :
And so good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all except* BRUTUS.
Boy ! Lucius ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Portia. Brutus, my lord!

Brutus. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Portia. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night

Have had resort to you ; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure ?

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia. If this were true then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife ;
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh : can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets ?

Brutus. O ye gods !
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark ! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.

Lucius, who's that knocks ?

Re-enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS.

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brutus. O ! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick.

Ligarius. I am not sick if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Brutus. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same.* CAESAR'S *House.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR *in his night-gown.*

Caesar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! They murder Caesar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord!
Caesar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Servant. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Caesar. Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.
Calphurnia. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Caesar. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Caesar. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Caesar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not; danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Caesar shall go forth.

Calphurnia. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Caesar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Caesar. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Calphurnia. Say he is sick.

Caesar. Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

Decius. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Caesar. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate:
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Caesar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,

When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo! Caesar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.
Caesar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go:

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Publius. Good morrow, Caesar.
Caesar. Welcome, Publius.
What! Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?
Brutus. Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.
Caesar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.
Antony. So to most noble Caesar.
Caesar. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Trebonius. Caesar, I will:—[*Aside.*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Caesar. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Brut. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Caesar!
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Artem. Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not

Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you : security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar ! thou mayst live ;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay ?
Lucius. To know my errand, madam.
Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy ! be strong upon my side ;
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue ;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !
Art thou here yet ?
Lucius. Madam, what shall I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?
Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth ; and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?
Lucius. I hear none, madam.
Portia. Prithee, listen well :
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Portia. Come hither, fellow : which way hast thou been ?
Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.

Portia. What is 't o'clock ?
Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.
Portia. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol ?
Soothsayer. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Portia. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not ?
Soothsayer. That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, knows't thou any harm's intended towards him ?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Portia. I must go in. Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is. O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise.
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. O! I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt, severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

A crowd of People; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

Caesar. [*To the* Soothsayer.] The Ides of March are come.
Soothsayer. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.
Artemidorus. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.
Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Artemidorus. O Caesar! read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.
Caesar. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Artemidorus. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

Caesar. What! is the fellow mad?
Publius. Sirrah, give place.
Caesar. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR *goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?
Popilius. Fare you well.
[*Advances to* CAESAR.
Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?
Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Brutus. Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark him.
Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Brutus. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.
Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CAESAR *and the Senators take their seats.*
Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.
Brutus. He is address'd; press near and second him.
Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Caesar. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Caesar and his senate must redress?
Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
A humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*
Caesar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished :
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar ;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Caesar. What, Brutus !

Cassius. Pardon, Caesar ; Caesar, pardon :
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Caesar. I could be well mov'd if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me ;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place :
So, in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion ; and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O Caesar,—

Caesar. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus !

Decius. Great Caesar,—

Caesar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me ! [*They stab Caesar.*

Caesar. *Et tu, Brute ?* Then fall, Caesar ! [*Dies.*

Cinna. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
' Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement ! '

Brutus. People and senators, be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still ; ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Decius. And Cassius too.
Brutus. Where's Publius?
Cinna. Here, quite confounded, with this mutiny.
Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—
Brutus. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.
Cassius. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Brutus. Do so; and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cassius. Where's Antony?
Trebonius. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Brutus. Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'
Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Brutus. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Decius. What! shall we forth?
Cassius. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Servant. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cassius. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Brutus. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.
Antony. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Brutus. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O! 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world ! the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie !

Cassius. Mark Antony,—

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Caesar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Caesar so ;
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony. That 's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to* BRUTUS.] You know not what you do ; do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Brutus. By your pardon ;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cassius. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do 't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral ; and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Antony. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.
Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.
Antony. O ! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers ;
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry ' Havoc ! ' and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not ?
Servant. I do, Mark Antony.
Antony. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
Servant. He did receive his letters, and is coming ;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth— [*Seeing the body.*
O Caesar !—
Antony. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?
Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd :
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place ; there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* CAESAR'S *body.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied : let us be satisfied.
Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.
First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.
Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens ;
BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit.*
Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !
Brutus. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awaken your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer : Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living,

and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men ? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and Others, with* CAESAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart : that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus ! live ! live !

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen. Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

Second Citizen. Peace ! silence ! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho !

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Citizen. Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair ;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes up.*
Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus ?
Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Citizen. This Caesar was a tyrant.
Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain :
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.
Second Citizen. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.
Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious ;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.
Third Citizen. Has he, masters ?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Fourth Citizen. Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
Second Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Citizen. Now mark him ; he begins again to speak.
Antony. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar ;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.
Citizens. The will, the will ! we will hear Caesar's will.
Antony. Have patience, gentle friends ; I must not read it :
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O ! what would come of it.
Fourth Citizen. Read the will ! we'll hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.
Antony. Will you be patient ? Will you stay awhile ?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar ; I do fear it.
Fourth Citizen. They were traitors : honourable men !
Citizens. The will ! the testament !
Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers. The will ! read the will.
Antony. You will compel me then to read the will ?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar.
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?
Citizens. Come down.
Second Citizen. Descend. [ANTONY *comes down.*
Third Citizen. You shall have leave.
Fourth Citizen. A ring ; stand round.
First Citizen. Stand from the hearse ; stand from the body.
Second Citizen. Room for Antony ; most noble Antony.
Antony. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.
Citizens. Stand back ! room ! bear back !
Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle ; I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel :
Judge, O you gods ! how dearly Caesar lov'd him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!
Second Citizen. O noble Caesar!
Third Citizen. O woeful day!
Fourth Citizen. O traitors! villains!
First Citizen. O most bloody sight!
Second Citizen. We will be revenged.
Citizens. Revenge!—About!—Seek!—Burn!
Fire!—Kill!—Slay!—Let not a traitor live.
Antony. Stay, countrymen!
First Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.
Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Citizens. We'll mutiny.
First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
Citizens. Peace, ho!—Hear Antony,—most noble Antony.
Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not: I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Citizens. Most true. The will! let's stay and hear the will.
Antony. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Second Cit. Most noble Caesar! we'll revenge his death.
Third Citizen. O royal Caesar!
Antony. Hear me with patience.
Citizens. Peace, ho!
Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?
First Citizen. Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.
Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the body.*
Antony. Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!
Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Antony. Where is he?
Servant. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Servant. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

Cinna. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Citizen. What is your name?
Second Citizen. Whither are you going?
Third Citizen. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Citizen. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
Second Citizen. Answer every man directly.
First Citizen. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Citizen. Ay, and wisely.
Third Citizen. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
Second Citizen. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.
Cinna. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.
First Citizen. As a friend or an enemy?
Cinna. As a friend.
Second Citizen. That matter is answered directly.
Fourth Citizen. For your dwelling, briefly.
Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
Third Citizen. Your name, sir, truly.
Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.
Second Citizen. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.
Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
Fourth Citizen. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
Second Citizen. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
Third Citizen. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Room in* ANTONY'S *House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lepidus. I do consent.
Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.
Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lepidus. What! shall I find you here?
Octavius. Or here or at the Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.
Antony. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Octavius. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Octavius. You may do your will;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
Antony. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds

On abject orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion : do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things : Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers ; we must straight make head ;
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.
Octavius. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Camp near Sardis. Before* BRUTUS' *Tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers : TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meet them.*

Brutus. Stand, ho !
Lucilius. Give the word, ho ! and stand.
Brutus. What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?
Lucilius. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.
Brutus. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone ; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pindarus. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Brutus. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius ;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Lucilius. With courtesy and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?
Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
Brutus. Hark ! he is arriv'd. [*Low march within.*
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cassius. Stand, ho !
Brutus. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.
First Soldier. Stand !
Second Soldier. Stand !
Third Soldier. Stand !
Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Brutus. Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?
Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;
And when you do them—
Brutus. Cassius, be content ;
Speak your griefs softly : I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cassius. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Brutus. Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of* BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cassius. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassius. Chastisement!
Brutus. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cassius. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cassius. I am.
Brutus. I say you are not.
Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.
Brutus. Away, slight man!
Cassius. Is't possible?
Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cassius. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cassius. Is it come to this?
Brutus. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cassius. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say, 'better'?
Brutus. If you did, I care not.
Cassius. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Brutus. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cassius. I durst not!
Brutus. No.
Cassius. What ! durst not tempt him !
Brutus. For your life you durst not.
Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !
Cassius. I denied you not.
Brutus. You did.
Cassius. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cassius. You love me not.
Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Brutus. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cassius. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Brutus. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.
Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brutus. And my heart too.
Cassius. O Brutus!
Brutus. What 's the matter?
Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [*Noise within.*

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucilius. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Cassius. How now ! What's the matter ?
Poet. For shame, you generals ! What do you mean ?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cassius. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rime !
Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence !
Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.
Brutus. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time :
What should the wars do with these jigging fools ?
Companion, hence !
Cassius. Away, away ! be gone. [*Exit* Poet.
Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.
Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine ! [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Brutus. O Cassius ! I am sick of many griefs.
Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils.
Brutus. No man bears sorrow better : Portia is dead.
Cassius. Ha ! Portia !
Brutus. She is dead.
Cassius. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so ?
O insupportable and touching loss !
Upon what sickness ?
Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her death
That tidings came :—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cassius. And died so ?
Brutus. Even so.
Cassius. O ye immortal gods !

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Brutus. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*
Brutus. Come in, Titinius. [*Exit* LUCIUS.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala,
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cassius. Portia, art thou gone ?
Brutus. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.
Messala. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Brutus. With what addition ?
Messala. That by proscriptions and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscription, Cicero being one.
Cassius. Cicero one!
Messala. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?
Brutus. No, Messala.
Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?
Brutus. Nothing, Messala.
Messala. That, methinks, is strange.
Brutus. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in yours ?
Messala. No, my lord.
Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala :
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Brutus. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cassius. I do not think it good.
Brutus. Your reason?
Cassius. This is it:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Brutus. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cassius. Hear me, good brother.
Brutus. Under your pardon. You must note beside.
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cassius. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cassius. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Brutus. Lucius!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

My gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Farewell, good Messala:
Good-night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,

Good-night, and good repose.
Cassius. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Brutus. Every thing is well.
Cassius. Good-night, my lord.
Brutus. Good-night, good brother.
Titinius. } Good-night, Lord Brutus.
Messala. }
Brutus. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, *and* MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Lucius. Here in the tent.
Brutus. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Lucius. Varro! and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Varro. Calls my lord?
Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep:
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Brutus. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [VAR. *and* CLAUD. *lie down.*
Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Brutus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
Brutus. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Lucius. It is my duty, sir.
Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.
Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*
This is a sleepy tune : O murderous slumber !
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music ? Gentle knave, good-night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good-night.
Let me see, let me see ; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR.

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Br. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. [*Ghost vanishes.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest :
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius ! Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !
Claudius !

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake !

Lucius. My lord !

Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brutus. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing ?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius !
Fellow thou ! awake !

Varro. My lord !

Claudius. My lord !

Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

Varro.
Claudius. } Did we, my lord ?

Brutus. Ay : saw you any thing ?
Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Claudius. Nor I, my lord.
Brutus. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius :
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Varro. } It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*
Claudius. }

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so ; their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Antony. Tut ! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Octavius. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.
Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?
Octavius. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army ;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and Others.*

Brutus. They stand, and would have parley.
Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.
Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?
Antony. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth ; the generals would have some words.
Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

Brutus. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?
Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying, 'Long live ! hail, Caesar !'
Cassius. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown :
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Antony. Not stingless too ?
Brutus. O ! yes, and soundless too ;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Antony. Villains ! you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar :
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers !
Cassius. Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, thank yourself :
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Octavius. Come, come, the cause : if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look ;
I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?
Never, till Caesar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd ; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Brutus. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Octavius. So I hope ;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Brutus. O ! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masquer and a reveller.
Antony. Old Cassius still !
Octavius. Come, Antony ; away !
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs. [*Exeunt* Oc., An., *and their Army.*

Cassius. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark.
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Brutus. Ho!
Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucilius. My lord?
[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *talk apart.*
Cassius. Messala!
Messala. What says my general?
Cassius. Messala,
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their stead do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Messala. Believe not so.
Cassius. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.
Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life : arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome ?
Brutus. No, Cassius, no ; think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind : but this same day
Must end that work the Ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Brutus. Why, then, lead on. O ! that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come ;
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away ! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Messala.

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once, for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter Cassius *and* Titinius.

Cassius. O ! look, Titinius, look, the villains fly :
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy ;
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Titinius. O Cassius ! Brutus gave the word too early ;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cassius. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Titinius. They are, my lord.
Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
[PINDARUS *ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pindarus. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cassius. What news?
Pindarus. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on: now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius! now some light; O! he lights too:
He's ta'en; [*Shout.*] and, hark! they shout for joy.
Cassius. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends.*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. Caesar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pindarus. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Messala. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Messala. Where did you leave him?
Titinius. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Titinius. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Messala. Is not that he?
Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set:
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error! soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Titinius. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstru'd every thing.
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Kills himself.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *Young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Messala. Lo, yonder: and Titinius mourning it.
Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Brutus. O Julius Caesar! thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay,—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. *Enter fighting,* Soldiers *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, *Young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and Others.*

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What villain doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered and falls.*
Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.
First Soldier. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucilius. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Soldier. We must not. A noble prisoner!
Second Soldier. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Soldier. I'll tell the news: here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Antony. Where is he?
Lucilius. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Antony. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.
Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispers.*
Clitus. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Brutus. Peace, then! no words.
Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.
Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*
Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?
Clitus. O, Dardanius!
Dardanius. O, Clitus!
Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Volumnius. What says my lord?
Brutus. Why this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.
Volumnius. Not so, my lord.
Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.
Brutus. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* 'Fly, fly, fly!'
Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly.
Brutus. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Strato. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—[*He runs on his sword.*]
Caesar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and Army.*

Octavius. What man is that?
Messala. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?
Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucilius. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Octavius. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Octavius. Do so, good Messala.
Messala. How died my master, Strato?
Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'
Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, his Sons.
MACBETH, BANQUO, Generals of the King's Army.
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, Noblemen of Scotland.
FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.
YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.
SEYTON, an Officer attending Macbeth.
Boy, Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.
LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE and Three Witches.
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE.—*Scotland; England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A desert Heath.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch. When the hurlyburly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Second Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Second Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Sergeant.

Duncan. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt

The newest state.

Malcolm. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Sergeant. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's jade; but all 's too weak;
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Duncan. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sergeant. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Duncan. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sergeant. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Duncan. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds ;
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit* Sergeant, *attended.*

Enter Ross.

Who comes here ?
Malcolm. The worthy Thane of Ross.
Lennox. What a haste looks through his eyes ! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the king !
Duncan. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane ?
Ross. From Fife, great king ;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict ;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit : and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.—
Duncan. Great happiness !
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Duncan. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done.
Duncan. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister ?
Second Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou ?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd: 'Give me,'
quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Second Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm 's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macbeth. Speak, if you can: what are you?
First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
Second Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.
Banquo. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
First Witch. Hail!
Second Witch. Hail!
Third Witch. Hail!
First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
Second Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vanish.*
Banquo. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?
Macbeth. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. 'Would they had stay'd!
Banquo. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. You shall be king.

Macbeth. And Thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

Banquo. To the self-same tune and words. Who 's here ?

Enter Ross *and* Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success ; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Angus. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

Banquo. What ! can the devil speak true ?

Macbeth. The Thane of Cawdor lives : why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes ?

Angus. Who was the thane lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help or vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. [*Aside.*] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind. [*To* Ross *and* Angus.] Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them ?

Banquo. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macbeth. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.
Banquo. Look, how our partner 's rapt.
Macbeth. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Banquo. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Macbeth. [*Aside.*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macbeth. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Banquo. Very gladly.
Macbeth. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, *and* Attendants.

Duncan. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Malcolm. My liege,
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Duncan. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross *and* Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee; would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.
Duncan. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Banquo. There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.
Duncan. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland ; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macbeth. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So, humbly take my leave.
Duncan. My worthy Cawdor !
Macb. [*Aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland ! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires ;
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*
Duncan. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Inverness.* MACBETH'S *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be !' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature ;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way ; thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it ; what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win ; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, ' Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings ?

Messenger. The king comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him ? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Messenger. So please you, it is true : our thane is coming ;
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady Macbeth. Give him tending ;
He brings great news.—[*Exit* Messenger.] The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts ! unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top full
Of direst cruelty ; make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it ! Come to my woman's breast,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry ' Hold, hold ! '

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macbeth. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady Macbeth. And when goes hence ?
Macbeth. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady Macbeth. O ! never
Shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for ; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macbeth. We will speak further.
Lady Macbeth. Only look up clear ;
To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Duncan. See, see, our honour'd hostess !
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady Macbeth. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Duncan. Where 's the Thane of Cawdor ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor ; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Duncan. Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Same. A Room in the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service. Then, enter* MACBETH.

Macbeth. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly ; if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor ; this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking-off ;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself
And falls on the other.—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now ! what news ?

Lady Macbeth. He has almost supp'd : why have you left the chamber ?

Macbeth. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady Macbeth. Know you not he has ?

Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business :
He hath honour'd me of late : and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting ' I dare not ' wait upon ' I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

Macbeth. Prithee, peace.

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady Macbeth. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my breast from out his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macbeth. If we should fail,—
Lady Macbeth. We fail !
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only ; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?
Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only ;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't ?
Lady Macbeth. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?
Macbeth. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Inverness. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *with a* Servant *bearing a torch before him.*

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?
Fleance. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Banquo. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.

Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Give me my sword.—
Who 's there?
Macbeth. A friend.
Banquo. What, sir! not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macbeth. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Banquo. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macbeth. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Banquo. At your kind'st leisure.
Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Banquo. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macbeth. Good repose the while.
Banquo. Thanks, sir : the like to you.
[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.
Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee :
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing :
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep ; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch,
Thus with his stealthy pace toward his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat he lives :
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold,
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark!
Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
Macbeth. [*Within.*] Who 's there? What, ho!
Lady Macbeth. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done 't. My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macbeth. When?
Lady Macbeth. Now.
Macbeth. As I descended?
Lady Macbeth. Ay.
Macbeth. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.
Macbeth. [*Looking on his hands.*] This is a sorry sight.
Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.
Macbeth. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady Macbeth. There are two lodg'd together.
Macbeth. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other:

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'
Lady Macbeth. Consider it not so deeply.
Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen?'
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.
Lady Macbeth. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—
Lady Macbeth. What do you mean?
Macbeth. Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!'
Lady Macbeth. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macbeth. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.
Lady Macbeth. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.—[*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry; retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macbeth. To know my deed 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.*

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the other devil's name! Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O! come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.
[*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?
Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing to the second cock.
Macduff. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.
Lennox. Good morrow, noble sir.
Macbeth. Good morrow, both.
Macduff. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macbeth. Not yet.
Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.
Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.
Macbeth. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macduff. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*
Lennox. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macbeth. He does: he did appoint so.
Lennox. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.
Lennox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Macbeth. }
Lennox. } What 's the matter?

Macduff. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!
Macbeth. What is 't you say? the life?
Lennox. Mean you his majesty?
Macduff. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENNOX.
Awake! awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.
[*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macduff. O gentle lady!
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady Macbeth. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?
Banquo. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX.

Macbeth. Had I but died an hour before this chance
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality,
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead,
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Donalbain. What is amiss ?
Macbeth. You are, and do not know 't :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macduff. Your royal father 's murder'd.
Malcolm. O ! by whom ?
Lennox. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't :
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood ;
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows : they star'd, and were distracted ; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macbeth. O ! yet I do repent me of my fury
That I did kill them.
Macduff. Wherefore did you so ?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known ?
Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho !
Macduff. Look to the lady.
Malcolm. [*Aside to* DONALBAIN.] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours :
Don. [*Aside to* MALCOLM.] What should be spoken
Here where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush and seize us ? Let 's away : our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Malcolm. [*Aside to* DONALBAIN.] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Banquo. Look to the lady :
[LADY MACBETH *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macduff. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macbeth. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.
Malcolm. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Donalbain. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Malcolm. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSS *and an* Old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah! good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses,—a thing most strange and certain,—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.
Old Man. 'Tis said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macduff. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macduff. They were suborn'd.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macduff. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macduff. Carried to Colmekill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macduff. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macduff. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old Man. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Banquo. Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as king*; LADY MACBETH, *as queen*; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macbeth. Here's our chief guest.

Lady Macbeth. If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macbeth. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Banquo. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice—
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous—
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Banquo. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macbeth. Fail not our feast.

Banquo. My lord, I will not.

Macbeth. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Banquo. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.
Macbeth. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but* MACBETH *and an* Attendant.
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?
Attendant. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macbeth. Bring them before us. [*Exit* Attendant.] To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. [*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer. It was, so please your highness.
Macbeth. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'
First Murderer. You made it known to us.
Macbeth. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?
First Murderer. We are men, my liege.
Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
Second Murderer. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
First Murderer. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,

To mend it or be rid on 't.
Macbeth. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Second Murderer. True, my lord.
Macbeth. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Second Murderer. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
First Murderer. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.
Second Murderer. We are resolv'd, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[*Exeunt* Murderers.
It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and a* Servant.

Lady Macbeth. Is Banquo gone from court?
Servant. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady Macbeth. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Servant. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady Macbeth. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.

Macbeth. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady Macbeth. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macbeth. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady Macbeth. You must leave this.

Macbeth. O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife;
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady Macbeth. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

Macbeth. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady Macbeth. What 's to be done ?
Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale ! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood ;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill :
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Park, with a Road leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Murderer. But who did bid thee join with us ?
Third Murderer. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.
First Murderer. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Murderer. Hark ! I hear horses.
Banquo. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho !
Second Murderer. Then 'tis he : the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Murderer. His horses go about.
Third Murderer. Almost a mile ; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Second Murderer. A light, a light !
Third Murderer. 'Tis he.
First Murderer. Stand to 't.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *with a torch.*

Banquo. It will be rain to-night.

First Murderer. Let it come down.

[*They set upon* BANQUO.

Banquo. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [*Dies.* FLEANCE *escapes.*

Third Murderer. Who did strike out the light?

First Murderer. Was 't not the way?

Third Murderer. There 's but one down; the son is fled.

Second Murderer. We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let 's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first and last,
The hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macbeth. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer, *to the door.*

Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks;
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door.*] There 's blood upon thy face.

Murderer. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macbeth. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Murderer. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Murderer. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macbeth. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies: the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit* Murderer.
Lady Macbeth. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macbeth. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Lennox. May it please your highness sit?
[*The Ghost of* BANQUO *enters, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macbeth. The table's full.
Lennox. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
Macbeth. Where?
Lennox. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macbeth. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him and extend his passion:

Feed and regard him not. Are you a man?
[*She speaks with* MACBETH *apart.*
Macbeth. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady Macbeth. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws and starts—
Impostors to true fear—would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done
You look but on a stool.
Macbeth. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady Macbeth. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady Macbeth. Fie, for shame!
Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady Macbeth. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macbeth. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then, I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady Macbeth. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macbeth. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*
Why, so; being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.
Lady Macbeth. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macbeth. Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good-night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Lennox. Good-night; and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady Macbeth. A kind good-night to all!
[*Exeunt* Lords *and* Attendants.
Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak:
Augures and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How sayst thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding ?
Lady Macbeth. Did you send to him, sir ?
Macbeth. I hear it by the way ; but I will send.
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow—
And betimes I will—to the weird sisters :
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way : I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.
Lady Macbeth. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macbeth. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use :
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, *meeting* HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate ! you look angerly.
Hecate. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful ; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now : get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning : thither he
Will come to know his destiny :
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end :

Great business must be wrought ere noon :
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound :
I'll catch it ere it come to ground :
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion :
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear ;
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Song within,* 'Come away, come away.' *&c.*

Hark ! I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let 's make haste ; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Lennox *and another* Lord.

Lennox. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth ; marry, he was dead :
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled : men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep ?
Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well ; and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not,—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance.
But, peace ! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and war-like Siward:
That, by the help of these—with him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours;
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt at war.
Lennox. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute, 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'
Lennox. And that well might
Advise him to a caution to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Cavern. In the middle, a boiling Cauldron.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Second Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
Third Witch. Harper cries; 'tis time, 'tis time.
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hecate. O! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song,* 'Black Spirits,' *&c.*

Second Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you profess,—
Howe'er you come to know it,—answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Second Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We'll answer.
First Witch. Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macbeth. Call 'em: let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. First Apparition, *an armed Head.*

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. [*Descends.*
Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.—
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, *a bloody Child.*

Second Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macbeth. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
Second App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Macbeth. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition, *a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

Third Apparition. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macbeth. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Second Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of Eight Kings; the last with a glass in his hand: Banquo's Ghost *following.*

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs: and thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :
A third is like the former. Filthy hags !
Why do you show me this ? A fourth ! Start, eyes !
What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?
Another yet ? A seventh ! I'll see no more :
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more ; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight ! Now, I see, 'tis true ;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*
What ! is this so ?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so : but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antick round,
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The* Witches *dance, and then vanish with* HECATE.

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar !
Come in, without there !

Enter LENNOX.

Lennox. What 's your Grace's will !
Macbeth. Saw you the weird sisters ?
Lennox. No, my lord.
Macbeth. Came they not by you ?
Lennox. No indeed, my lord.
Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them ! I did hear
The galloping of horse : who was't came by !
Lennox. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macbeth. Fled to England !
Lennox. Ay, my good lord.
Macbeth. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits ;
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it ; from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge of the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool :
But no more sights ! Where are these gentlemen ?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Fife.* MACDUFF'S *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.

Lady Macduff. What has he done to make him fly the land ?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
Lady Macduff. He had none :
His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
Lady. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch ; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight—
Her young ones in her nest—against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself : but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further :
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !
Lady Macduff. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.
Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

Lady Macduff. Sirrah, your father 's dead :
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?
Son. As birds do, mother.
Lady Macduff. What ! with worms and flies ?
Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pit-fall nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead : how wilt thou do for a father ?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?
Lady Macduff. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
Lady Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?
Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor ?
Lady Macduff. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so ?
Lady Macduff. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie ?
Lady Macduff. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them ?
Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
Lady Macduff. Now God help thee, poor monkey !
But how wilt thou do for a father ?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him : if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
Lady Macduff. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st !

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly :
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*
Lady Macduff. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly; why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?
Murderer. Where is your husband?
Lady Macduff. I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
Murderer. He 's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain.
Murderer. What! you egg.
Young fry of treachery! [*Stabbing him.*
Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit* Lady Macduff, *crying* 'Murder,' *and pursued by the* Murderers.

Scene III.—*England. Before the King's Palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macduff. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom; each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Malcolm. What I believe I'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macduff. I am not treacherous.
Malcolm. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macduff. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child—
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love—
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Malcolm. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macduff. What should he be?
Malcolm. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd

With my confineless harms.
Macduff. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
Malcolm. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name ; but there's no bottom, none,
In my intemperance : and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will ; better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
Macduff. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours.
Malcolm. With this there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house ;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macduff. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own ; all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.
Malcolm. But I have none : the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macduff. O Scotland, Scotland !

Malcolm. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.
Macduff. Fit to govern !
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed ? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king ; the queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well !
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here !
Malcolm. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste ; but God above
Deal between thee and me ! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Ignorant of women, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life ; my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command ;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand war-like men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent ?
Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you ?
Doctor. Ay, sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls

That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.
Malcolm. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.
Macduff. What 's the disease he means?
Malcolm. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.
Macduff. See, who comes here?
Malcolm. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

Macduff. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Malcolm. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas! poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macduff. O! relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Malcolm. What's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macduff. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macduff. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macduff. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macduff. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Malcolm. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macduff. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macduff. If it be mine
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macduff. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Malcolm. Merciful heaven!
What! man; ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macduff. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macduff. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Malcolm. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicine of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macduff. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What! all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.
Macduff. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Malcolm. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macduff. O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Malcolm. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown

upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her to continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here 's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One; two: why, then, 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? What! will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doctor. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth. Here 's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh ! oh ! oh !

Doctor. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor. Well, well, well.

Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice : yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doctor. Even so ?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed : there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doctor. Will she go now to bed ?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles ; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets ;
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good-night :
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman. Good-night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, *and* Soldiers.

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them ; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Angus. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Lennox. For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file

Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Menteith. What does the tyrant ?
Caithness. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad ; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury ; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Angus. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love ; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Menteith. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there ?
Caithness. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd ;
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.
Lennox. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus :
' Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon !
Where gott'st thou that goose look ?

Servant. There is ten thousand—
Macbeth. Geese, villain?
Servant. Soldiers, sir.
Macbeth. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, wheyface?
Servant. The English force, so please you.
Macbeth. Take thy face hence. [*Exit* Servant.] Seyton!
—I am sick at heart
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Seyton. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macbeth. What news more?
Seyton. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macbeth. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Seyton. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macbeth. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macbeth. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doctor. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The humour of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doctor. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macbeth. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Doctor. [*Aside.*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near Birnam Wood.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, *and* Soldiers *marching.*

Malcolm. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Menteith. We doubt it nothing.
Siward. What wood is this before us?
Menteith. The wood of Birnam.
Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Soldier. It shall be done.
Siward. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Malcolm. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macduff. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siward. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate,
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.—*Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers.

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, 'They come;' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up;
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Messenger. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.
Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd towards Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macbeth. Liar and slave!
Messenger. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macbeth. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth; 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their Army, with boughs.*

Malcolm. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siward. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Same. Another Part of the Plain.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What 's he

That was not born of woman ? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Young Siward. What is thy name ?
Macbeth. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Young Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macbeth. My name 's Macbeth.
Young Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macbeth. No, nor more fearful.
Young Siward. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight and Young* SIWARD *is slain.*
Macbeth. Thou wast born of woman :
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face :
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves : either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be ;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune !
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM *and Old* SIWARD.

Siward. This way, my lord ; the castle 's gently render'd :
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Malcolm. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siward. Enter, sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarums.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macduff. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macbeth. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macduff. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's body
Untimely torn.
Macbeth. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.
Macduff. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'
Macbeth. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my war-like shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, ROSS, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Malcolm. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siward. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Malcolm. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt :
He only liv'd but till he was a man ;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siward. Then he is dead ?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siward. Had he his hurts before ?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siward. Why then, God's soldier be he !
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death :
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
Malcolm. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siward. He 's worth no more ;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score :
And so, God be with him ! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head.*

Macduff. Hail, king ! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head : the time is free :
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine ;
Hail, King of Scotland !
All. Hail, King of Scotland ! [*Flourish.*
Malcolm. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place :
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

HAMLET
PRINCE OF DENMARK

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.
HAMLET, Son to the late, and Nephew to the present King.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.
LAERTES, his Son.
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC, } Courtiers.
A Gentleman,
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } Officers.
FRANCISCO, a Soldier.
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.
Players. Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.
GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark and Mother to Hamlet.
OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father

SCENE.—*Elsinore.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *at his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Bernardo. Who's there?
Francisco. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.
Bernardo. Long live the king!
Francisco. Bernardo?
Bernardo. He.
Francisco. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Bernardo. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Francisco. For this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Bernardo. Have you had quiet guard?
Francisco. Not a mouse stirring.
Bernardo. Well, good-night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Francisco. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Horatio. Friends to this ground.
Marcellus. And liegemen to the Dane.
Francisco. Give you good-night.
Marcellus. O! farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Francisco. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good-night. [*Exit.*
Marcellus. Holla! Bernardo!
Bernardo. Say,
What! is Horatio there?
Horatio. A piece of him.
Bernardo. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus
Marcellus. What! has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Bernardo. I have seen nothing.
Marcellus. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
Horatio. Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.
Bernardo. Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Horatio. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Bernardo. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Marcellus. Peace! break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Bernardo. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Marcellus. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Bernardo. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Horatio. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Bernardo. It would be spoke to.
Marcellus. Question it, Horatio.
Horatio. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and war-like form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Marcellus. It is offended.
Bernardo. See! it stalks away.
Horatio. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit* Ghost.
Marcellus. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Bernardo. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
Horatio. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Marcellus. Is it not like the king?
Horatio. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Marcellus. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Horatio. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Marcellus. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?
Horatio. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't; which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
Bernardo. I think it be no other but e'en so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.
Horatio. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse;
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.
But, soft! behold! lo! where it comes again.

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O! speak;
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.
Marcellus. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
Horatio. Do, if it will not stand.
Bernardo. 'Tis here!
Horatio. 'Tis here! [*Exit* Ghost.
Marcellus. 'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Bernardo. It was about to speak when the cock crew.
Horatio. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Horatio. So have I heard and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our watch up; and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Marcellus. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*A Room of State in the Castle.*

Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, *and* Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this war-like state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,

Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.
Farewell and let your haste commend your duty.

Cornelius.
Voltimand. In that and all things will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice; what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laertes. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Polonius. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Hamlet. [*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Hamlet. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust :
Thou know'st 'tis common ; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Hamlet. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee ?
Hamlet. Seems, madam ! Nay, it is ; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly ; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that within which passeth show ;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow ; but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd :
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father ; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne ;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Hamlet. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt all except* HAMLET.

Hamlet. O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't: Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she,—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,

She married. O! most wicked speed—
It is not nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

Horatio. Hail to your lordship!
Hamlet. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget myself.
Horatio. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Hamlet. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?
Marcellus. My good lord,—
Hamlet. I am very glad to see you. [*To* BERNARDO] Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Horatio. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Hamlet. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself; I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Horatio. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Hamlet. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Horatio. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!
My father, methinks I see my father.
Horatio. O! where, my lord?
Hamlet. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Horatio. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Hamlet. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Horatio. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Hamlet. Saw who?
Horatio. My lord, the king your father.
Hamlet. The king, my father!
Horatio. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Hamlet. For God's love, let me hear.
Horatio. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your father,
Armed at points exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Hamlet. But where was this?
Marcellus. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Hamlet. Did you not speak to it?
Horatio. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.
Hamlet. 'Tis very strange.
Horatio. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Hamlet. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Marcellus. } We do, my lord.
Bernardo. }
Hamlet. Arm'd, say you?
Marcellus. }
Bernardo. } Arm'd, my lord.
Hamlet. From top to toe?

Marcellus. *Bernardo.* My lord, from head to foot.
Hamlet. Then saw you not his face?
Horatio. O yes! my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Hamlet. What! look'd he frowningly?
Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Hamlet. Pale or red?
Horatio. Nay, very pale.
Hamlet. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Horatio. Most constantly.
Hamlet. I would I had been there.
Horatio. It would have much amaz'd you.
Hamlet. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?
Horatio. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Marcellus. *Bernardo.* Longer, longer.
Horatio. Not when I saw it.
Hamlet. His beard was grizzled, no?
Horatio. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Hamlet. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Horatio. I warrant it will.
Hamlet. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Hamlet. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.
[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* POLONIUS' *House.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

Laertes. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Ophelia. Do you doubt that?

Laertes. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Ophelia. No more but so?

Laertes. Think it no more
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon;

Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Ophelia. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.
Laertes. O! fear me not.
I stay too long; but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Polonius. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!
Laertes. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Polonius. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.
Laertes. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.
Ophelia. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Laertes. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Polonius. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Ophelia. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Polonius. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Ophelia. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Polonius. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Ophelia. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Polonius. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus,—you'll tender me a fool.
Ophelia. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.
Polonius. Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to.
Ophelia. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Polonius. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,

You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits.
This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
Ophelia. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Hamlet. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Hamlet. What hour now?
Horatio. I think it lacks of twelve.
Marcellus. No, it is struck.
Horatio. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Hamlet. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Horatio. Is it a custom?
Hamlet. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes

From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
(As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners) that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Horatio. Look, my lord, it comes.

Hamlet. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father; royal Dane, O! answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*The* Ghost *beckons* HAMLET.

Horatio. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Marcellus. Look, with what courteous action

It waves you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.
Horatio. No, by no means.
Hamlet. It will not speak ; then, will I follow it.
Horatio. Do not, my lord.
Hamlet. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again ; I'll follow it.
Horatio. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness ? think of it ;
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.
Hamlet. It waves me still. Go on, I'll follow thee.
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Hold off your hands !
Horatio. Be rul'd ; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. [Ghost *beckons.*
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen,
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven ! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me :
I say, away ! Go on, I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* Ghost *and* HAMLET.
Horatio. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Marcellus. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Horatio. Have after. To what issue will this come ?
Marcellus. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Horatio. Heaven will direct it.
Marcellus. Nay, let's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Platform.*

Enter Ghost *and* HAMLET.

Hamlet. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Hamlet. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Hamlet. Alas! poor ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Hamlet. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Hamlet. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine: porcupine
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Hamlet. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Hamlet. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Hamlet. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Hamlet. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that licentious, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet! what a falling-off was there;
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebona in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head :
O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught ; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire ;
Adieu, adieu ! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*

Hamlet. O all you host of heaven ! O earth ! What else ?
And shall I couple hell ? O fie ! Hold, hold, my heart !
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up ! Remember thee !
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee !
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there ;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven !
O most pernicious woman !
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark : [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word ;
It is, ' Adieu, adieu ! remember me.'
I have sworn't.

Horatio. [*Within.*] My lord ! my lord !
Marcellus. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet !
Horatio. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him !
Marcellus. [*Within.*] So be it !
Horatio. [*Within.*] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord !
Hamlet. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Marcellus. How is't, my noble lord ?
Horatio. What news, my lord ?

Hamlet. O! wonderful.
Horatio. Good my lord, tell it.
Hamlet. No; you will reveal it.
Horatio. Not I, my lord, by heaven!
Marcellus. Nor I, my lord.
Hamlet. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret?
Horatio } Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Marcellus. }
Hamlet. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Horatio. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Hamlet. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Horatio. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Hamlet. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.
Horatio. There's no offence, my lord.
Hamlet. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence, too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Horatio. What is't, my lord? we will.
Hamlet. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Horatio. }
Marcellus. } My lord, we will not.
Hamlet. Nay, but swear't.
Horatio. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Marcellus. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Hamlet. Upon my sword.

Marcellus. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Hamlet. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Hamlet. Ah, ha, boy! sayst thou so? art thou there, true-penny? Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.
Horatio. Propose the oath, my lord.
Hamlet. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Hamlet. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Hamlet. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! once more remove, good friends.
Horatio. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, 'Well, well, we know,' or, 'We could, an if we would;'
Or, 'If we list to speak,' or, 'There be, an if they might;'
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear. [*They swear.*
Hamlet. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* POLONIUS' *House.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Polonius. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Reynaldo. I will, my lord.
Polonius. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Reynaldo. My lord, I did intend it.
Polonius. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, 'I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him;' do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Reynaldo. Ay, very well, my lord.
Polonius. 'And, in part, him; but,' you may say, 'not well:
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so;' and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Reynaldo. As gaming, my lord?
Polonius. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling;
You may go so far.
Reynaldo. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Polonius. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;

That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.
Reynaldo. But, my good lord,—
Polonius. Wherefore should you do this?
Reynaldo. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Polonius. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
'Good sir,' or so; or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.
Reynaldo. Very good, my lord.
Polonius. And then, sir, does he this,—he does,— what was I about to say? By the mass I was about to say something: where did I leave?
Reynaldo. At 'closes in the consequence.'
At 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'
Polonius. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was a' gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
There falling out at tennis.' See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Reynaldo. My lord, I have.
Polonius. God be wi' you; fare you well.
Reynaldo. Good my lord!
Polonius. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Reynaldo. I shall, my lord.

Polonius. And let him ply his music.
Reynaldo. Well, my lord.
Polonius. Farewell! [*Exit* REYNALDO.

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?
Ophelia. Alas! my lord, I have been so affrighted.
Polonius. With what, in the name of God?
Ophelia. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.
Polonius. Mad for thy love?
Ophelia. My lord, I do not know;
But truly I do fear it.
Polonius. What said he?
Ophelia. He took me by the wrist and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.
Polonius. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What! have you given him any hard words of late?
Ophelia. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

Polonius. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and* Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whe'r aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Rosencrantz. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,

Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.
Guildenstern. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz;
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.
Guildenstern. Heavens make our presence, and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Ay, amen!
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and some* Attendants.

Enter POLONIUS.

Polonius. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Polonius. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king;
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Polonius. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Voltimand. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [*Giving a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Polonius. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Polonius. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains

That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter, have while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now, gather, and surmise.
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia.—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase; but you shall hear. Thus:
In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Polonius. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.
Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.
O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best! believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,
Hamlet.
This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Polonius. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Polonius. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;

This must not be : ' and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;
And he, repulsed,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness ; and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Polonius. Hath there been such a time,—I'd fain know that,—
That I have positively said, ' 'Tis so,'
When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Polonius. Take this from this, if this be otherwise :
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further ?

Polonius. You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Polonius. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him ;
Be you and I behind an arras then ;
Mark the encounter ; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Polonius. Away ! I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently.
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* Attendants.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

O ! give me leave.
How does my good Lord Hamlet ?

Hamlet. Well, God a-mercy.

Polonius. Do you know me, my lord ?

Hamlet. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Polonius. Not I, my lord.

Hamlet. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Polonius. Honest, my lord !

Hamlet. Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Polonius. That's very true, my lord.

Hamlet. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter ?

Polonius. I have, my lord.

Hamlet. Let her not walk i' the sun : conception is a blessing ; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Polonius. [*Aside.*] How say you by that ? Still harping on my daughter : yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a fishmonger : he is far gone, far gone : and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love ; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord ?

Hamlet. Words, words, words.

Polonius. What is the matter, my lord ?

Hamlet. Between who ?

Polonius. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Hamlet. Slanders, sir : for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams : all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Polonius. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

Hamlet. Into my grave ?

Polonius. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Hamlet. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that

I will more willingly part withal ; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Polonius. Fare you well, my lord. [*Going.*

Hamlet. These tedious old fools !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Polonius. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet ; there he is.

Rosencrantz. [*To* POLONIUS.] God save you, sir ! [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Guildenstern. Mine honoured lord !

Rosencrantz. My most dear lord !

Hamlet. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good lads, how do ye both ?

Rosencrantz. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guildenstern. Happy in that we are not over happy ; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Hamlet. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Rosencrantz. Neither, my lord

Hamlet. What news ?

Rosencrantz. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Hamlet. Then is doomsday near ; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular : what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither ?

Guildenstern. Prison, my lord !

Hamlet. Denmark's a prison.

Rosencrantz. Then is the world one.

Hamlet. A goodly one ; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Rosencrantz. We think not so, my lord.

Hamlet. Why, then, 'tis none to you ; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so : to me it is a prison.

Rosencrantz. Why, then your ambition makes it one ; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Hamlet. O God ! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guildenstern. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition,

for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Hamlet. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Rosencrantz. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Hamlet. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court ? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Rosencrantz. } We'll wait upon you.
Guildenstern. }

Hamlet. No such matter ; I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore ?

Rosencrantz. To visit you, my lord ; no other occasion.

Hamlet. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks ; but I thank you : and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for ? Is it your own inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, come, deal justly with me : come, come ; nay, speak.

Guildenstern. What should we say, my lord ?

Hamlet. Why anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for ; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour : I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Rosencrantz. To what end, my lord ?

Hamlet. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no !

Rosencrantz. [*Aside to* GUILDENSTERN.] What say you?

Hamlet. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not off.

Guildenstern. My lord, we were sent for.

Hamlet. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises ; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical

roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Rosencrantz. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Hamlet. Why did you laugh then, when I said, 'man delights not me?'

Rosencrantz. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Hamlet. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Rosencrantz. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Hamlet. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Rosencrantz. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Hamlet. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Rosencrantz. No, indeed they are not.

Hamlet. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Rosencrantz. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Hamlet. What! are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality

no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Rosencrantz. Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides: and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Hamlet. Is it possible?

Guildenstern. O! there has been much throwing about of brains.

Hamlet. Do the boys carry it away?

Rosencrantz. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Hamlet. It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guildenstern. There are the players.

Hamlet. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players—which, I tell you, must show fairly outward—should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guildenstern. In what, my dear lord?

Hamlet. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Polonius. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Hamlet. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too; at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Rosencrantz. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Hamlet. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.

Polonius. My lord, I have news to tell you.
Hamlet. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—
Polonius. The actors are come hither, my lord.
Hamlet. Buzz, buzz!
Polonius. Upon my honour,—
Hamlet. Then came each actor on his ass,—
Polonius. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.
Hamlet. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!
Polonius. What a treasure had he, my lord?
Hamlet. Why

One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Polonius. [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.
Hamlet. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?
Polonius. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.
Hamlet. Nay, that follows not.
Polonius. What follows, then, my lord?
Hamlet. Why,

As by lot, God wot.

And then, you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was.—

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well: welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Player. What speech, my good lord ?

Hamlet. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once ; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million ; 'twas caviare to the general : but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation ; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved ; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido ; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line : let me see, let me see :—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—

'tis not so, it begins with Pyrrhus :—

The rugged Pyrrhus, he, whose sable arm,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal ; head to foot
Now is he total gules ; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders : roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

So proceed you.

Polonius. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken ; with good accent and good discretion.

First Player. . . . . . *Anon, he finds him*
Striking too short at Greeks ; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage strikes wide ;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear : for lo ! his sword,

Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou vile thing, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Polonius. This is too long.

Hamlet. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

First Player. But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen—

Hamlet. 'The mobled queen?'—

Polonius. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Player. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Polonius. Look! wh'er he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes. Prithee, no more.

Hamlet. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest

soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Polonius. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet. God's bodikins, man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Polonius. Come, sirs.

Hamlet. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play tomorrow. [*Exit* POLONIUS, *with all the* Players *but the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Player. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not.

First Player. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit* First Player.] [*To* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.] My good friends, I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore.

Rosencrantz. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Hamlet. Ay, so, God be wi' ye! Now I am alone.
O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I:
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Swounds, I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, beastly villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O! vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, vixen-like, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy—
As he is very potent with such spirits—
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Rosencrantz. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guildenstern. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Rosencrantz. Most like a gentleman.

Guildenstern. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosencrantz. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Rosencrantz. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Polonius. 'Tis most true;
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Rosencrantz. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Ophelia. Madam, I wish it may.
[*Exit* QUEEN.
Polonius. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To* OPHELIA.] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
King. [*Aside.*] O! 'tis too true;
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The wanton's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!
Polonius. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt* KING *and* POLONIUS.

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

Ophelia. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Hamlet. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Ophelia. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Hamlet. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Ophelia. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Hamlet. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Ophelia. My lord!

Hamlet. Are you fair?

Ophelia. What means your lordship?

Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Ophelia. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Hamlet. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is than the force of honesty

can translate beauty into his likeness : this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love thee once.

Ophelia. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet. You should not have believed me ; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it : I loved you not.

Ophelia. I was the more deceived.

Hamlet. Get thee to a nunnery : why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth ? We are arrant knaves, all ; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father ?

Ophelia. At home, my lord.

Hamlet. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

Ophelia. O ! help him, you sweet heavens !

Hamlet. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry : be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go ; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophelia. O heavenly powers, restore him !

Hamlet. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough ; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another : you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages ; those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*

Ophelia. O ! what a noble mind is here o'er-thrown :
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword ;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O! woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING *and* POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Polonius. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs: let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and certain* Players.

Hamlet. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very

torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of passion you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O ! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it.

First Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature ; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O ! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Player. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Hamlet. O ! reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them ; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered ; that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt* Players.

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord ! will the king hear this piece of work ?

Polonius. And the queen too, and that presently

Hamlet. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Will you two help to hasten them ?

Rosencrantz. } We will, my lord.
Guildenstern. }

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Hamlet. What, ho ! Horatio !

Enter HORATIO.

Horatio. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Hamlet. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Horatio. O ! my dear lord,—

Hamlet. Nay, do not think I flatter ;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No ; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself ; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks ; and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king ;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death :
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle ; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note ;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Horatio. Well, my lord :

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
Hamlet. They are coming to the play ; I must be idle :
Get you a place.

Danish march. A Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet ?
Hamlet. Excellent, i' faith ; of the chameleon's dish : I eat the air, promise-crammed ; you cannot feed capons so.
King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ; these words are not mine.
Hamlet. No, nor mine now. [*To* POLONIUS.] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say ?
Polonius. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.
Hamlet. And what did you enact ?
Polonius. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i' the Capitol ; Brutus killed me.
Hamlet. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready ?
Rosencrantz. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.
Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.
Hamlet. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.
Polonius. [*To the* KING.] O ho ! do you mark that ?
Hamlet. Lady, shall I lie in your lap ?
[*Lying down at* OPHELIA'S *feet.*
Ophelia. No, my lord.
Hamlet. I mean, my head upon your lap ?
Ophelia. Ay, my lord. You are merry, my lord.
Hamlet. Who, I ?
Ophelia. Ay, my lord.
Hamlet. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry ? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.
Ophelia. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
Hamlet. So long ? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens ! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year ; but, by'r lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, ' For, O ! for, O ! the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King *and* a Queen, *very lovingly; the* Queen *embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the* King's *ears, and exit. The* Queen *returns, finds the* King *dead, and makes passionate action. The* Poisoner, *with some two or three* Mutes, *comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The* Poisoner *wooes the* Queen *with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.* [*Exeunt.*

Ophelia. What means this, my lord?

Hamlet. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Ophelia. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Hamlet. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Ophelia. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Hamlet. Ay, or any show that you'll show him.

Ophelia. I'll mark the play.

Prologue. *For us and for our tragedy,*
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Hamlet. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Ophelia. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Hamlet. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King *and* Queen.

Player King. *Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round*
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

Player Queen. *So many journeys may the sun and moon*
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,

So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
Player King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—
Player Queen. O! confound the rest;
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.
Hamlet. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood.
Player Queen. The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
Player King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revels grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
That even our love should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
Whe'r love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,

For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.
Player Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!
Hamlet. If she should break it now!
Player King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*
Player Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*
Hamlet. Madam, how like you this play?
Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
Hamlet. O! but she'll keep her word.
King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?
Hamlet. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.
King. What do you call the play?
Hamlet. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Player *as* Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.
Ophelia. You are a good chorus, my lord.
Hamlet. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.
Ophelia. Still better, and worse.

Hamlet. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come; the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Lucianus. *Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;*
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into the Sleeper's ears.*

Hamlet. He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Ophelia. The king rises.

Hamlet. What! frighted with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Polonius. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all except* HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Hamlet. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Horatio. Half a share.

Hamlet. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

Horatio. You might have rimed.

Hamlet. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Horatio. Very well, my lord.

Hamlet. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Horatio. I did very well note him.

Hamlet. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Guildenstern. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Hamlet. Sir, a whole history.

Guildenstern. The king, sir,—

Hamlet. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guildenstern. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Hamlet. With drink, sir?

Guildenstern. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Hamlet. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guildenstern. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Hamlet. I am tame, sir; pronounce.

Guildenstern. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Hamlet. You are welcome.

Guildenstern. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Hamlet. Sir, I cannot.

Guildenstern. What, my lord?

Hamlet. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased; but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Rosencrantz. Then, thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Hamlet. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Rosencrantz. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Hamlet. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Rosencrantz. My lord, you once did love me.

Hamlet. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.
Rosencrantz. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.
Hamlet. Sir, I lack advancement.
Rosencrantz. How can that be when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?
Hamlet. Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Enter Players, *with recorders.*

O! the recorders: let me see one. To withdraw with you: why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?
Guildenstern. O! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.
Hamlet. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?
Guildenstern. My lord, I cannot.
Hamlet. I pray you.
Guildenstern. Believe me, I cannot.
Hamlet. I do beseech you.
Guildenstern. I know no touch of it, my lord.
Hamlet. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.
Guildenstern. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.
Hamlet. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!
Polonius. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Hamlet. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polonius. It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet. Or like a whale?

Polonius. Very like a whale.

Hamlet. Then I will come to my mother by and by. [*Aside.*] They fool me to the top of my bent. [*Aloud.*] I will come by and by.

Polonius. I will say so. [*Exit.*

Hamlet. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guildenstern. We will ourselves provide.
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Rosencrantz. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest

The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Rosencrantz. }
Guildenstern. } We will haste us.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Enter POLONIUS.

Polonius. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't;
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder?'
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay;
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't: and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent;
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The KING *rises and advances.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The* QUEEN'S *Apartment.*

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS.

Polonius. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him ;
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.
Hamlet. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother !
Queen. I'll warrant you ;
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS *hides behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. Now, mother, what's the matter ?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Hamlet. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet !
Hamlet. What's the matter now ?
Queen. Have you forgot me ?
Hamlet. No, by the rood, not so :
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
And,—would it were not so !—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge :
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me ?
Help, help, ho !
Polonius. [*Behind.*] What, ho ! help ! help ! help !
Hamlet. [*Draws.*] How now ! a rat ? Dead, for a ducat, dead ! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*

Polonius. [*Behind.*] O! I am slain.
Queen. O me! what hast thou done?
Hamlet. Nay, I know not: is it the king?
Queen. O! what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Hamlet. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Hamlet. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers* POLONIUS.
[*To* POLONIUS.] Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not brass'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Hamlet. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths; O! such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words; heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?
Hamlet. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband: look you now, what follows.

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet! speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.
Hamlet. Nay, but to live,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—
Queen. O! speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!
Hamlet. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more!
Hamlet. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas! he's mad!
Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O! say.
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O! step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Hamlet. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands an end. O gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Hamlet. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Hamlet. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Hamlet. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Hamlet. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away;
My father, in his habit as he liv'd;
Look! where he goes, even now, out at the portal.
[*Exit* Ghost.
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Hamlet. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Hamlet. O! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master ev'n the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.
I must be cruel only to be kind:
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Hamlet. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to him;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Hamlet. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack!
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Hamlet. There's letters seal'd; and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O! 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing;
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good-night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good-night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally;* HAMLET *dragging in the body of* POLONIUS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves :
You must translate ; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son ?

Queen. [*To* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.] Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ah ! my good lord, what have I seen to-night.

King. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat ! a rat !'
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !
It had been so with us had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all ;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man : but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd ;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure : he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude ! come away.
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence ; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho ! Guildenstern !

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :
Go seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends ;
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done : so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. O ! come away ;
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. Safely stowed.

Rosencrantz. }
Guildenstern. } [*Within.*] Hamlet ! Lord Hamlet !

Hamlet. What noise ? who calls on Hamlet ?
O ! here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Rosencrantz. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body ?

Hamlet. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Rosencrantz. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.

Hamlet. Do not believe it.

Rosencrantz. Believe what ?

Hamlet. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge ! what replication should be made by the son of a king ?

Rosencrantz. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

Hamlet. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end : he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw ; first mouthed, to be last swallowed : when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Rosencrantz. I understand you not, my lord.

Hamlet. I am glad of it : a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Rosencrantz. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Hamlet. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guildenstern. A thing, my lord!

Hamlet. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter KING, *attended.*

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Rosencrantz. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosencrantz. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rosencrantz. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Hamlet. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Hamlet. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Hamlet. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Hamlet. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Hamlet. In heaven ; send thither to see : if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. [*To some* Attendants.] Go seek him there.

Hamlet. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness : therefore prepare thyself ;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Hamlet. For England !

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Hamlet. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Hamlet. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come ; for England ! Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Hamlet. My mother : father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England ! [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed aboard :
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away ! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair : pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *a* Captain, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Fortinbras. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.
Captain. I will do't, my lord.
Fortinbras. Go softly on.
[*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS *and* Soldiers.

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*

Hamlet. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Captain. They are of Norway, sir.
Hamlet. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?
Captain. Against some part of Poland.
Hamlet. Who commands them, sir?
Captain. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Hamlet. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Captain. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Hamlet. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Captain. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.
Hamlet. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace, swelling
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.
Captain. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit*
Rosencrantz. Will't please you go, my lord?
Hamlet. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt all except* HAMLET.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whe'r it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do;'
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain ? O ! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth ! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, *and a* Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gentleman. She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have ?

Gentleman. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Horatio. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit* Gentleman.
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* OPHELIA.

Ophelia. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Ophelia. How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas! sweet lady, what imports this song?

Ophelia. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf;
At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Ophelia. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Ophelia. Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Ophelia. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Ophelia. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

> To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
> All in the morning betime,
> And I a maid at your window,
> To be your Valentine.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Ophelia. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies; good-night, good-night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; but he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude! this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door. What is the matter?

Gentleman. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, *armed;* Danes *following.*

Laertes. Where is the king? Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laertes. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*

Laertes. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king!
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man.

Laertes. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laertes. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laertes. My will, not all the world:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laertes. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laertes. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laertes. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Ophelia. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophelia. You must sing, a-down a-down,
And you call him a-down-a.

O how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

Laertes. This nothing's more than matter.

Ophelia. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laertes. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophelia. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O! you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laertes. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Ophelia. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow
All flaxen was his poll,
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' ye! [*Exit.*

Laertes. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laertes. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter HORATIO *and a* Servant.

Horatio. What are they that would speak with me?
Servant. Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for you.
Horatio. Let them come in. [*Exit* Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sailor. God bless you, sir.
Horatio. Let him bless thee too.
Second Sailor. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir;—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England;—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.
Horatio. *Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very war-like appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine,
HAMLET.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter KING *and* LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,

That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

Laertes. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O! for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows, fetters
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laertes. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more;
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Messenger. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Messenger. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit* Messenger.

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return. HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse and no such thing?

Laertes. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked,'
And in a postscript here, he says, 'alone.'
Can you advise me?

Laertes. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus diddest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laertes. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

Laertes. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laertes. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears

Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.
Laertes. A Norman was't?
King. A Norman.
Laertes. Upon my life, Lamord.
King. The very same.
Laertes. I know him well; he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you; the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—
Laertes. What out of this, my lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laertes. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would, for this 'would' changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer;
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laertes. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home;
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laertes. I will do't;
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see;
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings:
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen!
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laertes. Drown'd! O, where?
Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laertes. Alas! then, she is drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laertes. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*
King. Let's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns, *with spades and mattock.*

First Clown. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

Second Clown. I tell thee she is ; and therefore make her grave straight : the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clown. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence ?

Second Clown. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clown. It must be *se offendendo ;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point : if I drown myself wittingly it argues an act ; and an act hath three branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform : argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Second Clown. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

First Clown. Give me leave. Here lies the water ; good : here stands the man ; good : if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes ; mark you that ? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself : argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Second Clown. But is this law ?

First Clown. Ay, marry, is't ; crowner's quest law.

Second Clown. Will you ha' the truth on't ? If this had not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First Clown. Why, there thou sayest ; and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers ; they hold up Adam's profession.

Second Clown. Was he a gentleman ?

First Clown. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

Second Clown. Why, he had none.

First Clown. What ! art a heathen ? How dost thou understand the Scripture ? The Scripture says, Adam digged ; could he dig without arms ? I'll put another question to thee ; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Second Clown. Go to.

First Clown. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter ?

Second Clown. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clown. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well, but how does it well ? it does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

Second Clown. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter ?

First Clown. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second Clown. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clown. To't.

Second Clown. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO *at a distance.*

First Clown. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, 'a grave-maker:' the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit Second* Clown.

First Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O! the time, for-a my behove,
O! methought there was nothing meet.

Hamlet. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making ?

Horatio. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clown.

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Hamlet. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be

the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-offices, one that would circumvent God, might it not ?

Horatio. It might, my lord.

Hamlet. Or of a courtier, which could say, 'Good morrow, sweet lord ! How dost thou, good lord ? ' This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not ?

Horatio. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's ; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em ? mine ache to think on't.

First Clown.

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet ;
O ! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Hamlet. There's another ; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer ? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks ? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? Hum ! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries ; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt ? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures ? The very conveyance of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha ?

Horatio. Not a jot more, my lord.

Hamlet. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins ?

Horatio. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Hamlet. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sir ?

First Clown. Mine, sir,

O ! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Hamlet. I think it be thine, indeed ; for thou liest in't.

First Clown. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours ; for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Hamlet. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine : 'tis for the dead, not for the quick ; therefore thou liest.

First Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, sir ; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Hamlet. What man dost thou dig it for ?

First Clown. For no man, sir.

Hamlet. What woman, then ?

First Clown. For none, neither.

Hamlet. Who is to be buried in't ?

First Clown. One that was a woman, sir ; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet. How absolute the knave is ! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it ; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker ?

First Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet. How long is that since ?

First Clown. Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that ; it was the very day that young Hamlet was born ; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet. Ay, marry ; why was he sent into England ?

First Clown. Why, because he was mad : he shall recover his wits there ; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet. Why ?

First Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him there ; there the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet. How came he mad ?

First Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet. How strangely ?

First Clown. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet. Upon what ground ?

First Clown. Why, here in Denmark ; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Hamlet. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot ?

First Clown. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year or nine year ; a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet. Why he more than another ?

First Clown. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body. Here's a skull now ; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Hamlet. Whose was it ?

First Clown. A mad fellow's it was : whose do you think it was ?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

First Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue : a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet. This !

First Clown. E'en that.

Hamlet. Let me see.—[*Takes the skull.*]—Alas ! poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chapfallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio. What's that, my lord ?

Hamlet. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth ?

Horatio. E'en so.

Hamlet. And smelt so ? pah ! [*Puts down the skull.*

Horatio. E'en so, my lord.

Hamlet. To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole ?

Horatio. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet. No, faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it ; as thus : Alexander died, Alexander was buried. Alexander returneth into dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.
But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter Priests, *&c., in procession: the Corpse of* OPHELIA, LAERTES *and Mourners following;* KING, QUEEN, *their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life; 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with* HORATIO.
Laertes. What ceremony else?
Hamlet. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.
Laertes. What ceremony else?
First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful,
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
Laertes. Must there no more be done?
First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.
Laertes. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.
Hamlet. What! the fair Ophelia?
Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell! [*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.
Laertes. O! treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
Hamlet. [*Advancing.*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*
Laertes. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grapples with him.*
Hamlet. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetive and rash
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Away thy hand!
King. Pluck them asunder.
Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!
All. Gentlemen,—
Horatio. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The* Attendants *part them, and they come out of the grave.*
Hamlet. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
Queen. O my son! what theme?
Hamlet. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. O! he is mad, Laertes.
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Hamlet. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.
Hamlet. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him. [*Exit* HORATIO.
[*To* LAERTES.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Hamlet. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?
Horatio. Remember it, my lord?
Hamlet. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Horatio. That is most certain.
Hamlet. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them, had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold—
My fears forgetting manners—to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery! an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons

Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
Horatio. Is't possible?
Hamlet. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Horatio. I beseech you.
Hamlet. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair;
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Horatio. Ay, good my lord.
Hamlet. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm should flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.
Horatio. How was this seal'd?
Hamlet. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.
Horatio. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
Hamlet. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes

Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites.
Horatio. Why, what a king is this?
Hamlet. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king and wiv'd my mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?
Horatio. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.
Hamlet. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.
Horatio. Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osric. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.
Hamlet. I humbly thank you, sir. [*Aside to* HORATIO.] Dost know this water-fly?
Horatio. [*Aside to* HAMLET.] No, my good lord.
Hamlet. [*Aside to* HORATIO.] Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.
Osric. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.
Hamlet. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.
Osric. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.
Hamlet. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.
Osric. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed,
Hamlet. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osric. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Hamlet. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET *moves him to put on his hat.*

Osric. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Hamlet. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osric. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Hamlet. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osric. Sir?

Horatio. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Hamlet. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osric. Of Laertes?

Horatio. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Hamlet. Of him, sir.

Osric. I know you are not ignorant—

Hamlet. I would you did, sir; in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir.

Osric. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Hamlet. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osric. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but, in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Hamlet. What's his weapon?

Osric. Rapier and dagger.

Hamlet. That's two of his weapons ; but, well.

Osric. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses ; against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so : three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Hamlet. What call you the carriages ?

Horatio. I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

Osric. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Hamlet. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides ; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on ; six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages ; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this ' imponed,' as you call it ?

Osric. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits ; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Hamlet. How if I answer no ?

Osric. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Hamlet. Sir, I will walk here in the hall ; if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me ; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can ; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osric. Shall I re-deliver you so ?

Hamlet. To this effect, sir ; after what flourish your nature will.

Osric. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Hamlet. Yours, yours. [*Exit* OSRIC.] He does well to commend it himself ; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Horatio. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Hamlet. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy, that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the

most fond and winnowed opinions ; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall ; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Hamlet. I am constant to my purposes ; they follow the king's pleasure : if his fitness speaks, mine is ready ; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Hamlet. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Hamlet. She well instructs me. [*Exit* Lord.

Horatio. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Hamlet. I do not think so ; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart ; but it is no matter.

Horatio. Nay, good my lord,—

Hamlet. It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Horatio. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it ; I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Hamlet. Not a whit, we defy augury ; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes ? Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, *and* Attendants *with foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The* KING *puts the hand of* LAERTES *into that of* HAMLET.

Hamlet. Give me your pardon, sir ; I've done you wrong ;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.
Laertes. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge; but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.
Hamlet. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.
Laertes. Come, one for me.
Hamlet. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.
Laertes. You mock me, sir.
Hamlet. No, by this hand.
King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet.
You know the wager?
Hamlet. Very well, my lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.
King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.
Laertes. This is too heavy; let me see another.
Hamlet. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
Osric. Ay, my good lord. [*They prepare to play.*
King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet!' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Hamlet. Come on, sir.

Laertes. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Hamlet. One.

Laertes. No.

Hamlet. Judgment.

Osric. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laertes. Well; again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*

Hamlet. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come.—[*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?

Laertes. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Hamlet. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. [*Aside.*] It is the poison'd cup! it is too late.

Hamlet. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laertes. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laertes. [*Aside.*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Hamlet. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence.
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laertes. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*

Osric. Nothing, neither way.

Laertes. Have at you now.

[LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES.

King. Part them! they are incens'd.

Hamlet. Nay, come, again. [*The* QUEEN *falls.*

Osric. Look to the queen there, ho!
Horatio. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
Osric. How is it, Laertes?
Laertes. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Hamlet. How does the queen?
King. She swounds to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink; I am poison'd. [*Dies.*
Hamlet. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES *falls.*
Laertes. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.
Hamlet. The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the* KING.
All. Treason! treason!
King. O: yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Hamlet. Here, thou licentious, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion;—is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [KING *dies.*
Laertes. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Hamlet. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O! I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Horatio. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.
Hamlet. As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have't.
O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story [*March afar off, and shot within.*
What war-like noise is this?

Osric. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This war-like volley.

Hamlet. O! I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit: overpowers
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Horatio. Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the English* Ambassadors, *and Others.*

Fortinbras. Where is this sight?

Horatio. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fortinbras. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

First Ambassador. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

Horatio. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads; all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fortinbras. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Horatio. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.
Fortinbras. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

KING LEAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR, King of Britain.
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOUCESTER.
EDGAR, Son to Gloucester.
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloucester.
CURAN, a Courtier.
OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloucester.
Doctor.
Fool.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
A Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, } Daughters to Lear.

Knights of Lear's Train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*Britain.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in* KING LEAR'S *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, *and* EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Gloucester. It did always seem so to us ; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord ?

Gloucester. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Gloucester. Do you smell a fault ?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Gloucester. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account : though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

Edmund. No, my lord.

Gloucester. My Lord of Kent : remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edmund. My services to your lordship.
Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.
Edmund. Sir, I shall study deserving.
Gloucester. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.
Gloucester. I shall, my liege.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* EDMUND.
Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom ; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most ?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.
Goneril. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter ;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty ;
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare ;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour ;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found ;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable ;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.
Cordelia. [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia do ? Love, and be silent.
Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,

We make thee lady : to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall ? Speak.
Regan. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love ;
Only she comes too short : that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.
Cordelia. [*Aside.*] Then, poor Cordelia !
And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love 's
More richer than my tongue.
Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least ; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd ; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.
Cordelia. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing ?
Cordelia. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing : speak again.
Cordelia. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
According to my bond ; nor more nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia ! mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.
Cordelia. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all ? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty :
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this ?
Cordelia. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender ?

Cordelia. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so ; thy truth then be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent !
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight !
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her ! Call France. Who stirs ?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third ;
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself by monthly course,
With reservation of a hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The name and all th' addition to a king ;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn ; make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man ?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows ? To plainness honour 's bound

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state ;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness : answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least ;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies ; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight !
Kent. See better, Lear ; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O vassal ! miscreant !
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Albany. } Dear sir, forbear.
Cornwall. }
Kent. Do ;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant !
On thine allegiance, hear me !
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,—
Which we durst never yet,—and, with strain'd pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,—
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world ;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away ! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.
Kent. Fare thee well, king ; sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[*To* CORDELIA.] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said !

[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes ! bids you all adieu ;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and* Attendants.

Gloucester. Here 's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter. What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love ?
Burgundy. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us we did hold her so,
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands :
If aught within that little-seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.
Burgundy. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her ?
Burgundy. Pardon me, royal sir ;
Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir ; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—[*To* FRANCE.] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray
To match you where I hate ; therefore, beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange,
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle

So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint ; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.
Cordelia. I yet beseech your majesty—
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well intend,
I'll do 't before I speak—that you make known
It is no vicious blot nor other foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour,
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd me better.
France. Is it but this ? a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do ? My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady ? Love is not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her ?
She is herself a dowry.
Burgundy. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.
Lear. Nothing : I have sworn ; I am firm.
Burgundy. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.
Cordelia. Peace be with Burgundy !
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor ;
Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, despis'd !
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon :
Be it lawful I take up what 's cast away.
Gods, gods ! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :

Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :
Thou losest here, a better where to find.
Lear. Thou hast her, France ; let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again, therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOUCESTER, *and* Attendants.
France. Bid farewell to your sisters.
Cordelia. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Use well our father :
To your professed bosoms I commit him :
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.
Regan. Prescribe not us our duties.
Goneril. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms ; you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cordelia. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides ;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper !
France. Come, my fair Cordelia.
[*Exit* FRANCE *and* CORDELIA.
Goneril. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.
Regan. That 's most certain, and with you ; next month with us.
Goneril. You see how full of changes his age is ; the observation we have made of it hath not been little : he always loved our sister most ; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.
Regan. 'Tis the infirmity of his age ; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.
Goneril. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash ; then, must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition,

but, therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Regan. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Goneril. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Regan. We shall further think on 't.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the* EARL OF GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

Edmund. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate. Fine word, 'legitimate!'
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate:—I grow, I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester. Kent banished thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

Edmund. So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the letter.*

Gloucester. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edmund. I know no news, my lord.

Gloucester. What paper were you reading?

Edmund. Nothing, my lord.

Gloucester. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let 's see; come; if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edmund. I beseech you, sir, pardon me; it is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read, and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

Gloucester. Give me the letter, sir.

Edmund. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Gloucester. Let 's see, let 's see.

Edmund. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Gloucester. *This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,* EDGAR.—Hum! Conspiracy! 'Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue.'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edmund. It was not brought me, my lord; there 's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edmund. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Gloucester. It is his.

Edmund. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Gloucester. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edmund. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Gloucester. O villain, villain! His very opinion in

the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

Edmund. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Gloucester. Think you so?

Edmund. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Gloucester. He cannot be such a monster—

Edmund. Nor is not, sure.

Gloucester.—to his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

Edmund. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Gloucester. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there 's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there 's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange! [*Exit.*

Edmund. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of

our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars ; as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on : an admirable evasion of man, to lay his disposition to the charge of a star ! My nativity was under *ursa major* ; so that it follows I am rough. 'Sfoot ! I should have been that I am had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy : my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions ! *Fa, sol, la, mi.*

Edgar. How now, brother Edmund ! What serious contemplation are you in ?

Edmund. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edgar. Do you busy yourself with that ?

Edmund. I promise you the effects he writes of succeed unhappily ; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent ; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities ; divisions in state ; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles ; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edgar. How long have you been a sectary astronomical ?

Edmund. Come, come ; when saw you my father last ?

Edgar. The night gone by.

Edmund. Spake you with him ?

Edgar. Ay, two hours together.

Edmund. Parted you in good terms ? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance ?

Edgar. None at all.

Edmund. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him ; and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edgar. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edmund. That 's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go; there 's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edgar. Armed, brother!

Edmund. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you; I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

Edgar. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edmund. I do serve you in this business. [*Exit* EDGAR.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me 's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the* DUKE OF ALBANY'S *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* OSWALD *her Steward.*

Goneril. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Oswald. Ay, madam.

Goneril. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Oswald. He 's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Goneril. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd

With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Oswald. Well, madam.

Goneril. And let his knights have colder looks among you; What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Same.*

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [*Exit an* Attendant.] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What 's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing; I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho! dinner! Where 's my knave? my fool? Go you and call my fool hither. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where 's my daughter?

Oswald. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [*Exit a* Knight.] Where 's my fool, ho? I think the world 's asleep. How now! where 's that mongrel?

Re-enter Knight.

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there 's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't. But where 's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined him away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Re-enter OSWALD.

O! you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

Oswald. My lady's father.

Lear. 'My lady's father!' my lord's knave: you dog! you slave! you cur!

Oswald. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*

Oswald. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base football player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to; have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes* OSWALD *out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there 's earnest of thy service. [*Gives* KENT *money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too: here 's my coxcomb.

[*Offers* KENT *his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that 's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my cox-

combs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. [*To* KENT.] Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*To* KENT.] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't, and

ladies too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

> Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;
> For wise men are grown foppish,
> And know not how their wits to wear,
> Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gavest them the rod and puttest down thine own breeches,

> Then they for sudden joy did weep,
> And I for sorrow sung,
> That such a king should play bo-peep,
> And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle: here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To* GONERIL.] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum ;
He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.
That 's a shealed peascod. [*Pointing to* LEAR.
Goneril. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress ; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance ; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.
Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young.
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.
Lear. Are you our daughter ?
Goneril. I would you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught ; and put away
These dispositions which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.
Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse ? Whoop, Jug ! I love thee.
Lear. Does any here know me ? This is not Lear :
Does Lear walk thus ? speak thus ? Where are his eyes ?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied. Ha ! waking ? 'tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am ?
Fool. Lear's shadow.
Lear. I would learn that ; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.
Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.
Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman ?
Goneril. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright :

As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires ;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn : epicurism
Makes it more like a tavern
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy ; be then desir'd
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train ;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.
Lear. Darkness and devils !
Saddle my horses ; call my train together.
Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee :
Yet have I left a daughter.
Goneril. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents ;
[*To* ALBANY.] O ! sir, are you come ?
Is it your will ? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.
Albany. Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. [*To* GONERIL.] Detested kite ! thou liest :
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show !
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear !
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out ! Go, go, my people.
Albany. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.
Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, Nature, hear ! dear goddess, hear !
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend

To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away, away! [*Exit.*

Albany. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Goneril. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What! fifty of my followers at a clap,
Within a fortnight?

Albany. What 's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee. [*To* GONERIL.] Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this?
Let it be so: I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and* Attendants.

Goneril. Do you mark that?

Albany. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you.—

Goneril. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
[*To the* Fool.] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel. A hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights; yes, that on every dream
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!

Albany. Well, you may fear too far.

Goneril. Safer than trust too far.
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!
What! have you writ that letter to my sister?

Oswald. Ay, madam.

Goneril. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. [*Exit* OSWALD.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Albany. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.

Goneril. Nay, then—

Albany. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Court before the Same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong,—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven; Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gentleman. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the* EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edmund. Save thee, Curan.

Curan. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him to-night.

Edmund. How comes that?

Curan. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edmund. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Curan. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edmund. Not a word.

Curan. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edmund. The duke be here to-night! The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!
Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches: O sir! fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He 's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him; have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edgar. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edmund. I hear my father coming; pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you;
Draw; seem to defend yourself; now 'quit you well.
Yield;—come before my father. Light, ho! here!
Fly, brother. Torches! torches! So, farewell. [*Exit* EDGAR.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport. Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, *and* Servants *with torches.*

Gloucester. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?
Edmund. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress.
Gloucester. But where is he?
Edmund. Look, sir, I bleed.
Gloucester. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edmund. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—
Gloucester. Pursue him, ho! Go after. [*Exeunt some* Servants.] 'By no means' what?
Edmund. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
Gloucester. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.
Edmund. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,—
As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,—I'd turn it all

To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'
Gloucester. Strong and fasten'd villain !
Would he deny his letter ? [*Tucket within.*
Hark ! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.
All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;
The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him ; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and* Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend ! since I came hither,—
Which I can call but now,—I have heard strange news.
Regan. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord ?
Gloucester. O ! madam, my old heart is crack'd, it 's crack'd.
Regan. What ! did my father's godson seek your life ?
He whom my father nam'd ? your Edgar ?
Gloucester. O ! lady, lady, shame would have it hid.
Regan. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father ?
Gloucester. I know not, madam ; 'tis too bad, too bad.
Edmund. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
Regan. No marvel then though he were ill affected ;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well-inform'd of them, and with such cautions
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
Cornwall. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edmund. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Gloucester. He did bewray his practice ; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Cornwall. Is he pursu'd ?
Gloucester. Ay, my good lord.

Cornwall. If he be taken he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm ; make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours :
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on.
Edmund. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Gloucester. For him I thank your Grace.
Cornwall. You know not why we came to visit you,—
Regan. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night :
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home ; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.
Gloucester. I serve you, madam.
Your Graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD, *severally.*

Oswald. Good dawning to thee, friend : art of this house ?
Kent. Ay.
Oswald. Where may we set our horses ?
Kent. I' the mire.
Oswald. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Oswald. Why, then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Osw. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Oswald. What dost thou know me for ?
Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats ; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave ; a glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting slave ; one that

wouldst be in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch : one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Oswald. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee !

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me ! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king ? Draw, you rogue ; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines : I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. [*Drawing his sword.*] Draw, you cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Oswald. Away ! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal ; you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks : draw, you rascal ; come your ways.

Oswald. Help ho ! murder ! help !

Kent. Strike, you slave ; stand, rogue, stand ; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

Oswald. Help, oh ! murder ! murder !

Enter EDMUND *with his rapier drawn.*

Edmund. How now ! What's the matter ? [*Parting them.*

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please : come, I'll flesh ye ; come on, young master.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, *and* Servants.

Gloucester. Weapons ! arms ! What's the matter here ?

Cornwall. Keep peace, upon your lives :
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter ?

Regan. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Cornwall. What is your difference ? speak.

Oswald. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee : a tailor made thee.

Cornwall. Thou art a strange fellow ; a tailor make a man ?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir : a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

Cornwall. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel ?
Oswald. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard,—
Kent. Thou zed ! thou unnecessary letter ! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall with him. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail ?
Cornwall. Peace, sirrah !
You beastly knave, know you no reverence ?
Kent. Yes, sir ; but anger hath a privilege.
Cornwall. Why art thou angry ?
Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose ; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel ;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visage !
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.
Cornwall. What ! art thou mad, old fellow ?
Gloucester. How fell you out ? say that.
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.
Corn. Why dost thou call him knave ? What is his fault ?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Cornwall. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain :
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
Cornwall. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature : he cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth :
An they will take it, so ; if not, he 's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-ducking observants,

That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Cornwall. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

Cornwall. What was the offence you gave him?

Oswald. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Cornwall. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn,
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you;
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour.
There shall he sit till noon.

Regan. Till noon! Till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Regan. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Cornwall. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks.

[*Stocks brought out.*

Gloucester. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good king his master

Will check him for 't : your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with : the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.
Cornwall. I'll answer that.
Regan. My sister may receive it much more worse
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.
[KENT *is put in the stocks.*
Come, my good lord, away.
[*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER *and* KENT.
Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd : I'll entreat for thee.
Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and travell'd hard ;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels :
Give you good morrow !
Gloucester. The duke 's to blame in this ; 'twill be ill taken.
[*Exit.*
Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun.
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery : I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course ; and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night, smile once more ; turn thy wheel !
[*He sleeps.*

SCENE III.—*A Part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edgar. I heard myself proclaim'd ;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free ; no place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.* KENT *in the stocks.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gentleman. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.
Lear. What 's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.
Lear. They durst not do 't;
They could not, would not do 't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, there came a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,—
Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me,—drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.
Fool. Winter 's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind,
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.

Fortune ne'er turns the key to the poor. But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.
Lear. O! how this mother swells up toward my heart;
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element 's below. Where is this daughter?
Kent. With the earl, sir: here within.
Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*
Gentleman. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a number?
Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.
Kent. Why, fool?
Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?
Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOUCESTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me! They are sick! they are weary,
They have travell'd hard to-night! Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.
Gloucester. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.
Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery! what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.
Gloucester. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?
Gloucester. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this ? My breath and blood !
Fiery ! the fiery duke ! Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet ; may be he is not well :
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound ; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear ;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man. Death on my state ! [*Looking on* KENT.]
Wherefore
Should he sit here ? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go, tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently : bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

Gloucester. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O, me ! my heart, my rising heart ! but, down !

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive ; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, ' Down, wantons, down ! ' 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Cornwall. Hail to your Grace !
[KENT *is set at liberty.*

Regan. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are ; I know what reason
I have to think so : if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'ress.—[*To* KENT.] O ! are you free ?
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister 's naught : O Regan ! she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here :
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee ; thou 'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan !

Regan. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that ?
Regan. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her !
Regan. O, sir ! you are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return ;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness ?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
' Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg [*Kneeling.*
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'
Regan. Good sir, no more ; these are unsightly tricks :
Return you to my sister.
Lear. [*Rising.*] Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train ;
Look'd black upon me ; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness !
Cornwall. Fie, sir, fie !
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride !
Regan. O the blest gods ! So will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse :
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness : her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in : thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,

Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd
Regan. Good sir, to the purpose.
Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks ? [*Tucket within.*
Cornwall. What trumpet 's that ?
Regan. I know 't, my sister's ; this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. Is your lady come ?

Enter OSWALD.

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight !
Cornwall. What means your Grace ?
Lear. Who stock'd my servant ? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't. Who comes here ? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause ; send down and take my part !
[*To* GONERIL.] Art not asham'd to look upon this beard ?
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand ?
Goneril. Why not by the hand, sir ? How have I offended ?
All 's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O sides ! you are too tough ;
Will you yet hold ? How came my man i' the stocks ?
Cornwall. I set him there, sir : but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.
Lear. You ! did you ?
Regan. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me :
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her ? and fifty men dismiss'd !
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air ;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch ! Return with her !
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought

To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her!
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at* OSWALD.
Goneril. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.
Regan. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Regan. I dare avouch it, sir: what! fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
Goneril. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?
Regan. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you
We could control them. If you will come to me,—
For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all—
Regan. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What! must I come to you

With five-and-twenty ? Regan, said you so ?
Regan. And speak 't again, my lord ; no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked ; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. [*To* GONERIL.] I'll go with thee :
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Goneril. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you ?
Regan. What need one ?
Lear. O ! reason not the need ; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks ! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are yet I know not,—but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;
No, I'll not weep :
I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep. O fool ! I shall go mad.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOUCESTER, KENT, *and* Fool.
Cornwall. Let us withdraw ; 'twill be a storm.
[*Storm heard at a distance.*
Regan. This house is little : the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.
Goneril. 'Tis his own blame ; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
Regan. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Goneril. So am I purpos'd
Where is my Lord of Gloucester?
Cornwall. Follow'd the old man forth. He is return'd.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester. The king is in high rage.
Cornwall. Whither is he going?
Gloucester. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
Cornwall. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
Goneril. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Gloucester. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There 's scarce a bush.
Regan. O! sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Cornwall. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath.*

A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

Kent. Who 's here, beside foul weather?
Gentleman. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you. Where 's the king?
Gentleman. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?
Gentleman. None but the fool, who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.
Gentleman. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As doubt not but you shall,—show her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.
Gentleman. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king,—in which your pain
That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Heath. Storm still.*

Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here 's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in has a good head-piece.

> The cod-piece that will house
> Before the head has any,
> The head and he shall louse;
> So beggars marry many.
> The man that makes his toe
> What he his heart should make,
> Shall of a corn cry woe,
> And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who 's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas! sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice; hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous; caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life; close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack! bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there while I to this hard house,—
More harder than the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,—
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in, return and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.
[*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT.

Fool. This is a brave night.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water ;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;
When every case in law is right ;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
When slanders do not live in tongues ;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion :
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* EDMUND.

Gloucester. Alack, alack ! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edmund. Most savage, and unnatural !

Gloucester. Go to ; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night ; 'tis dangerous to be spoken ; I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home ; there 's part of a power already footed ; we must incline to the king. I will seek him and privily relieve him ; go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edmund. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know ; and of that letter too :
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

That which my father loses ; no less than all :
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Heath. Before a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord, enter :
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Wilt break my heart ?
Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear ;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free
The body 's delicate ; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to 't ? But I will punish home :
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out ! Pour on ; I will endure.
In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O ! that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
No more of that.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Prithee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease :
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
[*To the* Fool.] In, boy ; go first. You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. [Fool *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ? O ! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edgar. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [*The* Fool *runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here 's a spirit. Help me! help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who 's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name 's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR *disguised as a madman.*

Edgar. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.
Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edgar. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom 's a-cold. O! do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there. [*Storm still.*

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass? Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edgar. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom 's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edgar. A servingman, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mun ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here 's three on 's are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come; unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wide field were like an old sinner's heart; a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look! here comes a walking fire.

Enter GLOUCESTER *with a torch.*

Edgar. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

> Swithold footed thrice the old;
> He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
> Bid her alight,
> And her troth plight,
> And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What 's he?

Kent. Who 's there? What is 't you seek?

Gloucester. What are you there? Your names?

Edgar. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog; the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

> But mice and rats and such small deer
> Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend.

Gloucester. What! hath your Grace no better company?

Edgar. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Gloucester. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edgar. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Gloucester. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughter's hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher. What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?

Edgar. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Gloucester. Canst thou blame him? [*Storm still.*
His daughters seek his death. Ah! that good Kent;
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou sayst the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee, [*Storm continues.*
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night 's this!
I do beseech your Grace,—

Lear. O! cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.
Edgar. Tom's a-cold.
Gloucester. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.
Gloucester. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Gloucester. No words, no words: hush.
Edgar. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.
Edmund. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.
Cornwall. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.
Edmund. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!
Cornwall. Go with me to the duchess.
Edmund. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.
Cornwall. True, or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.
Edmund. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. I will persever in

my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Cornwall. I will lay trust upon thee ; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in a Farmhouse adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and* EDGAR.

Gloucester. Here is better than the open air ; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can : I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness !

[*Exit* GLOUCESTER.

Edgar. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman !

Lear. A king, a king !

Fool. No ; he 's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son ; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in upon 'em,—

Edgar. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He 's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, or a boy's love.

Lear. It shall be done ; I will arraign them straight. [*To* EDGAR.] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer ; [*To the* Fool.] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes !

Edgar. Look, where he stands and glares ! wantest thou eyes at trial, madam ?
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edgar. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir ? Stand you not so amaz'd : Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions ?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence. [*To* EDGAR.] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; [*To the* Fool.] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, Bench by his side. [*To* KENT.] You are o' the commission, Sit you too.

Edgar. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Purr! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edgar. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edgar. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edgar. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that

makes these hard hearts ? [*To* EDGAR.] You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred ; only I do not like the fashion of your garments : you will say, they are Persian attire ; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise ; draw the curtains : so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning : so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester. Come hither, friend : where is the king my master ?

Kent. Here, sir ; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Gloucester. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms ;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready ; lay him in 't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet,
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up ;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps :
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—[*To the* Fool.] Come, help to bear thy master ;
Thou must not stay behind.

Gloucester. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOUCESTER, *and the* Fool, *bearing away* LEAR.

Edgar. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind ;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow ;
He childed as I father'd ! Tom, away !
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in* GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* Servants.

Cornwall. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the traitor Gloucester. [*Exeunt some of the* Servants.

Regan. Hang him instantly.

Goneril. Pluck out his eyes.

Cornwall. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter OSWALD.

How now? Where 's the king?

Oswald. My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Cornwall. Get horses for your mistress.

Goneril. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Cornwall. Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt* GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* OSWALD.

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other* Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame but not control. Who 's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* GLOUCESTER.

Regan. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.
Cornwall. Bind fast his corky arms.
Gloucester. What mean your Graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.
Cornwall. Bind him, I say. [Servants *bind him.*
Regan. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!
Gloucester. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.
Cornwall. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find— [REGAN *plucks his beard.*
Gloucester. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Regan. So white, and such a traitor!
Gloucester. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Cornwall. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Regan. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.
Cornwall. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Regan. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king? Speak.
Gloucester. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Cornwall. Cunning.
Regan. And false.
Cornwall. Where hast thou sent the king?
Gloucester. To Dover.
Regan. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—
Cornwall. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
Gloucester. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Regan. Wherefore to Dover?
Gloucester. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that dern time,
Thou shouldst have said, 'Good porter, turn the key,'
All cruels else subscrib'd: but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Cornwall. See 't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
Gloucester. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help! O cruel! O ye gods!
[GLOUCESTER'S *eye put out.*
Regan. One side will mock another; the other too.
Cornwall. If you see vengeance.—
First Servant. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.
Regan. How now, you dog!
First Servant. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Cornwall. My villain! [*Draws.*
First Servant. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger. [*Draws. They fight.* CORNWALL *is wounded.*
Regan. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
[*Takes a sword and runs at him behind.*
First Servant. O! I am slain. My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O! [*Dies.*
Cornwall. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
Gloucester. All dark and comfortless. Where 's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.
Regan. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee; it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.
Gloucester. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Regan. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. [*Exit one with* GLOUCESTER.] How is 't, my lord? How look you?
Cornwall. I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, lady.

Turn out that eyeless villain ; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace :
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit* CORNWALL *led by* REGAN.

Second Servant. I'll never care what wickedness I do
If this man come to good.

Third Servant. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

Second Servant. Let 's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would : his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

Third Servant. Go thou ; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him !
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edgar. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :
The lamentable change is from the best ;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace :
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter GLOUCESTER, *led by an old* Man.

My father, poorly led ? World, world, O world !
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord !
I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

Gloucester. Away, get thee away ; good friend, be gone ;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all ;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.
Gloucester. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes ;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. Ah ! dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath ;
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again.
Old Man. How now ! Who 's there ?
Edgar. [*Aside.*] O gods ! Who is 't can say, 'I am at the worst ?'
I am worse than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edgar. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet ; the worst is not,
So long as we can say, ' This is the worst.'
Old Man. Fellow, where goest ?
Gloucester. Is it a beggar-man ?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Gloucester. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm : my son
Came then into my mind ; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him : I have heard more since,
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;
They kill us for their sport.
Edgar. [*Aside.*] How should this be ?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—[*To* GLOUCESTER.] Bless thee, master !
Gloucester. Is that the naked fellow ?
Old Man. Ay, my lord.
Gloucester. Then, prithee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love ;
And bring some covering for this naked soul
Who I'll entreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack, sir ! he is mad.
Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;
Above the rest, be gone.
Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*
Gloucester. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edgar. Poor Tom 's a-cold. [*Aside.*] I cannot daub it further.

Gloucester. Come hither, fellow.

Edgar. [*Aside.*] And yet I must. Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Gloucester. Know'st thou the way to Dover? 55

Edgar. Both stile and gate, horse-way and footpath. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; 60 Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched 66 Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; 70 So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edgar. Ay, master.

Gloucester. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confined deep; 75 Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear; With something rich about me; from that place I shall no leading need.

Edgar. Give me thy arm: 79 Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Before the* Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Goneril *and* Edmund.

Goneril. Welcome, my lord; I marvel our mild husband Not met us on the way. [*Enter* Oswald.] Now, where 's your master?

Oswald. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd. I told him of the army that was landed; He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming; 5 His answer was, 'The worse:' of Gloucester's treachery, And of the loyal service of his son,

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out :
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him ;
What like, offensive.
Goneril. [*To* EDMUND.] Then, shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake ; he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother ;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers :
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us ; ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this ; spare speech ;
[*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Edmund. Yours in the ranks of death.
Goneril. My most dear Gloucester ! [*Exit* EDMUND.
O ! the difference of man and man !
To thee a woman's services are due :
My fool usurps my bed.
Oswald. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter ALBANY.

Goneril. I have been worth the whistle.
Albany. O Goneril !
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition :
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.
Goneril. No more ; the text is foolish.
Albany. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile ;
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done ?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.
Goneril. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats,
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest
'Alack! why does he so?'
Albany. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Goneril. O vain fool!
Albany. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones; howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.
Goneril. Marry, your manhood.—Mew!

Enter a Messenger.

Albany. What news?
Mess. O! my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.
Albany. Gloucester's eyes!
Messenger. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.
Albany. This shows you are above,

You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?
Messenger. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.
Goneril. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
This news is not so tart. [*To* Messenger.] I'll read and answer.
[*Exit.*
Albany. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?
Messenger. Come with my lady hither.
Albany. He is not here.
Messenger. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
Albany. Knows he the wickedness?
Messenger. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
Albany. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The French Camp, near Dover.*

Enter KENT *and a* Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?
Gentleman. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required and necessary.
Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?
Gentleman. The Marshal of France, Monsieur la Far.
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?
Gentleman. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down

Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
Kent. O! then it mov'd her.
Gentleman. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better way; those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.
Kent. Made she no verbal question?
Gentleman. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of 'father'
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour-moisten'd, then away she started
To deal with grief alone.
Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and make could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?
Gentleman. No.
Kent. Was this before the king return'd?
Gentleman. No, since.
Kent. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear 's i' the town,
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.
Gentleman. Why, good sir?
Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.
Gentleman. Alack! poor gentleman.

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?
Gentleman. 'Tis so, they are afoot.
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Tent.*

Enter with drum and colours, CORDELIA, Doctor, *and* Soldiers.

Cordelia. Alack! 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an* Officer.
What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.
Physician. There is means, madam;
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
Cordelia. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cordelia. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father!
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France

My mourning and important tears hath pitied,
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right,
Soon may I hear and see him ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter REGAN *and* OSWALD.

Regan. But are my brother's powers set forth ?
Oswald. Ay, madam.
Regan. Himself in person there ?
Oswald. Madam, with much ado :
Your sister is the better soldier.
Regan. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home ?
Oswald. No, madam.
Regan. What might import my sister's letter to him ?
Oswald. I know not, lady.
Regan. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live ; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Oswald. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Regan. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with us,
The ways are dangerous.
Oswald. I may not, madam ;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Regan. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
Something—I know not what. I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Oswald. Madam, I had rather—
Regan. I know your lady does not love her husband ;
I am sure of that : and at her late being here
She gave strange œilliades and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
Oswald. I, madam !
Regan. I speak in understanding ; you are, I know 't :
Therefore I do advise you, take this note :
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand

Than for your lady's. You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this,
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Oswald. Would I could meet him, madam: I would show
What party I do follow.
Regan. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, *and* EDGAR *dressed like a peasant.*

Gloucester. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?
Edgar. You do climb up it now; look how we labour.
Gloucester. Methinks the ground is even.
Edgar. Horrible steep:
Hark! do you hear the sea?
Gloucester. No, truly.
Edgar. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Gloucester. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edgar. Y'are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.
Gloucester. Methinks you're better spoken.
Edgar. Come on, sir; here 's the place: stand still.
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Gloucester. Set me where you stand.
Edgar. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Gloucester. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edgar. Now fare you well, good sir.
Gloucester. With all my heart.
Edgar. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
Gloucester. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off;
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls forward.*
Edgar. Gone, sir: farewell.
[*Aside.*] And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life when life itself
Yields to the theft; had he been where he thought
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?
[*To* GLOUCESTER.] Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir? speak!
Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives.
What are you, sir?
Gloucester. Away and let me die.
Edgar. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg; but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Gloucester. But have I fallen or no?
Edgar. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Gloucester. Alack! I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edgar. Give me your arm:
Up: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Gloucester. Too well, too well.
Edgar. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Gloucester. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edgar. As I stood here below methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Gloucester. I do remember now; henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak of
I took it for a man; often 'twould say
'The fiend, the fiend:' he led me to that place.
Edgar. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed with flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.
Edgar. O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature 's above art in that respect. There 's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look! a mouse. Peace, peace! this piece of toasted cheese will do 't. There 's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O! well flown, bird; i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word.
Edgar. Sweet marjoram.
Lear. Pass.
Gloucester. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'ay'

and 'no' to everything I said! 'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Gloucester. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is 't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
For Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters.
Behold yond simpering dame,
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
There 's hell, there 's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there 's money for thee.

Gloucester. O! let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Gloucester. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Gloucester. Were all the letters suns, I could not see.

Edgar. [*Aside.*] I would not take this from report; it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Gloucester. What! with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Gloucester. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What! art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the

justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Gloucester. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back.
The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now;
Pull off my boots; harder, harder; so.

Edgar. [*Aside.*] O! matter and impertinency mix'd;
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes;
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air
We waul and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

Gloucester. Alack! alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. This' a good block!
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt; I'll put it in proof,
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter Gentleman, *with* Attendants.

Gentleman. O! here he is; lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.

Gentleman. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.
Gentleman. Good sir,—
Lear. I will die bravely as a bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?
Gentleman. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there 's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit.* Attendants *follow.*
Gentleman. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.
Edgar. Hail, gentle sir!
Gentleman. Sir, speed you: what 's your will?
Edgar. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?
Gentleman. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.
Edgar. But, by your favour,
How near 's the other army?
Gentleman. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edgar. I thank you, sir: that 's all.
Gentleman. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.
Edgar. I thank you, sir. [*Exit* Gentleman.
Gloucester. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
Edgar. Well pray you, father.
Gloucester. Now, good sir, what are you?
Edgar. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
Gloucester. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Oswald. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,

Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.
Gloucester. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to 't. [EDGAR *interposes.*
Oswald. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
Edgar. Chill not let go, zur, without vurther 'casion.
Oswald. Let go, slave, or thou diest.
Edgar. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder. Chill be plain with you.
Oswald. Out, dunghill!
Edgar. Chill pick your teeth, zur. Come; no matter vor your foins. [*They fight and* EDGAR *knocks him down.*
Oswald. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the English party: O! untimely death. [*Dies*
Edgar. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.
Gloucester. What! is he dead?
Edgar. Sit you down, father; rest you
Let 's see his pockets: these letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He 's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other deaths-man. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.
Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.
Your—wife, so I would say—
Affectionate servant,
GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.
Gloucester. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves. [*Drums afar off.*
Edgar. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp.*

Enter Cordelia, Kent, Doctor, *and* Gentleman.

Cordelia. O thou good Kent! how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.
Cordelia. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.
Cordelia. Then be 't so, my good lord.—[*To the* Doctor.]
How does the king?
Doctor. Madam, sleeps still.
Cordelia. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O! wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doctor. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king ? he hath slept long.
Cordelia. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array d ?

Enter LEAR *in his chair, carried by* Servants.

Gentleman. Ay, madam ; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Doctor. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him ;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cordelia. Very well. [*Music.*
Doctor. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there.
Cordelia. O my dear father ! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !
Kent. Kind and dear princess !
Cordelia. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning ? to watch—poor perdu !—
With this thin helm ? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes ; speak to him.
Doctor. Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest.
Cordelia. How does my royal lord ? How fares your majesty ?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave ;
Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cordelia. Sir, do you know me ?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know ; when did you die ?
Cordelia. Still, still, far wide.
Doctor. He 's scarce awake ; let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been ? Where am I ? Fair day-light ?
I am mightily abus'd. I should even die with pity

To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let 's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!
Cordelia. O! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cordelia. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cordelia. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Doctor. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.
Cordelia. Will 't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Doctor, *and* Attendants.
Gentleman. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gentleman. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gentleman. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gentleman. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought, Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, *and Others.*

Edmund. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold, Or whether since he is advis'd by aught To change the course; he's full of alteration And self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure. [*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*

Regan. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edmund. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Regan. Now, sweet lord, You know the goodness I intend upon you: Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth, Do you not love my sister?

Edmund. In honour'd love.

Regan. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edmund. No, by mine honour, madam.

Regan. I never shall endure her: dear my lord, Be not familiar with her.

Edmund. Fear me not. She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drums and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, *and* Soldiers.

Goneril. [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister Should loosen him and me.

Albany. Our very loving sister, well be-met. Sir, this I heard, the king is come to his daughter,

With others ; whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Edmund. Sir, you speak nobly.
Regan. Why is this reason'd ?
Goneril. Combine together 'gainst the enemy ;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.
Albany. Let 's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.
Edmund. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Regan. Sister, you'll go with us ?
Goneril. No.
Regan. 'Tis most convenient ; pray you, go with us.
Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho! I know the riddle. [*Aloud.*] I will go.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised.*

Edgar. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Albany. I'll overtake you. Speak.
[*Exeunt* EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.
Edgar. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you !
Albany. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edgar. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.
Albany. Why, fare thee well : I will o'erlook thy paper.
[*Exit* EDGAR.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edmund. The enemy 's in view ; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
Albany. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*
Edmund. To both these sisters have I sworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their Forces; and exeunt. Enter* EDGAR *and* GLOUCESTER.

Edgar. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.
Gloucester. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit* EDGAR.

Alarum; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edgar. Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.
Gloucester. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edgar. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. Come on.
Gloucester. And that 's true too. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The British Camp, near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *prisoners;* Officers, Soldiers, *&c.*

Edmund. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.
Cordelia. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who 's in, who 's out;
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edmund. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeres shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *guarded.*
Edmund. Come hither, captain; hark,
Take thou this note; [*Giving a paper.*] go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes; know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword; thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.
Officer. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edmund. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.
Officer. I cannot draw a cart nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work I will do it. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Albany. Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well; you have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife;
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.
Edmund. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend,
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness;
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.
Albany. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.
Regan. That 's as we list to grace him:
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.
Goneril. Not so hot;
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.
Regan. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Goneril. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Regan. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Goneril. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
Regan. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.
Goneril. Mean you to enjoy him?
Albany. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edmund. Nor in thine, lord.
Albany. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Regan. [*To* EDMUND.] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
Albany. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to* GONERIL.] For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.
Goneril. An interlude!
Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester; let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throws down a glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Regan. Sick! O sick!
Goneril. [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.
Edmund. There 's my exchange: [*Throws down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Albany. A herald, ho!
Edmund. A herald, ho! a herald!

Albany. Trust to thy single virtue ; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Regan. My sickness grows upon me.
Albany. She is not well ; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* REGAN, *led.*
Come hither, herald,

Enter a Herald.

Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
Officer. Sound, trumpet ! [*A trumpet sounds.*
Herald. *If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.*
Edmund. Sound ! [*First Trumpet.*
Herald. Again ! [*Second Trumpet.*
Herald. Again ! [*Third Trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, with a Trumpet before him.*

Albany. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
Herald. What are you ?
Your name ? your quality ? and why you answer
This present summons ?
Edgar. Know, my name is lost ;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit :
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.
Albany. Which is that adversary ?
Edgar. What 's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester ?
Edmund. Himself : what sayst thou to him ?
Edgar. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice ; here is mine :
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession : I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor,

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.
Edmund. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But since thy outside looks so fair and war-like,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn;
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart,
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!
[*Alarums. They fight.* EDMUND *falls.*
Albany. Save him, save him!
Goneril. This is practice, Gloucester:
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
Albany. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
[*Gives the letter to* EDMUND.
Goneril. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for 't? [*Exit*
Albany. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?
Edmund. Ask me not what I know.
Albany. Go after her: she 's desperate; govern her.
[*Exit an* Officer.
Edmund. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edgar. Let 's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us :
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.
Edmund. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.
Albany. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness : I must embrace thee :
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father.
Edgar. Worthy prince, I know 't.
Albany. Where have you hid yourself ?
How have you known the miseries of your father ?
Edgar. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale ;
And, when 'tis told, O ! that my heart would burst,
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so near,—O ! our lives' sweetness,
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once !—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
Never,—O fault !—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd ;
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage : but his flaw'd heart,—
Alack ! too weak the conflict to support ;
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Edmund. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good ; but speak you on ;
You look as you had something more to say.
Albany. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in ;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
Edgar. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow ; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,

And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father ;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd ; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack : twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.
Albany. But who was this ?
Edgar. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, *with a bloody knife.*

Gentleman. Help, help ! O help !
Edgar. What kind of help ?
Albany. Speak, man.
Edgar. What means that bloody knife ?
Gentleman. 'Tis hot, it smokes ;
It came even from the heart of—O ! she 's dead.
Albany. Who dead ? speak, man.
Gentleman. Your lady, sir, your lady : and her sister
By her is poison'd ; she confesses it.
Edmund. I was contracted to them both : all three
Now marry in an instant.
Edgar. Here comes Kent.
Albany. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead :
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit* Gentleman.

Enter KENT.

O ! is this he ?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good-night ;
Is he not here ?
Albany. Great thing of us forgot !
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king ? and where 's Cordelia ?

Seest thou this object, Kent ?

[*The bodies of* GONERIL *and* REGAN *are brought in.*

Kent. Alack ! why thus ?

Edmund. Yet Edmund was belov'd :
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Albany. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edmund. I pant for life : some good I mean to do
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle ; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.
Nay, send in time.

Albany. Run, run ! O run !

Edgar. To whom, my lord ? Who has the office ? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edmund. Well thought on : take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Albany. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit* EDGAR.

Edmund. He hath commission from my wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Albany. The gods defend her ! Bear him hence awhile.

[EDMUND *is borne off.*

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms ;* EDGAR, Officer, *and Others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl ! O ! you are men of stones :
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vaults should crack. She 's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She 's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass ;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end ?

Edgar. Or image of that horror ?

Albany. Fall and cease ?

Lear. This feather stirs ; she lives ! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. [*Kneeling.*] O, my good master !

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edgar. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now, she 's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou sayst? Her voice was ever soft.
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.
Officer. 'Tis true, my lord, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He 's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord: I am the very man—
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else; all 's cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Albany. He knows not what he says, and vain it is
That we present us to him.
Edgar. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Albany. That 's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—[*To* EDGAR *and* KENT.] You, to your rights;
With boot and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. O! see, see!
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there! [*Dies.*
Edgar. He faints!—my lord, my lord!
Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break.
Edgar. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass; he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edgar. He is gone, indeed.
Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
Albany. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. [*To* KENT *and* EDGAR.] Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no.
Albany. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

INDEX OF CHARACTERS

GLOSSARY

ABBREVIATIONS OF TITLES OF PLAYS

AYL.=As You Like It.
Caes.=Julius Caesar.
Chor.=Chorus.
Cor.=Coriolanus.
Epil.=Epilogue.
H5=The Life of King Henry V.
H8=The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII.
Ham.=Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.
John=The Life and Death of King John.
Lr.=King Lear.
Mac.=Macbeth.
Mer. V.=The Merchant of Venice.
MND.=A Midsummer-Night's Dream.
Prol.=Prologue.
R2=The Tragedy of King Richard II.
R3=The Tragedy of King Richard III.
Tp.=The Tempest.
Tw.N.=Twelfth-Night; or, What You Will.

ABBREVIATIONS

abt.=about.
adj.=adjective.
adv.=adverb.
app.=apparently.
conj.=conjunction.
e.g.=for example.
esp.=especially.
i.e.=id est, that is.
interj.=interjection.
lit.=literal(ly).
orig.=original(ly).
perh.=perhaps.
phr.=phrase(s).
pl.=plural.
pple.=participle.
prep.=preposition.
prob.=probably.
ref.=referring, reference.
sb.=substantive.
st. dir.=stage direction.
vb.=verb.
viz.=videlicet, namely.

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GLOSSARY

A.

abate: blunt R3 v. iv. 48; humble Cor. III. iii. 130.
able adj.: strong Ham. v. ii. 211.
able vb.: warrant Lr. IV. vi. 173.
abode sb.: delay Mer.V. II. vi. 21.
abode vb.: forebode H8 I. i. 93.
abortive: monstrous birth John III. iv. 158.
abram: auburn Cor. II. iii. 20.
abuse: deceive Ham. II. ii. 640, etc.; ill-use R3 I. iii. 52, etc.
accident: event Tp. v. i. 305, etc.
accommodate: equip Lr. IV. vi. 82.
accomplish: equip Mer.V. III. iv. 61, etc.
acquit: requite Mer.V. v. i. 138.
action-taking: litigious Lr. II. ii. 18.
actual: in action Mac. v. i. 13.
addition: title, style Cor. I. ix. 66, etc.
address: prepare MND. v. i. 106, etc.
adhere: agree Mac. I. vii. 52.
admire: wonder (at) Tp. v. i. 154, etc.
advance: lift up Tp. I. ii. 405, etc.
advantage sb.: improvement H5 IV. iii. 50.
advantage vb.: improve, augment H5 IV. i. 304; R3 IV. iv. 324.
adve'rtise: inform H8 II. iv. 176.
advice: deliberation John III. iv. 11, etc.
affect: aim at Cor. III. iii. 1.
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affeer: confirm Mac. IV. iii. 34.
affront: meet Ham. III. i. 31.
after-supper: late supper MND. v. i. 34.
a-hold: close to the wind Tp. I. i. 54.
aim: guess R3 I. iii. 65, etc.; *cry aim*, applaud John II. i. 196.
air, take: get abroad Tw.N. III. iv. 146.
allottery: share AYL. I. i. 77.
allow: lend Lr. III. vii. 105.
all-thing: in every way Mac. III. i. 13.
almost: used to intensify a question John IV. iii. 43.
amaze: bewilder John IV. iii. 140, etc.
amiable: lovable MND. IV. i. 2.
amiss: calamity Ham. IV. v. 18.
anatomy: skeleton John III. iv. 40.
anchor: hermit Ham. III. ii. 231.
angel: genius (good or evil) Caes. III. ii. 186; gold coin value 6*s.* 8*d.* to 10*s.* John II. i. 590, etc.
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appeach: impeach R2 v. ii. 79, 102.
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argosy: merchant vessel Mer.V. I. i. 9, etc.
arithmetic: calculation Cor. III. i. 244.
aroint thee: begone Mac. I. iii. 6.
arrant: thoroughgoing H5 III. vi. 65.
arras: tapestry John IV. i. 2.
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assistance: associates Cor. IV. vi. 33.
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atone: reconcile, agree AYL. V. iv. 117, etc.
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aunt: old woman MND. II. i. 51.
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beadsman: man endowed to pray for others R2 III. ii. 116.
bear: execute John III. iv. 149, etc.
bear hard: bear ill-will to Caes. I. ii. 318; take sadly R3 II. i. 57.
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bellman: crier who called the hours Mac. II. ii. 4.
belonging: ? caparison Cor. I. ix. 62.
bench sb.: senators Cor. III. i. 105, 166.
bench vb.: sit as a judge Lr. III. vi. 41.
bencher: senator Cor. II. i. 92.
bent: capacity Tw.N. II. iv. 37.

Bergomask: dance of Bergamo, a Venetian province noted for rusticity MND. v. i. 361, 370.
Bermoothes: Bermudas Tp. I. ii. 229.
besort: befit Lr. I. iv. 274.
bestow: behave AYL. IV. iii. 88, etc.; confer Tw.N. III. iv. 2, etc.
beteem: allow MND. I. i. 131.
bias: in bowls, one-sided form of the bowl causing oblique motion R2 III. iv. 5; swaying influence John II. i. 572.
biddy: fowl Tw.N. III. iv. 130.
bigamy: marriage with a widow R3 III. vii. 188.
bilboes: shackles Ham. v. ii. 6.
bill[1]: weapon with long painted handle and blade or axe-shaped head R2 III. ii. 118, etc.
bill[2]: placard Caes. IV. iii. 172; notes Caes. v. ii. 1.
billet: enroll Cor. IV. iii. 49.
bird: endearing term Tp. IV. i. 184, etc.
bird-bolt: blunt-headed arrow Tw.N. I. v. 100.
bisson: purblind Cor. II. i. 71; blinding Ham. II. ii. 537.
Black-Monday: Easter Monday Mer. V. II. v. 26.
bladed: in the blade MND. I. i. 211, etc.
blank sb.: white spot in a target, (hence) target Ham. IV. i. 42, etc.
blank vb.: make pale Ham. III. ii. 232.
blast: burst Ham. IV. vii. 154.
blastment: blight Ham. I. iii. 42.
blister'd: puffed H8 I. iii. 31.
block: wooden mould for a hat Lr. IV. vi. 188.
blood: condition, vigour Cor. I. i. 165, etc.
blood-bolter'd: having hair matted with blood Mac. IV. i. 123.
blow: swell Tw.N. II. v. 49.
blue-eyed: eyes with dark circles caused by tears or wakefulness Tp. I. ii. 269, etc.
board 'em: attack the bottle Tp. III. ii. 3.
bodement: omen Mac. IV. i. 96.
bodkin: dagger Ham. III. i. 76.
bolt: short thick arrow with blunt head MND. II. i. 165, etc.
bombard: leather jug for liquor Tp. II. ii. 21, etc.
bones: bobbins Tw.N. II. iv. 45; *young bones*, unborn child Lr. II. iv. 165.
bonnet: take off the bonnet Cor. II. ii. 30.
book: learning H8 I. i. 122.
boot: addition R3 IV. iv. 65; aid R3 v. iii. 302; booty H5 I. ii. 194.
border: keep in bounds Lr. IV. ii. 33.
bore: cheat H8 I. i. 128.
bosom: secrets Caes. v. i. 7, etc.
bottle: truss MND. IV. i. 38.
bottled: big-bellied R3 I. iii. 242, etc.
bow sb.: yoke for oxen AYL. III. iii. 85.
bow vb.: make crooked H8 II. iii. 36, etc.
brabble: quarrel Tw.N. v. i. 69.
brainish: headstrong Ham. IV. i. 11.
branched: decked with pattern of branches Tw.N. II. v. 55.
bravery: defiance Caes. v. i. 10.
brawl: beat down with clamour John II. i. 383.
brazier: worker in brass H8 v. iv. 42.
breach of the sea: breakers Tw.N. II. i. 24.
break: disclose H5 v. ii. 263, etc.; go bankrupt Mer.V. III. i. 124; be dispersed by light R3 v. iii. 87.
breast: pair of lungs Tw.N. II. iii. 21.
breathe: speak Ham. II. i. 44; exercise AYL. I. ii. 234, etc.
breech'd: covered Mac. II. iii. 123.
breed: keep Lr. IV. ii. 73; *bred out*, degenerate H5 III. v. 29.
brief: summary MND. v. i. 42, etc.
briefly: lately Cor. I. vi. 16.
brinded: streaked Mac. IV. i. 1.
bring: report Ham. v. ii. 205.
bring forth: set in view H5 Prol. 10, etc.
broken: *b. meats*, remains of food Lr.

II. ii. 15; *b. music*, music arranged for parts AYL. I. ii. 151, etc.

brooch: jewellery R2 v. v. 66, etc.

brooded: having a brood to watch over John III. iii. 52.

brow: appearance Mac. IV. iii. 23, etc.

bruit: herald Mac. v. vii. 22.

bruit again: echo Ham. I. ii. 127.

bubukle: mixture of 'bubo' and 'carbuncle' H5 III. vi. 110.

buckle in: limit AYL. III. ii. 141.

budge: flinch Cor. I. vi. 44, etc.

bug: hobgoblin Ham. v. ii. 22.

bulk: framework projecting from a shop Cor. II. i. 229.

bully: fine fellow Tp. v. i. 258, etc.

bum-baily: sheriff's officer Tw.N. III. iv. 198.

buoy up: rise Lr. III. vii. 60.

burden: refrain, undersong Tp. I. ii. 380.

burn: make hot Tw.N. II. iii. 210.

bush: ivy-bush hung as a vintner's sign AYL. Epil. 4.

buskins: half-boots MND. II. i. 71.

buss: kiss John III. iv. 35, etc.

butt: cask Tp. II. ii. 130.

buttery-bar: ledge on half-door of the store-room Tw.N. I. iii. 76.

button: knob Ham. II. ii. 237; bud Ham. I. iii. 40.

buxom: brisk H5 III. vi. 27.

buzzard: inferior hawk R3 I. i. 133.

C.

caitiff: contemptible R2 I. ii. 53.

calendar: directory Ham. v. ii. 114.

call: decoy-bird John III. iv. 174.

camlet: fabric made of hair of the Angora goat H8 v. iv. 95.

can: be skilled Ham. IV. vii. 84.

canary: sweet wine from the Canary Islands Tw.N. I. iii. 88.

candied: congealed Tp. II. i. 287; sugared Ham. III. ii. 65.

cankered: malignant John II. i. 194; corrupt Cor. IV. v. 97.

canon: law Cor. III. i. 89, etc.

canonized: buried with Church rites Ham.. I iv. 47.

canton: song T.w.N. I v. 291.

capable: sensible AYL. III. v. 23, etc.; qualified to possess Lr. II. i. 87; *c. of*, susceptible to Tp. I. ii. 353, etc.

capital: deadly Cor. v. iii. 104.

capitulate: draw up articles of agreement Cor. v. iii. 82.

capricious: fanciful AYL. III. iii. 8.

carbonado vb.: cut Lr. II. ii. 43.

carbonado sb.: meat scored across and broiled Cor. IV. v. 199.

card: marked with the points of the compass Mac. I. iii. 17; guide Ham. v. ii. 114; *by the c.*, exactly Ham. v. i. 148.

carder: one who combs impurities from wool H8 I. ii. 33.

career: course R2 I. ii. 49; gambol H5 II. i. 132.

careful: full of care R2 II. ii. 75, etc.

careless: free from care Ham. IV. vii. 79; uncared for Mac. I. iv. 11.

carlot: peasant AYL. III. v. 108.

carriage: import Ham. I. i. 94; hanger of a sword Ham. v. ii. 158, etc.

carry it away: win, be successful Ham. II. ii. 385.

case sb.: set H5 III. ii. 5 · sockets Lr. IV. vi. 148.

case vb.: surround Mac. III. iv. 23.

casque: helmet H5 I. Chor. 13, etc.

cast sb.: shade of colour Ham. III. i. 85.

cast vb.: reckon Ham. II. i. 115.

Castiliano vulgo: ? phr. used in drinking-bouts Tw.N. I. iii. 46.

casual: accidental Ham. v. ii. 396.

Cataian: man of Cathay (China) = scoundrel Tw.N. II. iii. 84.

cataplasm: poultice Ham. IV. vii. 143.

cater-cousins: good friends Mer.V. II. ii. 142.

cat-o'-mountain: panther Tp. IV. i. 264.

cause: disease Cor. III. i. 234.

cautel: deceit Ham. I. iii. 15.

cavalery: cavalier MND. IV. i. 25.

ceinture: girdle John IV. iii. 155.

censure vb., sb.: sentence, Cor. III. iii. 45, etc.; opinion, blame, give opinion AYL. IV. i. 8.

centre: of the earth MND. III. ii. 54.

century: division of the Roman army Cor. I. vii. 3, etc.
ceremony: ornament Caes. I. i. 69; omen Caes. II. i. 197, etc.
chaces: tennis-play H5 I. ii. 266.
challenge: accuse Mac. III. iv. 42; urge as a right R2 II. iii. 134, etc.
chamber: capital R3 III. i. 1.
chambers: small cannon H5 III. Chor. 33, st. dir.
chambermaid: lady's maid Tw.N. I. iii. 55.
chameleon: supposed to live on air Ham. III. ii. 98.
champian: open country Tw.N. II. v. 175.
champion: challenge Mac. III. i. 72.
chancellor: secretary H8 I. i. 219.
change: caprice Lr. I. i. 292.
changeable: varying in colour in different lights Tw.N. II. iv. 76.
chanson: song Ham. II. ii. 447.
chantry: endowed chapel Tw.N. IV. iii. 24.
chaps: jaws Tp. I. i. 62, etc.
character: handwriting Tw.N. V. i. 358; face as showing moral qualities Tw.N. I. ii. 49, etc.
charge: load H5 I. ii. 15, etc.; call upon Mer.V. v. i. 298, etc.
chartered: privileged H5 I. i. 48.
Chartreux: Carthusian monastery in Smithfield H8 I. i. 221, etc.
chaste: unmarried Mer.V. I. ii. 116.
chat: gossip about Cor. II. i. 227.
chaudron: entrails Mac. IV. i. 33.
check: (of a hawk) leave the quarry to fly at a chance bird Tw.N. II. v. 126, etc.
cheer: face MND. III. ii. 96, etc.
cherry-pit: children's game Tw.N. III. iv. 131.
cheveril: kid-leather Tw.N. III. i. 13, etc.
chiding: brawling MND. IV. i. 121, etc.
child: title given to youth of noble birth Lr. III. iv. 185.
chirurgeonly: like a surgeon Tp. II. i. 147.
choler: disorder, anger R2 I. i. 153, etc.
choose: do as you like Mer.V. I. ii. 51.
chopine: shoe raised by means of a cork sole Ham. II. ii. 455.
chopping: ? changing the meanings of words R2 V. iii. 124.
choppy: chapped Mac. I. iii. 44.
chough: jackdaw, chatterer Tp. II. i. 274.
christom child: child in its christening robe H5 II. iii. 11.
churlish: niggardly AYL. II. iv. 81, etc.
circumstance, circumstantial evidence R3 I. ii. 77; discourse, details Mer.V. I. i. 155, etc.; ceremony Ham. I. v. 127
city-woman: citizen's wife AYL. II. vii. 75.
clap: set smartly R2 III. ii. 114.
clear: glorious Mer.V. II. ix. 42, etc.; unstained Tp. III. iii. 82.
clearly: entirely Tw.N. V. i. 292, etc.
clepe: call Mac. III. i. 94, etc.
clerk: scholar MND. V. i. 93, etc.
climate, climature: region R2 IV. i. 130, etc.
cling: pinch with hunger Mac. v. v. 40.
clinquant: glittering H8 I. i. 19.
clip: embrace John V. ii. 34.
clipper: of coin H5 IV. i. 249.
close sb.: cadence H5 I. ii. 182.
close adj.: enclosed MND. III. ii. 7, etc.; secret, concealed R3 I. i. 157.
close vb.: agree Caes. III. i. 202.
closet: private room, cabinet John IV. ii. 267.
clout: rag John III. iv. 58, etc.; piece of canvas (mark at archery) Lr. IV. vi. 94.
coal: ashes Cor. IV. vi. 138; *carry c.*, put up with insult H5 III. ii. 51.
coast: go roundabout H8 III. ii. 38.
cock, small boat Lr. IV. vi. 20.
cockney: fop Tw.N. IV. i. 16; squeamish woman Lr. II. iv. 123.
cockpit: place for fighting-cocks, theatre H5 I. Chor. 11.
cock-shut: twilight R3 V. iii. 70.
codpiece: indelicate part of man's dress Lr. III. ii. 27.
cog: cheat, wheedle R3 I. iii. 48, etc.
cognizance: device Caes. II. ii. 89.

coil: fuss, bustle, turmoil John II. i. 165; Ham. III. i. 67.
collection: deduction Ham. IV. v. 9, etc.
collied: darkened MND. I. i. 145.
colour: appearance Ham. III. iv. 129; pretext H8 I. i. 178, etc.
colt: young fellow Mer.V. I. ii. 44.
combination: alliance Tw.N. v. i. 395, etc.
come about: veer round Mer.V. II. vi. 64.
come in: yield John v. ii. 70.
come off: leave the field John v. v. 4, etc.
come over: taunt H5 I. ii. 267.
comfort: cheer, cheer up Tp. I. ii. 492, etc.; relieve Lr. III. v. 22.
comfortable: giving help Tw.N. I. v. 240, etc.; cheerful AYL. II. vi. 9, etc.
comfortless: giving no comfort John v. vi. 20, etc.
commanded: given command Cor. I. i. 268.
commendable: commendatory Cor. IV. vii. 51.
commends: greetings Mer.V. II. ix. 90, etc.
comment: pondering John v. vii. 4; Ham. III. ii. 84.
commenting: meditation R3 IV. iii. 51.
commerce: intercourse Tw.N. III. iv. 195, etc.
commodity: convenience, profit Mer.V. III. iii. 27.
common: common people Cor. I. i. 157; vulgar tongue AYL. v. i. 55.
company: companion MND. I. i. 219, etc.
compass: circuit, range R2 III. iv. 40, etc.
competitor: associate R3 IV. iv. 505.
complement: demeanour H5 II. ii. 134.
complexion: constitution Ham. v. ii. 103; colour H5 II. ii. 73.
comply: observe courtesy Ham. II. ii. 399, etc.
compose: fashion, produce MND. I. i. 48, etc.
composition: constitution, compact John II. i. 561.
compound: settle, agree John II. i. 281, etc.
compromised: agreed Mer.V. I. iii. 79.
comptible: sensitive Tw.N. I. v. 188.
conceit sb.: thought, imagination Mer.V. III. iv. 2, etc.; apprehension AYL. v. ii. 60, etc.; design Ham. v. ii. 160; fancy article MND. I. i. 33.
conceit vb.: form opinion of Caes. I. iii. 162, III. i. 192.
concern: befit MND. I. i. 60.
concernancy: import Ham. v. ii. 129.
conclusion: experiment Ham. III. iv. 195.
condition: covenant Tp. I. ii. 117, etc.; quality Mer.V. I. ii. 141, etc.
condole: grieve (with) MND. I. ii. 29, etc.
conduct: escort Tw.N. iii. iv. 268, etc.; guide Tp. v. i. 244; leadership AYL. v. iv. 164.
conduit: pipe Cor. II. iii. 250.
confirmed: resolute Cor. I. iii. 64; *age c.*, riper manhood R3 IV. iv. 172.
congreet: greet mutually H5 v. ii. 31.
conjunct: connected Lr. II. ii. 125, v. i. 10.
conscience: inmost thought Ham. III. i. 83.
considered: suitable for thought Ham. II. ii. 81.
consign: seal H5 v. ii. 90.
consort: company Lr. II. i. 99.
conspectuity: sight Cor. II. i. 71.
constancy: certainty MND. v. i. 26.
constant: formal Tw.N. IV. ii. 54.
constellation: character as influenced by the stars Tw.N. I. iv. 35.
conster: explain Tw.N. III. i. 65.
constitution: frame (of mind or body) Mer.V. III. ii. 247, etc.
constrain: put on with effort Lr. II. ii. 103.
content: please H8 III. i. 131, etc.; remunerate R3 III. ii. 110.
continent: receptacle Ham. IV. iv. 64, etc.; bounds MND. II. i. 92;

sun Tw.N. v. i. 281; summary Mer.V. III. ii. 130.
contract: betrothed R3 III. vii. 178.
convent: summon H8 v. i. 52, etc.
conversation: intercourse R3 III. v. 30, etc.
convertite: convert AYL. v. iv. 191.
convey: represent H5 I. ii. 74.
conveyers: thieves R2 IV. i. 317.
convicted: defeated John III. iv. 2.
convince: overcome Mac. I. vii. 64, IV. iii. 142.
cony: rabbit AYL. III. ii. 361.
cope: have to do Ham. III. ii. 60; meet AYL. II. i. 67, etc.; match Mer.V. IV. i. 413.
copulative: one about to be married AYL. v. iv. 57.
coranto: dance H5 III. v. 23.
corky: withered Lr. III. vii. 29.
corollary: surplus Tp. IV. i. 57.
corroborate: (used absurdly) H5 II. i. 130.
costard: large apple, head R3 I. iv. 160.
cote sb.: cottage AYL. III. ii. 455.
cote vb.: outstrip Ham. II. ii. 339.
count: indictment Ham. IV. vii. 17.
counter: debased coin Caes. IV. iii. 80; worthless thing AYL. II. vii. 63.
counter adv.: (in hunting) following a wrong trail Ham. IV. v. 110.
counterfeit: portrayed Ham. III. iv. 54.
county: count Mer.V. I. ii. 49.
couplets: two eggs Ham. v. i. 309.
course: *c. of the sun*, a year H8 II. iii. 6; sail Tp. I. i. 55; attack in bear-baiting Mac. v. vii. 2, etc.
coursing: marauding H5 I. ii. 143.
courtship: courtliness AYL. III. ii. 367.
cousin: any relative AYL. I. ii. 166, etc.; used by royalty to nobility R3 III. iv. 35.
covent: convent H8 IV. ii. 19.
cover: spread for a meal Mer.V. III. v. 65, etc.
cowish: cowardly Lr. IV. ii. 12.
coxcomb: fool's cap Lr. I. iv. 105; head Tw.N. v. i. 180.
coy: stroke MND. IV. i. 2; disdain Cor. v. i. 6.
coystril: base fellow Tw.N. I. iii. 44.
cozen: cheat Mer.V. II. ix. 38.
cozier: cobbler Tw.N. II. iii. 99.
crack: boy Cor. I. iii. 74.
cracker: boaster John II. i. 147.
crafty: feigned John IV. i. 53.
crank: winding path Cor. I. i. 143.
crants: garland Ham. v. i. 255.
craze: break R3 IV. iv. 17.
credit: report Tw.N. IV. iii. 6.
crest: ridge of a horse's neck Caes. IV. ii. 26.
cribb'd: hampered Mac. III. iv. 24.
crisp: rippled, Tp. IV. i. 130.
critical: censorious MND. v. i. 54.
cross: coin, properly one marked with a cross AYL. II. iv. 12.
cross-row: alphabet R3 I. iii. 55.
crow-flower: buttercup Ham. IV. vii. 170.
crow-keeper: one who keeps rooks from corn Lr. IV. vi. 89.
crowner: coroner Tw.N. I. v. 142, etc.
cruels: cruelties Lr. III. vii. 65.
crush'd: strained H5 I. ii. 175.
cry: company Ham. III. ii. 293.
cry out: complain loudly H5 II. iii. 29.
cub-drawn: ravenous Lr. III. i. 12.
cubiculo: chamber Tw.N. III. ii. 58.
cunning: dexterously wrought R2 I. iii. 163.
Cupid's flower: pansy MND. IV. i. 79.
curate: parish priest Tw.N. IV. ii. 2.
curious: nice, dainty Lr. I. iv. 36.
currance: current H5 I. i. 34.
current: good H8 I. iii. 47.
curtle-axe: broad cutting sword AYL. I. iii. 120, etc.
cut: common cart-horse Tw.N. II. iii. 206.
cypress: crape-like fabric, kerchief made of this used for mourning Tw.N. III. i. 134.

D.

danger: mischief Mer.V. IV. i. 38.
Dansker: Dane Ham. II. i. 7.
dare: defy MND. III. ii. 413, etc.; daze H5 IV. ii. 36 (make the prey

crouch); dazzle and entrap larks with scarlet cloth and a mirror H8 III. ii. 283.

date: duration MND. III. ii. 373, etc.

daub: dissemble Lr. IV. i. 52.

day-bed: couch R3 III. vii. 71.

dead: dark, deadly MND. III. ii. 57.

dead men's fingers: early purple orchis Ham. IV. vii. 172.

dearth: value Ham. V. ii. 124.

debile: weak Cor. I. ix. 48.

deboshed: corrupted Tp. III. ii. 30.

decay: ruin Lr. V. iii. 299.

deceivable: deceitful Tw.N. IV. iii. 21, etc.

decline: go through in order R3 IV. iv. 97.

decoct: warm up H5 III. v. 20.

deed-achieving: achieved by deeds Cor. II. i. 192.

defeat: ruin Ham. I. ii. 10, etc.; defraud MND. IV. i. 163.

defence: arms Tw.N. III. iv. 244.

deficient: fainting Lr. IV. vi. 24.

dejected: humbled Lr. IV. i. 3.

delated: expressly stated Ham. I. ii. 38.

deliver: present Tw.N. I. ii. 40, etc.; report H8 I. ii. 143, etc.; speak R2 III. iii. 34, etc.

demerits: merits Cor. I. i. 278; offences Mac. IV. iii. 225.

demise: transmit R3 IV. iv. 248.

denay: denial Tw.N. II. iv. 126.

denier: French coin, twelfth of a sou R3 I. ii. 253.

depose: examine on oath R2 I. iii. 30.

deracinate: uproot H5 V. ii. 47.

derive: draw upon H8 II. iv. 30.

dern: dark, wild Lr. III. vii. 63.

derogate: debased Lr. I. iv. 304.

descant: extempore melody upon a plain-song; (hence) comment R3 I. i. 27, etc.

descry: reconnoitre R3 V. iii. 9, etc.

deserved: deserving Cor. III. i. 290.

desperation: *of d.*, involving thoughts of suicide Tp. I. ii. 210, etc.

determine: come to an end Cor. III. iii. 42, etc.; decide Mer.V. IV. i. 106.

device for dramatic representation MND. V. i. 50; idea AYL. I. i. 176.

devise: think Cor. I. i. 107.

dewberry: ? gooseberry MND. III. i. 173.

dewlap: applied to a woman's breast MND. III. i. 173.

dewlapped: having a fold of loose skin hanging from the throat Tp. III. iii. 45.

diet: course of life R3 I. i. 139; board Tw.N. III. iii. 40.

difference: variance Cor. V. iii. 201, etc.; feature Ham. V. ii. 112; alteration in a coat of arms Ham. IV. v. 182.

diffidence: suspicion Lr. I. ii. 166.

diffuse: confuse Lr. I. iv. 2.

digest: arrange R3 III. i. 200, etc.; get rid of H5 II. Chor. 31.

digress: offend R2 V. III. 66.

dint: force Caes. III. ii. 199.

disappointed: unprepared Ham. I. v. 77.

disaster: star's unfavourable aspect Ham. I. i. 118; ill-luck Mac. III. i. 112.

discase: undress Tp. V. i. 85.

discipline: military experience John II. i. 39, etc.

disclose: hatched Ham. V. i. 309.

discourse: thought, reason Tw.N. IV. iii. 12, etc.

discovery: exploration Tp. II. i. 251, etc.

disease: vexation AYL. V. iv. 68, etc.

dishonest: unchaste Tw.N. I. v. 46.

dishonoured: dishonourable Cor. III. i. 59, etc.

dismount: draw Tw.N. III. iv. 247.

dispatch sb.: dismissal Cor. V. iii. 180, etc.; management Mac. I. v. 69.

dispatch vb.: kill R2 III. i. 35, etc.; deprive Ham. I. v. 75.

displace: banish Mac. III. iv. 109.

disproperty: alienate Cor. II. i. 267.

dispute: resist Mac. IV. iii. 219.

distance: disagreement Mac. III. i. 116.

distemper: disease Ham. II. ii. 55; intoxication H5 II. ii. 54.

distemperature: ill-humour MND. II. i. 106.

distempered: distracted Mac. V. ii. 15.

distil: melt Ham. I. ii. 204.
distractedly: disjointedly Tw.N. II. ii. 22.
distressful: gained by toil H5 IV. i. 290.
divinely: religiously John II. i. 237, etc.
division: execution of a melody consisting of florid passages, (hence) variation Mac. IV. iii. 96.
divulged: reputed Tw.N. I. v. 281.
do: go on Tp. iv. i. 241.
document: instruction Ham. IV. v. 177.
dogged: like a dog John IV. iii. 149; cruel John IV. i. 129.
dog-hearted: cruel Lr. iv. iii. 47.
doit: Dutch coin = half a farthing Tp. II. ii. 33, etc.
dollar: German thaler or Spanish piece of eight (reals) Mac. I. ii. 64, etc.
done: ruined, lost R2 I. i. 183, etc.
dormouse: sleepy Tw.N. III. ii. 21.
dotant: dotard Cor. v. ii. 47.
doublet: close-fitting body-garment Tp. II. i. 108, etc.
dout: put out H5 IV. ii. 11, etc.
dowle: soft fine feather Tp. III. iii. 65.
dreadful: full of dread R3 I. i. 8, etc.
dress: train R2 v. v. 80.
drift: shower John II. i. 412.
drollery: puppet-show Tp. III. iii. 21.
drossy: frivolous Ham. v. ii. 197.
drug: poison Ham. III. ii. 270.
dry: dull AYL. II. vii. 39, etc.
ducat: gold coin = 9s. 4d.; silver coin of Italy = 3s. 6d. Mer.V. II. viii. 15, etc.
dudgeon: wooden dagger hilt Mac. II. i. 46.
duty: reverence MND. v. i. 101, etc.

E.

eager: keen R2 I. i. 49.
eale: meaning unknown Ham. I. iv. 36.
ear: till R2 III. ii. 212.
ears, shake one's: make the best of things Tw.N. II. iii. 135.
easier: slighter John III. i. 207.
easiness: indifference Ham. v. i. 74.
ecstasy: excitement, madness Tp. III. iii. 108, etc.; rapture Mer.V. III. ii. 111.
effect: drift, tenor AYL. IV. iii. 36, etc.; appearance H5 v. ii. 239, etc.; execution Mac. I. v. 48, etc.
effeminate: tender R3 III. vii. 210.
effigies: likeness AYL. II. vii. 196.
eisel: vinegar Ham. v. i. 298.
elder-gun: popgun H5 IV. i. 213.
element: material Tp. III. iii. 61, etc.; air, sky Tw.N. I. i. 26, etc.; atmospheric agencies, heavens Tp. I. i. 24, etc.; natural sphere Tw.N. III. i. 67, etc.
elf: tangle Lr. II. iii. 10.
elvish-mark'd: marked at birth by fairies R3 I. iii. 228.
embarquement: hindrance Cor. i. x. 22.
embossed: swollen AYL. II. vii. 66.
embowel: disembowel R3 v. ii. 10.
eminence: homage Mac. III. ii. 31.
empiricutic: quackish Cor. II. i. 130.
emulator: disparager AYL. I. i. 151.
enacture: performance Ham. III. ii. 209.
encounter: behaviour Ham. v. ii. 199.
encumber'd: ? folded Ham. I. v. 174.
end: garner Cor. v. v. 37.
enemy: devil Tw.N. II. ii. 29.
enforce: compel, obtain AYL. II. iii. 32, etc.
enforced: violated MND. III. i. 209.
engage: entangle Ham. III. iii. 69.
engine: instrument, of warfare Tp. II. i. 168, Cor. v. iv. 21; of torture Lr. I. iv. 292.
engrafted: rooted Caes. II. i. 184.
engross: fatten R3 III. vii. 75.
enlarge: set at liberty Tw.N. v. i. 288, etc.
enormity: disorder Cor. II. i. 18.
enormous: disordered Lr. II. ii. 176.
entertain: take into service R3 I. ii. 258, etc.; engage H5 I. ii. 111.
entertainment: employ Cor. IV. iii. 49.

entire: pure Lr. I. i. 243.
entreatment: conversation Ham. I. iii. 122.
envy: spite Tp. I. ii. 258, etc.
equinoctial: for 'equator' Tw.N. II. iii. 25.
escot: maintain Ham. II. ii. 370.
espial: spy Ham. III. i. 32.
estate: bestow Tp. IV. i. 85, etc.
estimable: valuable Mer.V. I.iii. 167.
estimate: reputation Cor. III. iii. 112.
even: in agreement Tw.N. v. i. 249; fellow Ham. v. i. 31.
evenly: directly H5 II. iv. 91.
even-pleached: evenly interwoven H5 v. ii. 42.
evil: disease AYL. II. vii. 66, etc.; *the e.*, the King's evil, scrofula Mac. IV. iii. 146; perh. hovel H8 II. i. 67.
evilly: reluctantly John III. iv. 149.
except: make objection Tw.N. I. iii. 7.
exception: disapproval H5 II. iv. 34.
exchange: passes in fencing Ham. v. ii. 283; transmutation Mer.V. II. vi. 35.
executor: executioner H5 I. ii. 203.
exercise: devotion R3 III. vii. 63; preaching R3 III. ii. 109.
exhalation: meteor John III. iv. 153, etc.
exhibiter: presenter of a bill H5 I. i. 74.
exhibition: allowance of money Lr. I. ii. 25.
exigent: emergency Caes. v. i. 19.
expedient: expeditious John II. i. 60, etc.
expedition: motion H5 II. ii. 191.
expiate: fully come R3 III. iii. 23.
expostulate: discuss R3 III. vii. 191, etc.
exposture: exposure Cor. IV. i. 36.
express: fitted to its purpose Ham. II. ii. 326.
exquisite: ingenious Tw.N. i. v. 181.
extent: seizure AYL. III. i. 17; assault Tw.N. IV. i. 57; show Ham. II. ii. 400.
extenuate: mitigate MND. I. i. 120; depreciate Caes. III. ii. 43.
extravagant: vagrant Ham. I. i. 154.
eyas: young hawk Ham. II. ii. 362
eye: slight shade Tp. II. i. 58.

F.

fact: deed Mac. III. vi. 10.
faculties: powers Mac. I. vii. 17.
fadge: fit Tw.N. II. ii. 34.
fail: die H8 I. ii. 184.
fair: broad Lr. IV. vii. 52.
faith'd: believed in Lr. II. i. 72.
faithfully: assuringly AYL. II. vii. 195.
falchion: sword R3 I. ii. 94.
falcon: female hawk Mac. II. iv. 12.
fall sb. shedding H5 I. ii. 25.
fall vb.: shrink H5 v. ii. 166.
falling-sickness sb.: epilepsy Caes. I. ii. 255.
fallow: arable land H5 v. ii. 54.
fame: report H8 I. iv. 66.
fancy: fantasticalness Ham. I. iii. 71; love Mer.V. III. ii. 63, etc.
fantasied: full of fancies John IV. ii. 144.
fantastic: imaginary R2 I. iii. 299.
fantastical: imaginary Mac. I. ii. 53, 139; imaginative Tw.N. I. i. 15.
fantasy: fancy, imagination MND. II. i. 258, etc.
farced: stuffed with pompous phrases H5 IV. i. 283.
fardel: bundle Ham. III. i. 76.
farm: rent Ham. IV. iv. 20; lease R2 I. iv. 45.
fashion: form Mer.V. IV. i. 18.
fatal: fraught with destiny H5 v. i. 21; ominous Caes. v. i. 88, etc.
father-in-law: stepfather R3 v. iii. 82.
fault: (in hunting) break in scent Tw.N. II. v. 142.
favour: aspect John v. iv. 50, etc.; face, features Cor. IV. iii. 10, etc.
fay: faith Ham. II. ii. 276.
feat: trim Tp. II. i. 281.
featly: nimbly Tp. I. ii. 379.
feature: shape of body Tp. III. i. 52, etc.; shapeliness R3 I. i. 19.
fee, in: (to be held) in possession Ham. IV. iv. 22.

feed: pasture-land AYL. II. iv. 84.
feeder: servant AYL. II. iv. 100.
fee-grief: grief of a particular person Mac. IV. iii. 196.
feigning: singing softly MND. I. i. 31.
fell sb.: skin Lr. v. iii. 24; covering, fleece AYL. III. ii. 56, Mac. v. v. 11.
fell adj.: angry MND. II. i. 20.
fellowly: sympathetic Tp. v. i. 64.
ferret: worry H5 IV. iv. 30.
festinate: hasty Lr. III. vii. 11.
fet: fetched H5 III. i. 18.
fetch: trick Ham. II. i. 38, etc.
fielded: engaged in battle Cor. I. iv. 12.
fig of Spain, figo: contemptuous gesture (thumb thrust into the mouth or between two fingers) H5 III. vi. 60, 62.
figure: phantasm Caes. II. i. 231.
file sb.: roll H8 I. i. 75, etc.; small body H8 I. ii. 42, etc.
file vb.: defile Mac. II. i. 65.
fill: satisfy H5 IV. i. 289.
filthy: murky H5 III. iii. 31, etc.
find: experience Cor. v. iii. 111; furnish H5 I. ii. 72.
fine sb.: end Ham. v. i. 113; fictitious suit Ham. v. i. 112.
fine vb.: pay as a fine H5 IV. vii. 73.
finger: filch Ham. v. ii. 15.
firago: virago Tw.N. III. iv. 305.
fire-drake: fiery dragon = man with red nose H8 v. iv. 46.
firk: beat H5 IV. iv. 29, 32.
first: colour first mentioned in blazoning a coat of arms MND. III. ii. 213.
fitly: at a fitting time Lr. I. ii. 191.
fitness: inclination Ham. v. ii. 210.
flake: lock of hair Lr. IV. vii. 30.
flaky: broken into flakes of cloud R3 v. iii. 87.
flamen: priest Cor. II. i. 232.
flat: shoal Mer.V. I. i. 26, etc.
flat-long: flat side downward Tp. II. i. 187.
flaw[1]: fragment Lr. II. iv. 288.
flaw[2]: squall Cor. v. iii. 74, etc.; outburst Mac. III. iv. 63.
fleer: grin Caes. I. iii. 117.
flesh: inure to bloodshed John v. i. 71, etc.; inflame Tw.N. IV. i. 43.
fleshment: excitement Lr. II. ii. 130.
flewed: having large chaps MND. IV. i. 126.
flighty: swift Mac. IV. i. 145.
flote: sea Tp. I. ii. 234.
flourish: embellishment R3 I. iii. 241, etc.
flush: lusty Ham. III. iii. 81.
flushing: redness Ham. I. ii. 155.
fly: cause hawks to fly at game Ham. II. ii. 459.
foil: throw in wrestling AYL. I. i. 137, etc.; overcome Cor. I. ix. 48.
foin: thrust in fencing Lr. IV. vi. 252.
foison: harvest Tp. IV. i. 110; resources Mac. IV. iii. 88.
fond adj.: trifling Ham. I. v. 99; desirous AYL. II. iii. 7.
fond vb.: dote Tw.N. II. ii. 35.
fondly: foolishly R2 IV. i. 72.
foot, at: close behind Ham. IV. iii. 57.
foot of, upon the: in (motion) Mac. II. iii. 132.
foot-cloth: rich cloth laid over the back of a horse R3 III. iv. 83.
footing: surface John v. i. 66, etc.
forage: range for food John v. i. 59; glut oneself H5 I. ii. 110.
forbid: banned Mac. I. iii. 21.
fordo: put an end to Ham. II. i. 103, etc.
fordone: exhausted MND. v. ii. 4.
fore-hand: advantage H5 IV. i. 300.
forespent: past H5 II. iv. 36.
forethought: predestined John III. i. 312.
form: portrait John v. vii. 32.
formal: conventional R3 III. i. 82; normal Tw.N. II. v. 131.
former: front Caes. v. i. 80.
formerly: just now Mer. V. IV. i. 363.
forth-right: straight paths Tp. III. iii. 3.
forwearied: thoroughly exhausted John II. i. 233.
fosset: tap for drawing liquor Cor. II. i. 80.
foul: harsh H5 II. i. 59.

foulness: ugliness, wickedness AYL. III. iii. 42, etc.
founded: steady Mac. III. iv. 22.
fox: kind of sword H5 IV. iv. 9.
foxship: ingratitude Cor. IV. ii. 18.
franchis'd: free Mac. II. i. 28.
franchises: liberties Cor. IV. vi. 87.
frank: bounteous Cor. III. i. 129.
franked: shut up in a sty R3 I. iii. 314, etc.
fraught: cargo Tw.N. v. i. 65.
freckled: spotted Tp. I. ii. 283, etc.
free adj.: honourable Tw.N. I. v. 281, etc.; innocent AYL. II. vii. 85, etc.
free vb.: banish Mac. III. vi. 35; obtain remission of Tp. Epil. 18.
freestone-coloured: like Bath brick AYL. IV. iii. 26.
French-colour: yellowish MND. I. ii. 98.
fresh sb.: spring of fresh water Tp. III. ii. 77.
fresh adj.: eager H8 I. i. 3.
fresh-fish: novice H8 II. iii. 86.
fret: adorn with carved work Ham. II. ii. 321; chequer Caes. II. i. 104; furnish a guitar with frets Ham. III. ii. 396.
friend: kinsfolk AYL. I. iii. 65, etc.
frippery: place where cast-off clothes are sold Tp. IV. i. 228.
front: forehead, face John II. i. 356, etc.
fruitfully: fully Lr. IV. vi. 271.
frustrate: vain Tp. III. iii. 10.
fulsome: offensive John III. iv. 32, etc.
fustian: bombastic Tw.N. II. v. 120.

G.

gaberdine: loose garment Tp. II. ii. 40.
gad, upon the: suddenly Lr. I. ii. 26.
gage: entangle Mer.V. I. i. 131.
gain-giving: misgiving Ham. v. ii. 226.
gall: scoff H5 v. i. 77.
galliard: lively dance Tw.N. I. iii. 130, etc.
gallow: frighten Lr. III. ii. 44.
gallowglasses: retainers of Irish chiefs Mac. I. ii. 13.
gamester: frolicsome person AYL. I. i. 173, etc.
gaping pig: pig's head served with open mouth Mer.V. IV. i. 47, 54.
garland: ornament or 'glory' Cor. I. i. 190, etc.
garnish: outfit Mer.V. II. vi. 45.
gaskins: breeches Tw. I. v. 28.
gasted: terrified Lr. II. i. 57.
geck: fool Tw.N. v. i. 355.
geld: deprive R2 II. i. 238.
general: people in general Caes. II. i. 12, etc.; *g. gender*, common sort Ham. IV. vii. 18.
generation: breed, offspring Tp. III. iii. 33, etc.
genius: spirit (good or evil) allotted to men at birth Tp. IV. i. 27.
gentle sb.: gentlefolk H5 I. Chor. 8.
gentle adj.: tame H8 v. iii. 22.
gentleman: officer H5 IV. i. 39.
gentry: good-breeding Ham. v. ii. 114; courtesy Ham. II. ii. 22.
german: appropriate Ham. v. ii. 165.
germen: germ Mac. IV. i. 59, etc.
gib: tom-cat Ham. III. iv. 190.
gild: flush Tp. v. i. 280.
gimmal: jointed H5 IV. ii. 49.
give: suggest H8 v. iii. 109, etc.; assign H8 III. ii. 263, etc.
glass: half-hour glass = half-an-hour Tp. I. ii. 240, v. i. 223; magic crystal Mac. IV. i. 119.
glass-eyes: spectacles Lr. IV. vi. 175.
glean: collect H8 III. ii. 285.
gleek: gibe MND. III. i. 154, etc.
glimpse: transient brightness Ham. I. iv. 53.
go: walk Tp. III. ii. 23, etc.
go along with: approve Ham. I. ii. 15.
go to it: perish Ham. v. ii. 56.
godfather: juryman Mer.V. IV. i. 399.
God 'eyld, 'ild, lit. 'God yield', used in giving thanks AYL. III. iii. 80, etc.
goodness: success Mac. IV. iii. 136.
goujere: malefic power Lr. v. iii. 24.
goose: tailor's smoothing iron Mac. II. iii. 18.

goose-pen: quill pen Tw.N. III. ii. 56.
gor'd: rent asunder Lr. v. iii. 322.
goss: gorse Tp. IV. i. 180.
gossip: child's god-parent H8 v. v. 13; friend Mer.V. III. i. 7; woman's female friends present at a birth, (hence) gossiping woman MND. II. i. 47, etc.
gossiping: merrymaking John v. ii. 59.
gracious: acceptable AYL. I. ii. 201.
graff: insert a graft AYL. III. ii. 125.
grafter: tree from which a scion has been taken for grafting H5 III. v. 9.
grain: fast-dyed MND. I. ii. 97, etc.
gramercy: thank you Mer.V. II. ii. 131.
grand liquor: elixir of life Tp. v. i. 280.
gratify: fee Mer.V. IV. i. 407.
gratillity: gratuity Tw.N. II. iii. 28.
gratulate: salute R3 IV. i. 10.
graze: ricochet H5 IV. iii. 105.
great belly: with thick lower part H5 IV. vii. 52.
Greek: roisterer Tw.N. IV. i. 19.
grief: grievance H8 I. ii. 56, etc.
grize: step Tw.N. III. i. 138.
groat: coin = 4*d*. H5 v. i. 61.
gross, in: generally Mer.V. III. ii. 159.
grossly: in a state of gross sin Ham. III. iii. 80.
ground: plainsong or bass on which a descant is 'raised' R3 III. vii. 48.
groundling: frequenter of the pit of a theatre Ham. III. ii. 12.
grow to: acquire an unpleasant taste (as food burnt to bottom of a saucepan) Mer.V. II. ii. 18.
grunt: groan Ham. III. i. 77.
guard sb.: bearer of a military flag H5 IV. ii. 60.
guard vb.: trim Mer.V. II. ii. 170, etc.
guard, out of: unprepared Tw.N. I. v. 92.
guiled: treacherous Mer.V. III. ii. 97.
guise: custom Mac. v. i. 21.
gulf: belly Mac. IV. i. 23.
gull-catcher: trickster Tw.N. II. v. 206.
gun-stone: stone used for the shot of a gun H5 I. ii. 282.
gust: relish Tw.N. I. iii. 34.
gyves: fetters Ham. IV. vii. 21.

H.

haggard: wild female hawk caught when in her adult plumage Tw.N. III. i. 72.
haggle: mangle H5 IV. vi. 11.
halberd: weapon with long handle, sharp blade, and spear head R3 I. ii. 40.
halcyon: kingfisher Lr. II. ii. 83.
half-blooded: of superior blood by one parent Lr. v. iii. 81.
hall: Westminster Hall H8 II. i. 2.
Hallowmass: All Saints' Day R2 v. i. 80.
hand sb.: execution Mac. III. iv. 139.
hand vb.: handle Tp. I. i. 26.
hand, bear in hand: delude Mac. III. i. 81.
hand, brief in hand: soon to be dispatched John IV. iii. 158.
hand, make a fine hand, succeed H8 v. iv. 76, etc.
hands with, hold hands: be the equal of John II. i. 494.
handsaw: ?= heronshaw or heron Ham. II. ii. 406.
handsome: becoming Ham. II. ii. 475.
hanger: strap on belt from which the sword hung Ham. v. ii. 158.
happy: favourable Caes. II. ii. 60, etc.
harbour: lodge Tw.N. II. iii. 106.
hard-favour'd: ugly AYL. III. iii. 31, etc.
hard-rul'd: managed with difficulty H8 III. ii. 102.
hardly: harshly H8 I. ii. 105, etc.
harlot: lewd person Cor. III. ii. 112.
harness: armour Mac. v. v. 52.
harp: guess Mac. IV. i. 74.
hatch: half-door; *take the h.*, jump over this John v. ii. 138.
hatchment: tablet displaying armorial bearings of a deceased person Ham. IV. v. 214.
hate: cause of hate John III. iv. 28, etc.
have: understand Ham. II. i. 68.

havoc, cry: give signal for pillaging John II. i. 357, etc.
hawk: fly at Mac. II. iv. 13.
hazard: game at dice H5 III. vii. 97; each of the winning openings in a tennis-court H5 I. ii. 263.
head: advance Ham. IV. v. 101.
heaps, on, in a body H5 IV. v. 15, etc.; in ruins H5 V. ii. 39.
hearken, inquire R3 I. i. 54.
hearts: good fellows MND. IV. ii. 27.
heart-struck: distressing the heart Lr. III. i. 17.
heavy: sad, serious H5 II. ii. 53, etc.; wicked John IV. iii. 58, etc.
heavy-headed: drunken Ham. I. iv. 17.
hebona: yew (noted for poisonous qualities) Ham. I. v. 62.
hedge-pig: hedgehog Mac. IV. i. 2.
hell-hated: hated as hell Lr. v. iii. 149.
help: remedy Tp. II. ii. 101, etc.; *at h.*, in our favour Ham. IV. iii. 47.
helpless: unavailing R3 I. ii. 13.
hem: clear away with a cough AYL. I. iii. 19.
henchman: page of honour MND. II. i. 121.
hent: ? clutch or intention Ham. III. iii. 88.
herb-of-grace: rue R2 III. iv. 105, etc.
hermit: beadsman bound to pray for you Mac. I. vi. 20.
hest: bidding Tp. III. i. 37.
hide: shield John II. i. 260, etc.
hide fox, &c.: signal cry in hide-and-seek Ham. IV. ii. 33.
high: exact Caes. II. i. 110.
high-engender'd: produced in the sky Lr. III. ii. 23.
high-gravel-blind: sand-blind Mer.V. II. ii. 38.
high-sighted: arrogant Caes. II. i. 118.
high-stomach'd: haughty R2 I. i. 18.
hilding: good-for-nothing H5 IV. ii. 29.
hind: servant AYL. I. i. 20.
hint: occasion Tp. I. ii. 134, etc.
hit: agree Lr. I. i. 308.
hobby-horse: figure of horse in the morris-dance Ham. III. ii. 145
hob, nob: have, have not Tw.N. III. iv. 266.
hoise: hoist R3 IV. iv. 528.
hold sb.: prison R3 IV. v. 3.
hold vb.: bear Cor. III. ii. 80; refrain AYL. V. i. 14, etc.
hold off: maintain a reserve Ham. II. ii. 309.
holidame: relics on which oaths were sworn, (hence) an asseveration H8 V. i. 117.
holy water, court: fair words Lr. III. ii. 10.
home, effectually, plainly Tp. V. i. 71, etc.
home-spun: rustic MND. III. i. 81.
honour-owing: possessing honour H5 IV. vi. 9.
hood: blindfold (a hawk when not pursuing game) H5 III. vii. 126.
hoodman-blind: blind man's buff Ham. III. iv. 77.
hoop: shout AYL. III. ii. 204, etc.
hopeless: unhoped for Cor. III. i. 16.
horn: carried by beggars Lr. III. vi. 79.
horse: bestride Cor. II. i. 230.
horse-drench: draught for a horse Cor. II. i. 131.
hose, French: large wide breeches Mac. II. iii. 17.
hugger-mugger, in: secretly Ham. IV. v. 84.
hulk: large ship of burden Tw.N. V. i. 59.
hull: drift with sail furled Tw.N. I. v. 217, etc.
humble: kind H5 I. Chor. 33.
humour: moisture Caes. II. i. 262; mental disposition John V. i. 12; caprice, mood John IV. ii. 209, etc.
humour'd: ? continuing in this humour R2 III. ii. 168.
hungry: unfertile Cor. V. iii. 58.
hurricano: waterspout Lr. III. ii. 2.
hurry: tumult Cor. IV. vi. 4.
hurtle: crash, chatter AYL. IV. iii. 133, etc.
husband: manager H8 III. ii. 143.
hush: hushed Ham. II. ii. 516.
huswife: light woman H5 V. i. 85.

hysterico passio: hysteria Lr. II. iv. 57.

I.

idiot: jester John III. iii. 45.
idle: luxurious Tw.N. III. iii. 46.
idleness: pastime Tw.N. I. v. 70.
ignorant: keeping in ignorance Tp. v. i. 67.
ill-breeding: contriving ill Ham. IV. v. 15.
ill-erected: erected for evil R2 v. i. 2.
illness: wickedness Mac. I. v. 21.
illustrate: make evident H8 III. ii. 182.
image: appearance John IV. ii. 71, etc.; copy Mac. II. iii. 85, etc.; picture, idea Tp. I. ii. 43, etc.
imagery: tapestry R2 v. ii. 16.
imaginary: imaginative John IV. ii. 265, etc.
imagin'd: of imagination Mer.V. III. iv. 52, etc.
immediacy: direct relation Lr. v. iii. 66.
imp: graft feathers in bird's wing to improve flight R2 II. i. 292.
imperious: imperial Ham. v. i. 235.
impertinency: irrelevancy Lr. IV. vi. 179.
impeticos: ? = impocket Tw.N. II. iii. 28.
implorator: solicitor Ham. I. iii. 129.
impone: wager Ham. v. ii. 156.
importance: importunity John II. i. 7.
imposthume: swelling Ham. IV. iv. 27.
impress: device R2 III. i. 25; levy Ham. I. i. 75.
incapable: insensible Ham. IV. vii. 179; not admitting Cor. IV. vi. 121.
incardinate, incarnal: = incarnate Mer.V. II. ii. 29, Tw.N. v. i. 185.
incarnadine: redden Mac. II. ii. 63.
incensed: instigate R3 III. i. 152.
incontinent: at once AYL. v. ii. 45.
inconvenience: harm H5 v. ii. 66.
incredulous: incredible Tw.N. III. iv. 90.
indenture: contract Ham. v. i. 117.
indifferent adj.: impartial R2 II. iii. 116, etc.
indifferent, -ly adv.: tolerably Tw.N. I. iii. 145, etc.
indigest: shapeless mass John v. vii. 26.
indirect: unjust AYL. I. i. 160.
indue: furnish, endow John IV. ii. 43, etc.
indurance: imprisonment H8 v. i. 122.
industrious: ingenious John II. i. 376.
infer: prove John III. i. 213; allege R3 III. v. 74; bring about R3 IV. iv. 344.
infest: harass Tp. v. i. 246.
inform: take shape Mac. II. i. 48; inspire Cor. v. iii. 71.
infusion: natural character Ham. v. ii. 122.
ingenious: sensitive Lr. IV. vi. 288.
inhabit: ? remain at home Mac. III. iv. 105.
inhabitable: uninhabitable R2 I. i. 65.
inhabited: lodged AYL. III. iii. 10.
inherit: put in possession of Tp. IV. i. 154, etc.; enjoy R2 I. i. 85.
insinuation: intrusion Ham. v. ii. 59.
instance: motive R3 III. ii. 25, etc.; sign Caes. IV. ii. 16.
instant: present H8 I. i. 225, etc.
instinct: impulse R3 II. iii. 42.
insult: triumph AYL. III. v. 36, etc.
intelligence: secret service John IV. ii. 116.
intend: pretend R3 III. v. 8, etc.; tend MND. III. ii. 333.
interess'd: having a right in Lr. I. i. 87.
interest: title John IV. iii. 147, etc.
inter'gatory: formal questions Mer.V. v. i. 298.
intrenchant: incapable of being cut Mac. v. vii. 38.
intrinse: entangled Lr. II. ii. 80.
invention: imagination H5 I. Chor. 2; (hence) composition, design Tw.N. v. i. 345.

investments: clothes Ham. I. iii. 128.
irreconcil'd: unatoned H5 IV. i. 161.
issue: action Caes. III. i. 294; matter ripe for decision John I. i. 38, etc.
it: its Lr. I. iv. 239.
I wis: certainly R3 I. iii. 102.

J.

jack: figure of a man which strikes the bell of a clock R2 v. v. 60, etc.
jade: befool Tw.N. II. v. 180, etc.
jar: tick R2 v. v. 51.
jaunce: fatigue R2 v. v. 94.
jealous: suspicious AYL. II. vii. 151, etc.
jest: act in a masque R2 I. iii. 95.
jet: strut Tw.N. II. v. 36.
jig: lively performance given in interval of a play Ham. II. ii. 530.
jigging: doggerel-writing Caes. IV. iii. 136.
Jockey = Jock = Jack R3 v. iii. 305.
jointress: widow with jointure Ham. I. ii. 9.
jowl: dash Ham. v. i. 82.
judicious: judicial Cor. v. v. 128, etc.
Jug = Joan Lear I. iv. 247.
jump: agree Mer.V. II. ix. 32, etc.; risk Mac. I. vii. 7; risk the treatment of Cor. III. i. 153.
just: tilting match R2 v. ii. 52.
justify: prove Tp. v. i. 128, etc.

K.

kam, clean: quite wrong Cor. III. i. 302.
kecksy: plants with hollow stems (e. g. cow parsnip) H5 v. ii. 52.
keech: fat rolled into a lump H8 I. i. 55.
keep: dwell Mer.V. III. iii. 19.
kerchief, wear a: be ill Caes. II. i. 315.
kern: Irish soldier R2 II. i. 157, etc.
key: tool for tuning string instruments Tp. I. ii. 83.
kibe: chilblain on the heel Tp. II. i. 284, etc.
kind: nature AYL. IV. iii. 60, etc.
kindle: bring forth AYL. III. ii. 362.
kindly: naturally Tp. v. i. 24, etc.
knack: knick-knack MND. I. i. 34.
knap: bite noisily Mer.V. III. i. 11; give smart blow to Lr. II. iv. 125.
knock it: strike up H8 I. iv. 108.
knot: garden plot R2 III. iv. 46.
knot-grass: weed an infusion of which was supposed to stunt growth MND. III. ii. 329.
knowledge: notice Ham. II. i. 13; consciousness John v. ii. 35, etc.

L.

lace: stripe Mac. II. iii. 119.
lag: late R3 II. i. 91, etc.
lakin: lady-kin Tp. III. iii. 1, etc.
lap: wrap R3 II. i. 116, etc.
lapse: fall into sin (by lying) Cor. v. ii. 19; apprehended Tw.N. III. iii. 36; *lapsed in*, having let slip Ham. III. iv. 107.
large: free Mac. III. iv. 11.
largess: bestowal of gifts H5 IV. Chor. 43; expenditure R2 I. iv. 44, etc.
last: utmost venture Mac. v. vii. 61.
latch: catch Mac. IV. iii. 195.
late: recently made Tp. v. i. 145, etc.
late: recently Tw.N. v. i. 225, etc.
lated: belated Mac. III. iii. 6.
lavish: wild Mac. I. ii. 58.
lavolta: lively dance H5 III. v. 33.
lay by: put aside H5 I. ii. 276; **lay forth**: lay out for burial H8 IV. ii. 172; **lay home to**: press hard Ham. III. iv. 1; **lay off**: steer from the shore Tp. I. i. 55; **lay on**: do in good style Tp. III. ii. 164.
lazar: poor diseased person, esp. a leper H5 I. i. 15, etc.
lead: carry Mer.V. IV. i. 18, etc.
learn: teach Tp. I. ii. 365, etc.
lease of nature: term of natural life Mac. IV. i. 99.

leash'd in: coupled together (in a set of three) H5 I. Chor. 7.
leasing: lying Tw.N. I. v. 105, etc.
lecture: admonition AYL. III. ii. 370, etc.
leer: countenance AYL. IV. i. 68.
leg: obeisance Cor. II. i. 78.
legerity: nimbleness H5 IV. i. 23.
legitimate: logical Tw.N. III. ii. 16.
leman: sweetheart Tw.N. II. iii. 27.
lendings: appurtenances Lr. III. iv. 112; money advance to soldiers R2 I. i. 89.
less, nothing: anything but R2 II. ii. 34.
let sb.: hindrance H5 v. ii. 65.
let vb.: cause Ham. IV. vi. 12.
lethe: death Caes. III. i. 206.
letters: learning Tp. II. i. 157.
level: aim H8 II. i. 2.
lewd: worthless R3 I. iii. 61.
lewdness: wickedness H8 I. iii. 35.
liable: fit John IV. ii. 226.
libel: defamatory bill R3 I. i. 33.
liberal: tasteful Ham. v. ii. 160; free R2 II. i. 230; unrestrained Mer.V. II. ii. 200.
liberty: licence Ham. II. i. 24; privileges Cor. II. iii. 223, Ham. II. ii. 430 (meaning doubtful).
lie: be kept in prison R3 I. i. 115.
life: essence John v. vii. 1; exact presentation Tp. III. iii. 86, etc.
lightly: commonly R3 III. i. 94; thoughtles ly Cor. IV. i. 29.
lightness: light-headedness Ham. II. ii. 149.
limbeck: alembic Mac. I. vii. 67.
Limbo Patrum: abode of the just who died before Christ, (hence) prison H8 v. iv. 70.
limit: appoint R3 v. iii. 25.
limitation: allotted time Cor. II. iii. 146.
line and level, by: accurately Tp. IV. i. 241.
line: ? lime-tree Tp. IV. i. 193, 237.
linstock: staff abt. 3 feet long with forked head to hold lighted match H5 III. Chor. 33.
lip: contemptuous face Cor. II. i. 127.
list: limit Tw.N. III. i. 87, etc.; tilting-space, palisades around this R2 I. III. 43, etc.
little: a little Tw.N. v. i. 175.
lively: lifelike AYL. v. iv. 27; vivid Tw.N. v. i. 256.
liver: supposed seat of love Tw.N. I. i. 37.
livery, sue: institute suit as heir R2 II. i. 205, etc.
living sb.: possessions Mer.V. III. ii. 157, etc.
living adj.: life-giving Mac. II. iv. 10.
lob sb.: bumpkin MND. II. i. 16.
lob vb.: hang heavily H5 IV. ii. 47.
lockram: linen Cor. II. i. 228.
lodge: beat down R2 III. iii. 162.
loff: laugh MND. II. i. 55.
loggats: game in which sticks are thrown towards a block of wood Ham. v. i. 99.
long purples: early purple orchis Ham. IV. vii. 170.
loose shot: marksmen not attached to a company H8 v. iv. 60.
lop: small branches H8 I. ii. 96.
lost: bewildered Mac. II. ii. 72, etc.
louse: be infested with lice Lr. III. ii. 29.
love: kindness John IV. i. 49.
love-in-idleness: heartsease MND. II. i. 168.
loyal: legitimate Lr. II. i. 86.
luggage: lumber Tp. IV. i. 233, etc.; baggage H5 IV. iv. 80, etc.
lump: clay taken up by a potter H8 II. ii. 49.
lurch: rob Cor. II. ii. 106.
lust-dieted: gluttonous Lr. IV. i. 68.
lusty: merry AYL. IV. ii. 17.
lym: bloodhound Lr. III. vi. 72.

M.

maggot-pie: magpie Mac. III. iv. 125.
main: mainland Lr. III. i. 16; ocean Mer.V. v. i. 97, etc.
main battle: troops forming the bulk of an army R3 v. iii. 300.
main-course: mainsail Tp. I. i. 41.
main flood: high tide Mer.V. IV. i. 72.

mainly: greatly Ham. IV. vii. 9; entirely Lr. IV. vii. 65.
make sb.: mate Lr. IV. iii. 36.
make vb.: give H8 I. iii. 52; muster R3 IV. iv. 451, etc.; shut AYL. IV. i. 168; represent Cor. I. i. 181; do AYL. I. i. 31, etc.
malapert: saucy Tw.N. IV. i. 48, etc.
malice: power to harm John II. i. 251.
malicious: violent John II. i. 314.
malign: regard evilly Cor. I. i. 119.
malkin: untidy female servant Cor. II. i. 227.
Mall: Maud Tp. II. ii. 51, etc.
mammock: break into fragments Cor. I. iii. 71.
manage: horse's training AYL. I. i. 12, etc.
mankind: masculine Cor. IV. ii. 16.
manners: morals Mer.V. II. iii. 19, etc.
marches: border H5 I. ii. 140.
margent: commentary Ham. V. ii. 162.
mark: reach Cor. II. ii. 94.
marmozet: small monkey Tp. II. ii. 183.
marquess: marchioness H8 V. iii. 169.
marry: orig. name of the Virgin Mary used as oath or exclamation Tp. III. ii. 47.
mart: traffic Caes. IV. iii. 11, etc.
martlet: swallow or house-martin Mer.V. II. ix. 28, etc.
mass, this: the earth Ham. III. iv. 49.
master sb.: owner Tp. II. i. 5.
master vb.: own Mer.V. V. i. 174, etc.
masterly: describing as a master Ham. IV. vii. 96.
match: bargain Mer.V. III. i. 48.
mate: stupefy Mac. V. i. 85; vie with H8 III. ii. 275.
material: forming the substance Lr. IV. ii. 35.
matter: sense AYL. II. i. 68, etc.
mazzard: head Ham. V. i. 96.
measles: loathsome disease Cor. III. i. 77.
measure: adequacy Cor. II. ii. 128; extent Mac. V. vii. 102; melody John III. i. 304; dance R2 I. iii. 291, etc.
mechanic: manual work or worker H5 I. ii. 200, etc.
medicine: doctor Mac. V. ii. 27.
medlar: fruit like a small brown apple eaten when decayed to a soft pulp AYL. III. ii. 126.
meed: worth Ham. V. ii. 149.
meek: mild Caes. III. i. 255.
meiny: body of retainers Lr. II. iv. 35.
melancholy: sullenness John III. iii. 42.
memorable: commemorative H5 IV. vii. 110.
memory, of: remembered Ham. V. ii. 403, etc.
merchandise: traffic Mer.V. III. i. 137.
merchant: merchantman Tp. II. i. 5, etc.
mere: absolute H8 III. ii. 330, etc.
merriment: entertainment MND. III. ii. 146.
mess: one of the groups of four persons into which the company at a banquet was divided Ham. V. ii. 90.
metaphysical: supernatural Mac. I. v. 30.
method: summary Tw.N. I. v. 245.
mew: coop up MND. I. i. 71.
miching mallecho: skulking mischief Ham. III. ii. 148.
mid season: noon Tp. I. ii. 239.
milch: give milk, (hence) weep Ham. II. ii. 548.
mimick: burlesque actor MND. III. ii. 19.
mineral: mine Ham. IV. i. 26.
minikin: shrill Lr. III. vi. 46.
mirror: model H5 II. Chor. 6.
miscarry: come to harm Mer.V. III. ii. 316, etc.; go wrong Cor. I. i. 272; get into wrong hands H8 III. ii. 30.
miscreate: illegitimate H5 I. ii. 16.
misgraffed: badly matched MND. I. i. 137.
misprise: mistake, despise AYL. I. i. 180, etc.
miss: do without Tp. I. ii. 311.

missive: messenger Mac. I. v. 6.
mistake: misjudge H8 I. i. 195.
mistempered: disordered John v. i. 12.
mo: more Tp. v. i. 234.
mobled: muffled Ham. II. ii. 533.
mock: defy Mer.V. II. i. 30, etc.
mockery: imitation H5 IV. Chor. 53, etc.; futility Ham. I. i. 146.
model: mould R2 III. ii. 153, etc.
modern: commonplace AYL. II. vii. 156, etc.
modest: moderate, becoming Tw.N. I. iii. 9, etc.
module: mere image John v. vii. 58.
Monmouth cap: flat round cap H5 IV. vii. 105.
monster: make monstrous Lr. I. i. 223.
mood: anger H5 IV. vii. 39.
moon: symbol of chastity MND. I. i. 73, etc.
moonish: changeable AYL. III. ii. 436.
moonshine: month Lr. I. ii. 5; make a 'mess' of (ref. to dish called 'eggs in moonshine') Lr. II. ii. 35.
mop: grimace Tp. IV. i. 47, etc.
mope: be bewildered Tp. v. i. 240, etc.
moral: moralize AYL. II. vii. 29.
morris, nine men's: game in which players have each nine disks, played on squares cut in the turf MND. II. i. 98.
mortal: human Tp. I. ii. 403, etc.; great AYL. II. iv. 55.
mortality: ? deadliness H5 IV. iii. 107.
mortal-staring: fatal-visaged R3 v. iii. 91.
mortar-piece: short piece of ordnance with large bore H8 v. iv. 50.
moth: parasite Cor. I. iii. 93.
mother: hysteria Lr. II. iv. 57.
motive: promoter H5 II. ii. 156; moving organ R2 I. i. 193, etc.
mould up: go to form H8 v. v. 27.
mount: set in position John II. i. 211.
mouse: tear MND. v. i. 276, etc.
mow: grimace Tp. II. ii. 9, etc.
mulled: dull Cor. IV. v. 240.
mummy: magical preparation of the flesh of dead bodies Mac. IV. i. 23.
muniments: furnishings Cor. I. i. 124.
murdering-piece: cannon Ham. IV. v. 95.
murrion: diseased MND. II. i. 97.
muse: marvel (at) Tp. III. iii. 36.
mute: spectator Ham. v. ii. 349.
mystery: secret Ham. III. ii. 390.

N.

name: honour Cor. II. i. 151.
nameless: indefinable R2 II. ii. 40.
natural: by birth Lr. IV. vi. 196; related by blood AYL. I. i. 152; having kindness H5 II. Chor. 19 etc.; ? half-witted Tw.N. I. iii. 31.
naught: bad, wicked MND. IV. ii. 15.
nave: navel Mac. I. ii. 22.
nayword: proverb Tw.N. II. iii. 147.
neaf: fist MND. IV. i. 20.
neat sb.: animal of the ox kind Tp. II. ii. 75.
neat adj.: elegant Lr. II. ii. 46.
neeze: sneeze MND. II. i. 56.
nerve: sinew Tp. I. ii. 481, etc.
new: lately John III. i. 123.
nice: particular, trifling Tw.N. III. i. 16, etc.
nice of, make: be scrupulous about John III. iv. 138.
nickname: name wrongly Ham. III. i. 153.
niece: grand-daughter R3 IV. i. 1.
niggard: put off Caes. IV. iii. 227.
night-rule: night-diversion MND. III. ii. 5.
nimbly: briskly Mac. I. vi. 2.
nine-fold: company of nine Lr. III. iv. 124.
noble: coin worth abt. 6*s*. 8*d*. H5 II. i. 112.
noise: rumour Lr. III. vi. 120; music Tp. III. ii. 147, etc.
nonage: minority R3 II. iii. 13.
nonce, for the: on purpose Ham. IV. vii. 160.
nook-shotten: running out into corners H5 III. v. 14.
north, into the: out of the sunshine Tw.N. III. ii. 30.
notion: mind Cor. v. v. 107, etc.
nowl: head MND. III. ii. 17.

noyance: harm Ham. III. iii. 13.
numb: chilling R3 II. i. 118.
nursery: nursing Lr. I. i. 126.
nurture: education Tp. IV. i. 189, etc.

O.

oak: garland of oak Cor. I. iii. 17, etc.
obliged: pledged Mer.V. II. vi. 7.
observant: obsequious attendant Lr. II. ii. 109.
observation: observance (of rites) MND. IV. i. 110; care Tp. III. iii. 87.
observe: pay court to Ham. III. i. 163.
obstruction: stagnation Tw.N. III. iv. 23.
occasion: opportunity John IV. ii. 62; responsibility AYL. IV. i. 184; course (of events) John IV. ii. 125.
Od: = God, used in oaths Tw.N. V. i. 187, etc.
oeilliade: amorous glance Lr. IV. v. 25.
o'ercrow: overpower Ham. V. ii. 367.
o'erflourish: cover with carvings Tw.N. III. iv. 406.
o'erlook: despise John V. iv. 55; bewitch Mer.V. III. ii. 15.
o'er-raught: overtook Ham. III. i. 17.
o'er-sized: covered with sticky substance Ham. II. ii. 493.
o'er-teemed: exhausted by production Ham. II. ii. 539.
o'erwhelm: overhang H5 iii. i. 11.
off, be: take off one's hat Cor. II. iii. 106.
office: drive by virtue of office Cor. V. ii. 66.
officer: agent, servant Tw.N. II. v. 55, etc.
offices: household buildings, as kitchen, etc., R2 I. ii. 69, etc.
old sb.: wold Lr. III. iv. 123.
old adj.: abundant Mer.V. IV. ii. 15, etc.
omit: disregard Cor. III. i. 145.
on: from Lear V. iii. 167.
open: disclose H5 I. i. 78, etc.
opinion: reputation Mer.V. I. i. 91.
opposeless: irresistible Lr. IV. vi. 39.
oppression: burden, trouble R2 I. iv. 14, etc.
orb: fairy ring MND. II. i. 9; earth, world Tw.N. III. i. 45, etc.
order: regulate conveyance of R2 v. iii. 140.
ordinance: rank Cor. III. ii. 12; cannon John II. i. 218, etc.
organ: vocal organs Tw.N. I. iv. 33, etc.
othergates: in another way Tw.N. v. i. 199.
ousel: blackbird MND. III. i. 131.
out: fully Tp. I. ii. 41, etc.; 'out at heel' Caes. I. i. 18.
out-dare: defy R2 I. i. 190.
outface: browbeat John II. i. 97; defy Lr. II. iii. 11.
out-Herod: outdo Herod (often played as a blustering tyrant) Ham. III. ii. 16.
outjest: dispel by jests Lr. III. i. 16.
overcome: take by surprise Mac. III. iv. 111.
over-lusty: too lively H5 IV. Chor. 18, etc.
over-red: redden over Mac. V. iii. 14.
overta'en: done something equal to Cor. I. ix. 19.
overture: disclosure Lr. III. vii. 89.
owe: possess Tp. I. ii. 451, etc.

P.

pace: train H8 v. iii. 22.
pack: gang R3 III. iii. 4, etc.
packing: plotting Lr. III. i. 26.
paddle: play fondly Ham. III. iv. 185.
paddock: toad Ham. III. iv. 190.
painted: unreal AYL. II. i. 3.
painting: paint Cor. I. vi. 68, etc.
pajock: ? meaning, app. = 'ass' Ham. III. ii. 300.
palfrey: saddle-horse H5 III. vii. 29.
pall: fail Ham. V. ii. 9.
pantaloon: old fool AYL. II. vii. 158.
paper: set down on paper H8 I. i. 80.
parcel: portion, company H8. III. ii. 126, etc.
parcell'd: particular R3 II. ii. 81.

pard: leopard Tp. IV. i. 264, etc.
Paris-garden: bear-garden in Southwark H8 v. iv. 2.
parish-top: whipping-top kept for parishioners Tw.N. I. iii. 46.
parlous: dreadful, cunning, dangerous AYL. III. ii. 46, etc.
part: action Tw.N. v. i. 373, etc.
partial: of partiality R2 I. iii. 241.
particular: intimacy H8 III. ii. 190, etc.; personal interest Cor. IV. vii. 13, etc.
partisan: long handled spear and blade Ham. I. i. 140.
pass: neglect John II. i. 258, etc.; give judgement Lr. III. vii. 24; impose Tw.N. v. i. 364.
pass of pate: sally of wit Tp. IV. i. 245.
passion: disorder Mac. III. iv. 57; sorrow MND. v. i. 323.
passionate: sorrowful John II. i. 544.
passy-measures pavin: pavan played quickly Tw.N. v. i. 208.
patch: dolt Tp. III. ii. 73, etc.
patine: thin plate Mer.V. v. i. 59.
pauca, in full pauca verba: few words H5 II. i. 83.
Paul's: St. Paul's Cathedral H8 v. iv. 17.
paunch: stab in the belly Tp. III. ii. 101.
pax: sacred picture H5 III. vi. 42.
peak: mope about Mac. I. iii. 23.
pedant: schoolmaster Tw.N. III. ii. 84.
peer: appear H5 IV. vii. 89.
peevish: obstinate John II. i. 402.
peize: poise, weigh John II. i. 575, etc.
pelting: petty MND. II. i. 91, etc.
pent-house lid: eyelid Mac. I. iii. 20.
perdu: one (properly, a soldier) placed in special danger Lr. IV. vii. 35.
perdurable: lasting H5 IV. v. 7.
perdy: by God! Tw.N. IV. ii. 82, etc.
peremptory: final H5 v. ii. 82.
period: conclusion R3 I. iii. 238; pause MND. v. i. 96.
pernicious: villainous R2 I. iii. 82, etc.
perniciously: to death H8 ii. i. 50, etc.
perpend: consider Tw.N. v. i. 310.
perspective: figure rightly seen from one point only Tw.N. v. i. 227, etc.
perspectively: as through an optical device H5 v. ii. 347.
pertly: promptly Tp. IV. i. 58.
petar: engine of war Ham. III. iv. 207.
pew-fellow: associate R3 IV. iv. 58.
physical: beneficial Cor. I. v. 18, etc.
pick: throw Cor. I. i. 206, etc.
picked: fastidious Ham. v. i. 151.
piece: woman, girl H8 v. v. 27.
pight: resolved Lr. II. i. 67.
pill: plunder R2 II. i. 247, etc.
pin and web: disease of the eye Lr. III. iv. 120.
pine: wear away R2 v. i. 77.
pinked: ornamented with perforations H8 v. iv. 52.
pioned: trenched Tp. IV. i. 64.
pioner: miner Ham. I. v. 163.
pit: last ditch Caes. v. v. 23.
piteous: compassionate Tp. I. ii. 14.
place: dwelling AYL. II. iii. 27; height reached by a falcon Mac. II. iv. 12; topic AYL. II. vii. 40.
plain-song: simple melody H5 III. ii. 5, etc.
platform: level place for guns Ham. I. ii. 251.
plausive: laudable Ham. I. iv. 30.
plea: claim Mer.V. III. ii. 283.
plead: utter MND. I. i. 61.
plenty: necessaries and comforts of life H5 v. ii. 35.
plighted: folded Lr. I. i. 283.
plurisy: excess Ham. IV. vii. 117.
point: summit MND. II. ii. 119; conclusion MND. I. ii. 10.
point, at: in readiness Lr. I. iv. 349, etc.
point, to: to the detail Tp. I. ii. 194.
Polack: Pole Ham. I. i. 63.
pole-clipt: hedged in with poles Tp. IV. i. 68.
policy: stratagem Cor. III. ii. 42.
politic: dealing with political science Tw.N. II. v. 176.

polled: stripped Cor. IV. v. 215.
poor-john: salted hake (=poor fare) Tp. II. ii. 27.
popular: vulgar Tp. I. ii. 92, etc.
porpentine: porcupine Ham. I. v. 20.
porridge: pottage Tp. II. i. 10, etc.
porringer: cap H8 v. iv. 52.
portage: port-holes H5 III. i. 10.
possess: seize Tp. III. ii. 103, etc.
post: pole by sheriff's door Tw.N. I. v. 157.
post: courier Mer.V. v. i. 46, etc.; in haste R2 v. ii. 112.
potch: thrust Cor. I. x. 15.
pound: pound-weight Cor. III. i. 312.
practic: practical H5 I. i. 51.
practice: trick, plot Tw.N. v. i. 364.
praise sb.: virtue Mer.V. v. i. 108.
praise vb.: appraise Tw.N. I. v. 270.
prank: malicious trick Ham. III. iv. 2.
precedent: original John v. ii. 3, etc.
precept: writ H5 III. iii. 26.
predeceased: early H5 v. i. 76.
predominance: ascendancy of a planet Lr. I. ii. 139.
pregnant: resourceful Ham. II. ii. 216; receptive, (hence) inclined Tw.N. III. i. 101.
premises: conditions Tp. I. ii. 123; circumstances H8 II. i. 63.
presence: presence-chamber R2 I. iii. 289, etc.; company R2 IV. i. 32, etc.
present sb.: affair in hand Cor. I. vi. 60, etc.
present adj.: immediate H8 I. ii. 211.
press-money: paid to soldier or sailor on his being 'pressed' Lr. IV. vi. 89.
prest: ready Mer.V. I. i. 161.
pretence: design Mac. II. iii. 138, etc.
pretend: purpose Mac. II. iv. 24.
prettiness: pleasantness Ham. IV. v. 188.
prevent: anticipate Mer.V. I. i. 61, etc.; avoid R2 III. ii. 179.
prick sb.: thorn AYL. III. ii. 119; skewer Lr. II. iii. 16.
prick vb.: mark by a prick or tick Caes. III. i. 216, IV. i. 1.
prick-eared: with erect ears H5 II. i. 44.
primero: card-game H8 v. i. 7.
primy: in its prime Ham. I. iii. 7.
priser: one who fights in a match AYL. II. iii. 8.
private: communication John IV. iii. 16.
prize: contest Mer.V. III. ii. 141.
probation: trial Tw.N. II. v. 145; proof Mac. III. i. 80, etc.
process: story Mer.V. IV. i. 275, etc.; mandate Ham. IV. iii. 66.
prodigious: portentous, unnatural MND. v. ii. 42, etc.
prodigy: omen Caes. I. iii. 28.
profess: make professions Caes. I. ii 77.
progeny: race Cor. I. viii. 13.
projection: design H5 II. iv. 46.
prolong: put off R3 III. iv. 45.
proof: trial Ham. IV. vii. 154; experience Tw.N. III. i. 138, etc.; impenetrability R2 I. iii. 73.
proper: own, peculiar Tp. III. iii. 60.
proper-false: handsome but false-hearted Tw.N. II. ii. 30.
properly: for oneself Cor. v. ii. 90.
property sb.: tool Caes. IV. i. 40.
property vb.: make a tool of Tw.N. IV. ii. 101, etc.
proportion: pl. estimates, supplies H5 I. ii. 137, etc.; shape Mer.V. III. iv. 14; musical rhythm R2 v. v. 43.
proposition: question AYL. III. ii. 247.
propriety: identity Tw.N. v. i. 151.
proud: swollen MND. II. i. 91; luxuriant R2 III. iv. 59.
provand: provender Cor. II. i. 270.
provide: equip AYL. I. iii. 90, etc.; ready R3 III. i. 132.
providence: foresight Ham. IV. i. 17.
Provincial rose: rosette imitating damask rose Ham. III. ii. 292.
psaltery: stringed instrument Cor. v. iv. 53.
publican: tax-gatherer Mer.V. I. iii. 42
publish: proclaim Tw.N. II. i. 30.
puisny: petty AYL. III. iv. 44.

puissance: strength, armed force John III. i. 339, etc.
puke: vomit AYL. II. vii. 144.
pull in: rein in Mac. v. v. 42.
pulpit: = rostra in Roman Forum Caes. III. i. 80.
purchase: booty H5 III. ii. 45, etc.; price equal to so many years' rent = high price Tw.N. IV. i. 25.
purgation: proof AYL. v. iv. 45, etc.
purge: discharge Ham. II. ii. 203.
purpose: proposition Cor. II. ii. 157.
pursue: proceed with Mer.V. IV. i. 299.
purveyor: officer who provides lodging Mac. I. vi. 22.
push vb.: attack Caes. v. ii. 5; effort Mac. v. iii. 20; trial Ham. v. i. 317.
push sb.: thrust H5 II. i. 103.
put: pass off AYL. I. ii. 100, etc.; impute (to) Mac. I. vii. 70; urge Cor. II. i. 275.
put down: subdue John II. i. 346.
put off: dismiss H8 I. ii. 32, II. iv. 19.
put on: set to work Mac. IV. iii. 238, etc.; encourage, promote Ham. III. i. 2, etc.

Q.

quail: overpower MND. v. i. 294.
quaint: dainty, fine Tp. I. ii. 317, etc.; ingenious Mer.V. III. iv. 69.
quak'd: agitated Cor. I. ix. 6.
qualify: abate Ham. IV. vii. 113.
quality: rank, profession H5 III. vi. 149, etc.
quantity: proportion MND I. i. 232, etc.
quarrel: quarreller H8 II. iii. 14.
quarry: heap of deer, (hence) of dead men Cor. I. i. 204, etc.
quarter: watch John v. v. 20.
quartered: slaughtered Cor. I. i. 205, etc.
queasy: hazardous Lr. II. i. 19.
quell: murder Mac. I. vii. 72.
quest: persons appointed for an inquiry R3 I. iv. 193, etc.
question: talk AYL. III. iv. 37, etc.
questionable: inviting question Ham. I. iv. 43.
quick: running Tp. III. ii. 77.
quiddities: subtleties Ham. v. i. 105.
quillets: niceties Ham. v. i. 106.
quintain: post AYL. I. ii. 268.
quirk: trick Tw.N. III. ii. 271.
quit: set free Tw.N. v. i. 333; rid H5 III. v. 47, etc.; acquit AYL. III. i. 11, etc.; remit Mer.V. IV. i. 382; repay, requite R2 v. i. 43, etc.
quote: notice Ham. II. i. 112.
quotidian: intermittent fever recurring daily AYL. III. ii. 387.

R.

race: herd Mer.V. v. i. 72; nature Tp. I. ii. 358.
rage: madness Lr. IV. vii. 78; savagery Mer.V. v. i. 81; sexual passion Ham. III. iii. 89.
raise: originate Cor. IV. vi. 61, 70.
rake: lean person Cor. I. i. 24.
rank sb.: movement in file AYL. III. ii. 105.
rank adj.: high AYL. IV. i. 87, etc.; puffed up Caes. III. i. 152.
rapture: fit Cor. II. i. 226.
rascal: inferior deer Cor. I. i. 165.
rate: estimation Tp. I. ii. 92; style Mer.V. I. i. 128.
ravin: devour Mac. II. iv. 28.
ravin'd: glutted Mac. IV. i. 24.
raze: erase Mac. v. iii. 42; pull R3 III. ii. 11.
razed: slashed Ham. III. ii. 293.
reach sb.: ability Ham. II. i. 64.
reach vb.: attain R3 I. i. 158.
reason sb.: remark AYL. I. iii. 6, etc.
reason vb.: talk Mer.V. II. viii. 27, etc.; question, argue R3 I. iv. 93, etc.
rebuke: repress Mac. III. i. 56.
receipt: something received R2 I. i. 126, etc.; receptacle Mac. I. vii. 66.
receive: hear H5 IV. Chor. 6; believe Tw.N. III. iv. 215, etc.
receiving: understanding Tw.N. III. i. 133.

recognizance: bond Ham. v. i. 111.
recoil: degenerate Mac. iv. iii. 19.
recollected: (a) studied (b) recalled Tw.N. ii. iv. 5.
recommend: commit Tw.N. v. i. 95.
record: recollection Tw.N. v. i. 256, etc.
recorder: wind instrument of the flute kind MND. v. i. 125, etc.
recover: deliver Tw.N. ii. i. 41.
recovery: process for transfer of entailed estate Ham. v. i. 112.
rectorship: rule Cor. ii. iii. 213.
rede: counsel Ham. i. iii. 51.
reduce: bring R3 ii. ii. 68, v. iv. 49.
reechy: filthy Cor. ii. i. 228.
reeling-ripe: drunk Tp. v. i. 279.
reels: revels Ham. i. iv. 9.
regard: ? intention H5 i. i. 22, Caes. iii. i. 224.
region, the: the air Ham. ii. ii. 517, ii. ii. 615.
regreet: greeting Mer.V. ii. ix. 89.
rein, bear: be haughty Lr. iii. i. 27.
rejourn: put off Cor. ii. i. 81.
relenting: compassionate R3 iv. iv. 432.
religion: fidelity AYL. iv. i. 207.
reliques: ancient remains Tw.N. iii. iii. 19.
remain: dwell Tp. i. ii. 420.
remainder: balance R2 i. i. 130.
remember: commemorate Tp. i. ii. 402.
remembrance: keepsake Mer.V. iv. i. 423, etc.
remorse: pity Tp. v. i. 76, etc.
remotion: keeping aloof Lr. ii. iv. 115.
removed: secluded AYL. iii. ii. 364, etc.
render: describe, declare AYL. iv. iii. 124, etc.
renege: deny Lr. ii. ii. 83.
repeal: recall R2 ii. ii. 49, etc.
replenished: perfect R3 iv. iii. 18.
replication: reply Ham. iv. ii. 13; reverberation Caes. i. i. 50.
repugnant: resisting Ham. ii. ii. 501.
require: request H8 ii. iv. 142, etc.
requit: repaid Tp. iii. iii. 71.
rere-mice: bats MND. ii. ii. 4.
reserve: retain R3 iv. iv. 72.
resolute: desperado Ham. i. i. 98.
resolution: certainty Lr. i. ii. 112.
resolve: dispel John ii. i. 371; inform Tp. v. i. 248, etc.; make up one's mind Mac. iii. i. 138.
resolved: resolute John v. vi. 29, etc.
respect: consideration MND. v. i. 91, etc.; regard to circumstances Mer.V. v. i. 99.
respective: careful Mer.V. v. i. 156.
rest: strength Caes. iv. iii. 201; reserve stakes in primero H5 ii. i. 17.
rest, set up: hazard all, be resolved Mer.V. ii. ii. 114, etc.
restrain: keep R3 v. iii. 323, etc.
retention: capacity Tw.N. ii. iv. 98.
return: answer H5 ii. iv. 127.
reverb: re-echo Lr. i. i. 156.
reversion, in: destined to come into one's possession R2 i. iv. 35.
revolt: revulsion of appetite Tw.N. ii. iv. 101.
revolve: consider Tw.N. ii. v. 158.
rhapsody: string Ham. iii. iv. 48.
Rhenish: Rhine wine Mer.V. iii. i. 45, etc.
rib: enclose Mer.V. ii. vii. 51.
rid: destroy Tp. i. ii. 364, etc.; train H8 ii. ii. 2.
rider: trainer AYL. i. i. 14.
righteously: rightly AYL. i. ii. 15.
right-hand file: aristocratic party Cor. ii. i. 26.
rightly: directly R2 ii. ii. 18.
rim: lining of the abdomen H5 iv. iv. 15.
ring: (of a coin) circle that surrounds the sovereign's head Ham. ii. ii. 457.
riotous: dissolute Lr. i. iv. 267.
ripe: grown-up AYL. iv. iii. 89.
rivage: shore H5 iii. Chor. 14.
rival: partner Ham. i. i. 13.
road: journey H8 iv. ii. 17; raid H5 i. ii. 138.
roguish: vagrant Lr. iii. vii. 104.
romage: commotion Ham. i. i. 107.
Roman: sloping Italian handwriting Tw.N. iii. iv. 32.
ronyon: abusive term Mac. i. iii. 6.

roping: hanging like rope H5 III. v. 23, IV. ii. 48.
rosemary: emblem at funerals and weddings Ham. IV. v. 174.
round adv.: straightforwardly Ham. II. ii. 139.
round vb.: whisper John II. i. 566.
roundel: round dance MND. II. ii. 1.
rouse sb.: bumper Ham. I. ii. 127; drinking-bout Ham. II. i. 58.
rouse vb.: wake Mac. III. ii. 53.
row: stanza Ham. II. ii. 447.
roynish: coarse AYL. II. ii. 8.
rub: obstacle (in bowls) R2 III. iv. 4.
rubious: ruby-coloured Tw.N. I. iv. 32.
rudesby: rough fellow Tw.N. IV. i. 55.
ruffle: bluster Lr. II. iv. 304.
rug-headed: shock-headed R2 II. i. 157.
rule: conduct Tw.N. II. iii. 134.
run: ride Tp. I. ii. 254.
russet-pated: grey-headed MND. III. ii. 21.

S.

's: these Ham. III. ii. 136.
sack: white wine from Spain Tw.N. II. iii. 210.
sad: grave MND. IV. i. 101, etc.; morose R2 V. v. 70.
safety: safeguard John IV. iii. 12; custody John IV. ii. 158.
sale-work: work of worse quality AYL. III. v. 43.
sallet: something tasty Ham. II. ii. 471.
salt, man of: melting to tears Lr. IV. vi. 200.
sanctified: sanctimonious AYL. II. iii. 13, etc.
sanctimonious: sacred Tp. IV. i. 16.
sand-blind: half-blind Mer.V. II. ii. 38.
sanded: of a sandy colour MND. IV. i. 126.
sap: juice H8 I. i. 148.
savour: care for Lr. IV. ii. 39.
say: flavour Lr. V. iii. 145.
'sblood: oath = God's blood H5 IV. viii. 9.
scaffold: stage H5 I. Chor. 10.
scald: mean H5 V. i. 5.
scale: weigh Cor. II. iii. 257.
scamble: scramble John IV. iii. 146.
scambling: contentious H5 I. i. 4.
scamels: ? sea-gulls Tp. II. ii. 185.
scan: interpret Ham. III. iii. 75.
scandal: defame Cor. III. i. 43, etc.
scant: restrict Mer.V. II. i. 7, etc.
scarf: blindfold Mac. III. ii. 47.
scarfed: wrapped Ham. V. ii. 13; decked Mer.V. II. vi. 15.
scatter'd: distracted Lr. III. i. 31.
school: university AYL. I. i. 5, etc.
sconce: head Cor. III. ii. 99, etc.; small fort H5 III. vi. 77.
scotch: gash Cor. IV. v. 198, etc.
scour: get rid of H5 II. i. 59.
scout: deride Tp. III. ii. 133.
scrimer: fencer Ham. IV. vii. 100.
scrivener: professional writer R3 III. vi. st. dir.
scroyle: wretch John II. i. 373.
scrubbed: stunted Mer.V. V. i. 162.
'sdeath: oath = God's death Cor. I. i. 223.
seals: confirming deeds Ham. III. ii. 424.
sea-maid: mermaid MND. II. i. 154.
search: probe AYL. II. iv. 43.
season sb.: preservative Mac. III. iv. 141.
season vb.: mature Ham. I. iii. 81, etc.; qualify Mer.V. IV. i. 197; gratify Mer.V. IV. i. 97.
seated: fixed Mac. I. iii. 136.
second: supporter Tp. III. iii. 103, etc.
secondary: subordinate John V. ii. 80.
secret: occult Tp. I. ii. 77, etc.; keeping-counsel Caes. II. i. 125.
sectary, astronomical: student of astrology Lr. I. ii. 170.
secure: make careless Lr. IV. i. 20.
security: confidence R2 III. ii. 34, etc.
see: meet H8 I. i. 2; see to R2 II. i. 218.
seel: blind Mac. III. ii. 46.
seized: possessed Ham. I. i. 89.
seizure: clasp John III. i. 241.
seld: seldom Cor. II. i. 232.

self-born: home-sprung R2 II. iii. 80.
self-covered: having the real self concealed Lr. IV. ii. 62.
semblative: resembling Tw.N. I. iv. 34.
sennet: notes played on a trumpet H8 II. iv. etc.
senseless: of an inanimate thing R2 III. ii. 23.
sensible: sensitive Tp. II. i. 181, etc.; perceptible Mac. II. i. 36, etc.
sentence: maxim Mer.V. I. ii. 11.
sere: catch of gun-lock; *tickle o' the sere*, ready to 'go off' at any time Ham. II. ii. 346.
sergeant: sheriff's officer H8 I. i. 198, etc.
service: preparation for a meal Mac. I. vii. st. dir.; order of dishes Ham. IV. iii. 25.
set: place against MND. III. i. 141, etc.; close John v. vii. 51; dimmed by drink Tp. III. ii. 10, etc.; stake R3 v. iv. 9, etc.; challenge, attack R2 IV. i. 57, etc.; esteem Ham. IV. iii. 65.
set down: settle Cor. IV. v. 144.
set down before: besiege Cor. I. ii. 28, etc.
set forth: commend Mer.V. III. v. 96.
set on: go on Cor. III. i. 57.
settle: calm Lr. IV. vii. 82.
seven year: long time Lr. III. iv. 143.
sewer: servant who arranged dishes Mac. I. vii. st. dir.
shadow: reflexion John II. i. 498, etc.
shag-haired: hairy Mac. IV. ii. 81.
shake a beard: defy Ham. IV. vii. 32, etc.
shale: shell H5 IV. ii. 18.
shape: part Ham. IV. vii. 150.
shard: potsherd Ham. V. i. 254; wing case, (hence) wing Mac. III. ii. 42.
shark'd up: got together Ham. I. i. 98.
shealed: with peas taken out Lr. I. iv. 222.
sheep-biter: sneaking fellow Tw.N. II. v. 6.
sheeted: wrapped in a shroud Ham. I. i. 115.
shent: blamed Tw.N. IV. ii. 115, etc.
shift: contrive Tp. V. i. 256.
shog: move off H5 II. i. 47, II. iii. 47.
shop: workshop Cor. I. i. 139.
short: under control Ham. IV. i. 18.
shough: shaggy-haired dog Mac. III. i. 94.
shoulder of, in the: behind Ham. I. iii. 56.
shrewd: mischievous, bad, MND. II. i. 33, etc.; shrewish MND. III. ii. 323, etc.
shrewdly: much H5 III. vii. 169.
shrill-gorged: high-voiced Lr. IV. vi. 59.
shrouds: sail-ropes John v. vii. 53.
Sibylla: the Sibyl Mer.V. I. ii. 115.
sick: envious H8 I. ii. 82.
sicken: be surfeited Tw.N. I. i. 3, etc.
side: take sides with Cor. I. i. 199.
siege: rank Ham. IV. vii. 76.
sightless: invisible Mac. I. v. 50; unsightly John III. i. 45.
signory: domain R2 III. i. 22; state Tp. I. ii. 71.
silly: poor R2 v. v. 25; simple Tw.N. II. iv. 46.
simple: medicinal herb Lr. IV. iv. 14, etc.; ingredient AYL. IV. i. 18.
simplicity: folly Mer.V. I. iii. 44.
simular: counterfeiter Lr. III. ii. 54.
sinew: nerve Lr. III. vi. 107.
sinfully: in his sins H5 IV. i. 157.
single: feeble Tp. I. ii. 429, etc.; *s. bond*, bond without condition Mer.V. I. iii. 146.
sinister: left MND. V. i. 165.
sink: ruin H8 II. i. 60.
sir: priest's title R3 III. ii. 108.
sit: sit in council R3 III. i. 173.
sit down: lay siege Cor. IV. vii. 28.
sith, sithence: since Cor. III. i. 46, etc.
size: allowance Lr. II. iv. 178.
skirr: scour Mac. V. iii. 35.
slab: semi-solid Mac. IV. i. 82.

slander: reproach, disgrace R2 I. iii. 241, etc.
slave: be subservient to Lr. IV. i. 69.
sleave: raw or floss silk Mac. II. ii. 38.
sleights: arts Mac. III. v. 26.
'slid, 'slight: oaths = God's lid, light Tw.N. III. iv. 428, etc.
slip: noose in which greyhounds are held H5 III. i. 31; *let s.* to loose them from this Cor. I. vi. 39, etc.
slip-shod: in slippers Lr. I. v. 12.
sliver sb.: small branch Ham. IV. vii. 174.
sliver vb.: tear off Mac. IV. i. 28, etc.
slobbery: sloppy H5 III. v. 13.
slubber: hurry over Mer.V. II. viii. 39.
sly: stealthy R2 I. iii. 150.
small: piping Tw.N. I. iv. 32, etc.
smatch: smack Caes. v. v. 46.
smile: mock at Lr. II. ii. 87.
smoke his skin-coat: give him a drubbing John II. i. 139.
smug: spruce Mer.V. III. i. 51.
sneck up: go hang Tw.N. II. iii. 102.
snuff: huff Lr. III. i. 26.
sociable: sympathetic Tp. v. i. 63.
sodden: boiled H5 III. v. 18.
softly: slowly AYL. III. ii. 350, etc.
soil: blemish Ham. I. iv. 20.
solace: be happy R3 II. iii. 30.
solemnity: nuptial - celebration MND. I. i. 11, etc.; festivity MND. IV. i. 140.
solicit: move R2 I. ii. 2, etc.
sonance: sound H5 IV. ii. 35.
sonnet: poem H5 III. vii. 42, 45.
sonties: saints Mer.V. II. ii. 47.
sooth: flattery R2 III. iii. 136.
soothe: humour, flatter John III. i. 121, etc.
sophisticated: adulterated Lr. III. iv. 110.
Sophy: Shah Mer.V. II. i. 25, etc.
sort sb.: various kind H5 I. ii. 190; rank H5 IV. vii. 143, etc.; company MND. III. ii. 13, etc.; *in (a) s.*, after a fashion Tp. II. i. 109, etc.
sort vb.: associate Ham. II. ii. 280; fit MND. v. i. 55, etc.; ordain Mer.V. v. i. 132, etc.; fall out MND. III. ii. 352.
sot: fool Tp. III. ii. 104, etc.
sound: clear Tw.N. I. iv. 33.
souse: sweep down on John v. ii. 150.
sowle: pull by the ears Cor. IV. v. 214.
Sowter: cobbler = name of contempt Tw.N. II. v. 137.
speak: call for or to action Tp. II. i. 215, etc.; speak for H8 II. iv. 164, etc.; bespeak Mer.V. II. iv. 5.
speculation: watcher Lr. III. i. 24; looking on H5 IV. ii. 31; sight Mac. III. iv. 95.
sped: dispatched Mer.V. II. ix. 72.
speed: fare, be successful John IV. ii. 141, etc.
sphere: orbit MND. II. i. 7; music supposed to be produced by the heavenly movements AYL. II. vii. 6, etc.
spherical: planetary Lr. I. ii. 138.
spin: ? pour H5 IV. ii. 10.
spinster: spinner Tw.N. II. iv. 44, etc.
spirt: shoot H5 III. v. 7.
spital: hospital H5 II. i. 78, etc.
spite: mortification MND. III. ii. 194.
spleen: passion, impulse (of anger, malice, etc.) MND. I. i. 146, etc.
splinter: mend with splints R3 II. ii. 118.
split, make all: cause commotion MND. I. ii. 32.
spoil: capture of the quarry, slaughter Cor. II. ii. 125, etc.
spongy: drunken Mac. I. vii. 71.
sportive: amorous R3 I. i. 14.
spot: disgrace John v. ii. 30; pattern Cor. I. iii. 56.
springhalt: lameness in a horse H8 I. iii. 13.
sprite: spirit Mac. IV. i. 127.
spur: root Tp. v. i. 47.
squandering: random AYL. II. vii. 57.
square sb.: squadron H5 IV. ii. 28; *s. of sense*, perfection of feeling Lr. I. i. 76.
square vb.: quarrel MND. II. i. 30.
squash: unripe pea-pod MND. III. i. 194, etc.
squiny: peer Lr. IV. vi. 141.

staff: lance-shaft John II. i. 318, etc.
stage: platform Ham. v. ii. 392.
stake: to which bear was fastened in bear-baiting Tw.N. III. i. 131, etc.
stale: decoy Tp. IV. i. 187.
stamp sb.: coin Mac. IV. iii. 153.
stamp vb.: mark as genuine Cor. v. ii. 22.
stand: remain Mac. III. i. 4.
stand on: depend MND. I. i. 139; trouble about Caes. III. i. 100; concern R3 IV. ii. 58; be incumbent upon R2 II. iii. 138, etc.
stand up: act honestly H5 II. ii. 118.
standard: standard-bearer Tp. III. ii. 19.
staniel: inferior hawk Tw.N. II. v. 126.
star: fortune Tw.N. II. v. 158, etc.; *moist s.*, the moon Ham. I. i. 118; *seven s.*, Pleiades Lr. I. v. 40.
stare: stand on end Caes. IV. iii. 279.
state: condition of things H8 II. iv. 211, etc.; rank, majesty Tp. I. ii. 76, etc.; chair of state Tw.N. II. v. 51; canopy H8 I. iv. st. dir.; government H8 III. ii. 323.
station: manner of standing Ham. III. iv. 58.
statist: statesman Ham. v. ii. 33.
statute: bond Ham. v. i. 111.
stay: hindrance John II. i. 455.
stead: be of use Tp. I. ii. 165, etc.
stealth: theft Lr. III. iv. 94.
stelled: starry Lr. III. vii. 61.
stem: timber of the prow Cor. II. ii. 112.
sternage, to: astern H5 III. Chor. 18.
stick: stab AYL. I. ii. 259; be fixed Cor. I. i. 277.
stick off: stand out in relief Ham. v. ii. 271.
still: constant R3 IV. iv. 230.
still-vex'd: constantly troubled Tp. I. ii. 229.
stint: cease H8 I. ii. 76.
stithy: smithy Ham. III. ii. 89.
stock: stocking Tw.N. I. iii. 146.
stockfish of, make a: beat (as stockfish or dried cod before cooking) Tp. III. ii. 80.
stomach: anger Lr. v. iii. 75; pride H8 IV. ii. 34; courage Tp. I. ii. 157, etc.
stone: polished crystal Lr. v. iii. 264.
stone-bow: cross-bow for shooting stones Tw.N. II. v. 54.
stoop: (in falconry) fly down on the prey H5 IV. i. 112.
stout: proud Tw.N. II. v. 187, etc.
stover: fodder Tp. IV. i. 63.
strain sb.: note, tune Tp. I. ii. 384, etc.; race H5 II. iv. 51, etc.
strain vb.: embrace H8 IV. i. 46.
strained: excessive Lr. I. i. 172; forced Mer.V. IV. i. 184.
strait: close John v. vii. 42.
strange: rare Tp. III. iii. 87, etc.
strangely: as a stranger H8 III. ii. 11; rarely Tp. IV. i. 7.
stratagem: deed of violence Mer.V. v. i. 85.
stray: animal found wandering H5 I. ii. 160.
strike: blast Cor. II. ii. 118, etc.; lower sail R2 II. i. 267; fight H5 II. iv. 54.
stubborn: harsh Tw.N. III. iv. 76.
stuck = stoccado = thrust in fencing Tw.N. III. iv. 306, etc.
studied: diligent H8 III. ii. 169.
study: think, meditate Tp. II. i. 85, etc.; learn AYL. III. ii. 292, etc.
stumbling: causing stumbling John v. v. 18.
sub-contracted: betrothed for the second time Lr. v. iii. 87.
subdue: make subject to punishment Cor. I. i. 181.
subject: people Ham. I. i. 72, etc.; object Cor. II. i. 95.
suborn: procure to do evil R3 IV. iii. 4, etc.
subscribe: put down R2 I. iv. 50; surrender Lr. I. ii. 24.
subscription: submission Lr. III. ii. 18.
substance: gross weight Mer.V. IV. i. 329.
substractor: detractor Tw.N. I. iii. 37.
subtle: tricky Cor. v. ii. 20.
successor: descendant H8 I. i. 60.
sudden: unprovided John v. vi. 26; extempore H8 v. iii. 122; imme-

diate Ham. v. ii. 46 ; rash Cor. II. iii. 259.

sufficient: solvent Mer.V. I. iii. 17.

suggest: prompt, tempt R2 I. i. 101, etc.

suggestion: ? craftiness H8 IV. ii. 35.

sullen: mournful R2 I. iii. 227, etc.

sulphur: lightning Cor. V. iii. 152.

summoner: ecclesiastical officer Lr. III. ii. 59.

sumpter: drudge Lr. II. iv. 219.

sun, live in the: live a careless life AYL. II. v. 39, etc.

superfluous: excessive H8 I. i. 99.

supervise: perusal Ham. V. ii. 23.

supply: aid Ham. II. ii. 24.

supposition, in: doubtful Mer.V. I. iii. 17.

sur-rein'd: over-ridden H5 III. v. 19.

survey: notice Mac. I. ii. 31.

surveyor: overseer H8 I. i. 115.

sutler: one who sells provisions H5 II. i. 116.

swabber: poor sea-man Tp. II. ii. 49, etc.

swarth: heap Tw.N. II. iii. 164.

swear: take oath of allegiance Mac. IV. ii. 47 ; swear by John III. i. 281, etc.

swelter'd: caused to exude Mac. IV. i. 8.

swift: ready AYL. V. iv. 65.

swill: gulp down R3 V. ii. 9.

Swithold: St. Vitalis, invoked in cases of nightmare Lr. III. iv. 123.

Switzers: Swiss guards Ham. IV. v. 97.

swounds: oath = God's wounds Ham. II. ii. 612, etc.

sympathize: agree H5 III. vii. 162.

sympathy: equality of blood or rank MND. I. i. 141, etc.

T.

table: writing tablet Ham. I. v. 98, 107 ; surface on which a picture is painted John II. i. 503 ; palm of the hand Mer.V. II. i. 174.

tag: rabble Cor. III. i. 247.

take: strike with disease Ham. I. i. 163 ; catch fire H5 II. i. 55 ; take effect Cor. II. ii. 113.

take all: ? gaming phrase for last desperate throw Lr. III. i. 15.

take note: know Tw.N. III. ii. 40.

take up: obstruct H8 I. i. 56, etc.

taking sb. : evil influence Lr. III. iv. 59.

taking adj. : pernicious Lr. II. iv. 166.

tall: fine, doughty MND. V. i. 146, etc.

tang: be loud (with) Tw.N. II. v. 165, etc.

tarre: incite John IV. i. 117, etc.

taste sb. : test Lr. I. ii. 49.

taste vb. : act as taster John V. vi. 28.

tax: blame Ham. I. iv. 18.

taxation: claim Tw.N. I. v. 226 ; censure AYL. I. ii. 92.

tear a cat: rant MND. I. ii. 31.

teen: grief R3 IV. i. 96.

tell: count Tp. II. i. 15, etc. ; 'keep time' Tp. II. i. 297.

temper: compound Ham. V. ii. 342 ; moisten Lr. I. iv. 328 ; work upon H5 II. ii. 118, etc.

temperance: temperature Tp. II. i. 43 ; used as a proper name Tp. II. i. 44 ; moderation H8 I. i. 124.

temperate: chaste Tp. IV. i. 132.

temporal: secular H5 I. i. 9.

tenant: vassal R3 IV. iv. 81, etc.

tend: be in waiting Ham. I. iii. 83, etc. ; listen Tp. I. i. 7.

tender sb. : care Lr. I. iv. 233.

tender vb. : show Ham. I. iii. 109 ; care for H8 II. iv. 114, etc.

tender-hefted: set in a delicate frame, gentle Lr. II. iv. 174.

tent[1]: lodge Cor. III. ii. 116.

tent[2]: probe Ham. II. ii. 634, etc. ; cure Cor. I. ix. 31.

term: position, circumstances H5 III. vi. 80, etc.

territories: dependencies John I. i. 10.

tertian: fever with paroxysm recurring every other day H5 ii. i. 124.

testril = tester = sixpence Tw.N. II. iii. 37.

tetchy: fretful R3 IV. iv. 169.

thatch'd: covered Tp. IV. i. 63.
thill-horse: shaft-horse Mer.V. II. ii. 104.
think upon: esteem Cor. II. iii. 61, 196.
third: thread Tp. IV. i. 3.
thirst: drink Mac. III. iv. 91.
thisne: ? in this way MND. I. ii. 55.
thou: used in contemptuous speech Tw.N. III. ii. 51.
thought: melancholy AYL. IV. i. 224, etc.
thought-executing: doing execution with the quickness of thought Lr. III. ii. 4.
three-suited: having three suits a year (prob. a servant's allowance) Lr. II. ii. 16.
thrift: profit Mer.V. I. i. 176, etc.
throw: mark (of a bowl) Cor. V. ii. 21.
thrum: tufted end of weaver's warp MND. V. i. 293 (= good and bad together).
thunder-stone: thunderbolt Caes. I. iii. 49.
tide: festival John III. i. 86.
tie: bring into bondage H8 IV. ii. 36.
time: lifetime AYL. II. iv. 96, etc.; opportunity Tp. II. i. 310.
time, in good: at the right moment R3 II. i. 45, etc.; expressing approval Tp. II. i. 100.
time, to: for ever Cor. V. iii. 127.
timeless: untimely R2 IV. i. 5.
timely: early Mac. II. iii. 52.
tincture: handkerchief dipped in martyr's blood Caes. II. ii. 89.
tinder-like: hot-tempered Cor. II. i. 55.
tinker: proverbial type of tipplers and talkers Tw.N. II. iii. 97.
tipstaves: officers, constables H8 II. i. 54, st. dir.
tithing: district Lr. III. iv. 138.
title: motto Mer.V. II. ix. 35; name R3 IV. iv. 351, etc.; interest R3 II. ii. 48; possession Mac. IV. ii. 7.
toad-spotted: stained with infamy Lr. V. iii. 140.
toil: snare Ham. III. ii. 369.
tongs: rude musical instrument MND. IV. i. 34.
tongue: vote Cor. II. iii. 216, etc.
too: at the same time Caes. II. i. 244.
tooth, colt's: symbol of inexperience H8 I. iii. 48.
top of, in the: above Ham. II. ii. 468.
top-proud: very proud H8 I. i. 151.
tottering: ragged John V. v. 7.
touch: exploit MND. III. ii. 70; touchstone R3 IV. ii. 8; trial Cor. IV. i. 49; taint H8 II. iv. 153.
toward: with Cor. II. ii. 58.
tower: soar John II. i. 350, etc.
trace: follow H8 III. ii. 45, etc.; range MND. II. i. 25.
tract: course (of events) H8 I. i. 40.
traded: practised John IV. iii. 109.
train: lure John III. iv. 175, etc.
traject: ferry Mer.V. III. iv. 53.
trammel up: prevent Mac. I. vii. 3.
transformed: effecting a transformation MND. IV. i. 70.
transport: ? transform MND. IV. ii. 4; carry away by ecstasy Tp. I. ii. 76, etc.; by passion Cor. I. i. 79.
trash: check a fast dog by tying a weight to its neck Tp. I. ii. 81.
traverse: across AYL. III. iv. 43.
tray-trip: game at dice Tw.N. II. v. 210.
treacher: traitor Lr. I. ii. 138.
treasury: treasure Lr. IV. vi. 44.
treatise: talk Mac. V. v. 12.
trembling: tremor denoting possession by a devil Tp. II. ii. 86.
trick: (in heraldry) delineate arms, indicate colours by dots or lines; spot or smear Ham. II. ii. 488.
trifle: phantom Tp. V. i. 112.
triplex: triple time (in music) Tw.N. V. i. 40.
Troyan: term for boon companion H5 V. i. 20.
trophy: token (emblem, garland, monument) H5 V. Chor. 21, etc.
tropically: figuratively Ham. III. ii. 250.
trow: believe Lr. I. iv. 136.
true: honest Tp. V. i. 268; well-proportioned Lr. I. ii. 8.
true-penny: honest fellow Ham. I. v. 150.
trumpet: trumpeter H5 IV. ii. 61.
truncheoner: one armed with a cudgel H8 V. iv. 56.

trundle-tail: curly-tailed dog Lr. III. vi. 73.
try: refine Mer.V. II. vii. 53, etc.; sail close to the wind Tp. I. i. 41.
tuck: rapier Tw.N. III. iv. 248.
tucket: trumpet-call Mer.V. v. i. 121, st. dir., etc.
tug: buffet Mac. III. i. 112.
turlygood: name for a 'bedlam-beggar' Lr. II. iii. 20.
turn: compose AYL. II. v. 3.
turning: fickle H5 III. vi. 35.
twilled: [not explained] Tp. IV. i. 64.
tyrannically: vehemently Ham. II. ii. 364.
tyrannous: pitiless R3 IV. iii. 1, etc.
tyrant: usurper Mac. III. vi. 22.

U.

unaccommodated: unfurnished Lr. III. iv. 110.
unacquainted: unfamiliar John III. iv. 166, etc.
unanel'd: without sacrament of unction Ham. I. v. 77.
unavoided: inevitable R2 II. i. 269, etc.
unbacked: unridden Tp. IV. i. 176.
unbanded: having no hatband AYL. III. ii. 402.
unbarbed: unarmed Cor. III. ii. 99.
unbated: not blunted Ham. IV. vii. 138.
unbolted: unsifted, coarse Lr. II. ii. 70.
unbraced: unbuttoned Caes. I. iii. 48, etc.
unbreathed: unexercised MND. v. i. 74.
unbuckle: tear off in a close fight Cor. IV. v. 131.
uncharge: acquit Ham. IV. vii. 67.
uncoined: unalloyed H5 v. ii. 160.
unconstant: uncertain Lr. I. i. 305.
undercrest: wear as if a crest Cor. I. ix. 72.
undergoing: enduring Tp. I. ii. 157.
undertaker: one who takes on himself a business Tw.N. III. iv. 353.
undetermin'd: not discriminated John II. i. 355.
undistinguished: indefinable Lr. IV. vi. 279.
unexpressive: inexpressible AYL. III. ii. 10.
unfashionable: with no comeliness R3 I. i. 22.
unfurnish'd: unmatch'd with its fellow Mer.V. III. ii. 126; not hung with tapestry R2 I. ii. 68.
ungalled: uninjured Ham. III. ii. 288.
ungird: relax Tw.N. IV. i. 16.
unhair'd: beardless John v. ii. 133.
unhappily: unfavourably H8 I. iv. 89, etc.
unhappiness: evil nature R3 I. ii. 25.
unhatched: not hacked Tw.N. III. iv. 260.
unhouseled: not having received the holy sacrament Ham. I. v. 77.
unimproved: not turned to account Ham. I. i. 96.
union: pearl Ham. v. ii. 286.
unlimited: not limited by the 'unities of time and place' Ham. II. ii. 428.
unmeritable: without merit R3 III. vii. 154.
unowed: unowned John IV. iii. 147.
unprevailing: unavailing Ham. I. ii. 107.
unprofited: profitless Tw.N. I. iv. 22.
unraised: unaspiring H5 I. Chor. 9.
unreclaimed: untamed Ham. II. i. 34.
unrough: beardless Mac. v. ii. 10.
unsever'd: inseparable Cor. III. ii. 42.
unsifted: untried Ham. I. iii. 102.
unsinew'd: weak Ham. IV. vii. 10.
unstanched: leaky Tp. I. i. 53.
untainted: unaccused R3 III. vi. 9.
untempering: without softening influence H5 v. ii. 239.
untrimmed: with hair loose, like a bride John III. i. 209.
unwarily: unexpectedly John v. vii. 63.
unworthy: undeserved R3 I. ii. 88.
unwrung: not galled Ham. III. iii. 256.
un-yoke: finish work Ham. v. i. 57; disjoin John III. i. 241.
up-spring: wild dance Ham. I. iv. 9.

urchin: goblin Tp. I. ii. 326.
use sb.: advantage John v. iv. 27, etc.
use vb.: be familiar with Mac. III. ii. 10.
utterance: uttermost Mac. III. i. 72.

V.

vade: fade R2 I. ii. 20.
vail: let fall Mer.V. I. i. 28, etc.
valanced: 'curtained' with a beard Ham. II. ii. 452.
valu'd: containing values of each set down Mac. III. i. 95.
varlet: gentleman's son in service of a knight H5 IV. ii. 2.
vaunt-courier: harbinger Lr. III. ii. 5.
venison: wild animals hunted for food AYL. II. i. 21.
vent: scent Cor. IV. v. 240.
ventage: vent-hole = stops of a flute Ham. III. ii. 380.
via: go on, say on Mer.V. II. ii. 11, etc.
Vice: character in the old moralities Tw.N. IV. ii. 138, etc.; buffoon Ham. III. iv. 98.
vigour: efficacy Ham. I. v. 68.
villain: villein Lr. III. vii. 78.
viol-de-gamboys: violoncello Tw.N. I. iii. 28.
virgin-knot: girdle worn by maidens Tp. IV. i. 15.
virtue: valour Cor. I. i. 41, etc.; essence Tp. I. ii. 27, etc.
visit: afflict Mac. IV. iii. 150.
visitation: affliction Tp. III. i. 32.
visitor: one who brings spiritual consolation Tp. II. i. 11.
vizard: mask Mac. III. ii. 34.
volume, bear by the: endure volumes of contemptuous epithets Cor. III. iii. 33.
voucher: person called on to warrant a tenant's title Ham. v. i. 112, 115.
vouchsafe: deign to accept John III. i. 294, etc.
vox: voice, (hence) loud tone Tw.N. v. i. 307.
vulgar: common Tw.N. III. i. 138, etc.

W.

waft: waved Mer.V. v. i. 11; convey by water John II. i. 73.
wage: remunerate (as with wages) Cor. v. v. 40.
wagtail: obsequious person Lr. II. ii. 72.
waist: girdle John II. i. 217; part of ship between the mainmast and foremast Tp. I. ii. 197.
wake: merry-making at a feast of church-dedication Lr. III. vi. 77.
wall-eyed: having iris discoloured, (hence) fierce-looking John IV. iii. 49.
wanton: luxuriant MND. II. i. 99, etc.
warn: summon John II. i. 201, etc.
warrant vb.: keep MND. v. i. 328, etc.
warranted: justified Mac. IV. iii. 137.
wasteful: devastating AYL. III. ii. 345, etc.
watch: sleeplessness Ham. II. ii. 148; watchman's cry Mac. II. i. 54; ? tickings R2 v. v. 52; ? watch-light (candle marked in divisions) R3 v. iii. 63.
water, raise the: call forth tears Mer.V. II. ii. 51.
waters, for all: ready for anything Tw.N. IV. ii. 69.
water-rug: ? shaggy water-dog Mac. III. i. 94.
wave: waver Cor. II. ii. 19.
waxen: increase MND. II. i. 56.
weal: commonwealth Cor. II. iii. 189, etc.
wealsman: statesman Cor. II. i. 60.
wealth: welfare Mer.V. v. i. 249, etc.
wear: weary AYL. II. iv. 38; grow Tw.N. II. iv. 30.
weather: storm Tp. I. i. 43, etc.
weather-fend: protect from the weather Tp. v. i. 10.
weaver: ref. to as fond of singing Tw.N. II. iii. 63.
web and pin: disease of the eye Lr. III. iv. 120.
weird: dealing with fate Mac. I. iii. 32, etc.
welkin: sky Tp. I. ii. 4, etc.
well to live: well to do Mer.V. II. ii. 56.
well-found: fortunate Cor. II. ii. 49.

well-grac'd: popular R2 v. ii. 24.
westward ho!: cry of Thames watermen Tw.N. III. i. 148.
wezand: windpipe Tp. III. ii. 102.
whelked: twisted Lr. IV. vi. 72.
wherein: in what clothes? AYL. III. ii. 234.
whiffler: officer who clears the way H5 v. Chor. 12.
whirligig: whipping-top Tw.N. v. i. 389.
whither: whithersoever Cor. I. ii. 16.
whoop: shout with astonishment H5 II. ii. 108.
wicked: mischievous Tp. I. ii. 321, etc.; unlucky MND. II. ii. 98.
wide-chapped: open-mouthed Tp. I. i. 62.
wild: rash Cor. IV. i. 36.
wilful: eager MND. v. i. 213.
will: lust Ham. III. iv. 88, etc.
wind, recover the: keep to windward of the game so as to force it into the toils Ham. III. ii. 368.
wind: wheel round Caes. IV. i. 32.
wind up: tune up Lr. IV. vii. 16.
windowed: full of holes Lr. III. iv. 31.
windring: (not explained) Tp. IV. i. 128.
windy: windward, the safe side Tw.N. III. iv. 182.
wing: flight Tw.N. II. v. 126, etc.
wisdom of nature: natural science Lr. I. ii. 116.
wistly: attentively R2 v. iv. 7.
Wit, whither wilt (wander you)?: phr. addressed to a great or foolish talker AYL. I. ii. 60, etc.
witch: bewitch Ham. III. ii. 412.
with all my heart: used as reply to a salutation Lr. IV. vi. 33.
withal, do: help it Mer.V. III. iv. 72.
witty: wise MND. v. i. 168, etc.; cunning R3 IV. ii. 42.
womby: hollow H5 II. iv. 124.
wonder: admiration Tw.N. II. i. 29.
wonder'd: performing wonders Tp. IV. i. 123.
wood: mad MND. II. i. 192.
word, the: inspired word, Holy Writ R2 v. v. 13.
work: fortification H8 v. iv. 62.
work out: scent out like a dog Tw.N. II. v. 141.
working: full of pathos H8 Prol. 3.
world, woman of the: married woman AYL. v. iii. 4.
worth: wealth Tw.N. III. iii. 17, etc.
worthy adj.: well-deserved R2 v. i. 68, etc.
worthy vb.: give reputation for excellence Lr. II. ii. 128.
wrack: wreck, ruin Tp. I. ii. 26.
wrath: warlike ardour Tw.N. III. iv. 257, etc.; ardour of passion AYL. v. ii. 45.
wreak: vengeance Cor. IV. v. 91.
wrested: wrongfully seized John IV. iii. 154.
wretched: hateful R3 v. ii. 7.
wroth: calamity Mer.V. II. ix. 78.

Y.

yard, clothier's: 'cloth-yard shaft' arrow used with the long-bow Lr. IV. vi. 90.
yare: ready, nimble Tp. I. i. 4, etc.
yaw: move unsteadily Ham. v. ii. 120.
yawn: gape in wonder Cor. III. ii. 11.
yawning: lulling to sleep Mac. III. ii. 43.
yearn: grieve R2 v. v. 76, etc.
yerk: thrust H5 IV. vii. 84.
yesty: foamy Mac. IV. i. 53.
yielded: given up for lost John v. ii. 107.
younker: younger son Mer.V. II. vi. 14.

Z.

zany: buffoon who imitated tricks of professional fool Tw.N. I. v. 95.
zed: the letter z Lr. II. ii. 68.
zenith: highest point of one's fortune Tp. I. ii. 181.
'zounds: oath = God's wounds John II. i. 466.

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